



ODDS AND ENDS



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BY

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'ADDRESSES AT HOLY COMMUNION,' 'ADDRESSES TO MY  
DISTRICT VISITORS AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS,'  
'ADDRESSES TO CLERGY,' ETC.

*FOURTH IMPRESSION*

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TO

MY DEAR WIFE, .

WHO FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS HAS DEVOTEDLY  
HELPED ME IN MY VARIED WORK, THIS  
VOLUME OF 'ODDS AND ENDS' IS  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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## PREFACE

THE favourable reception which 'Phases of My Life' has met with must be my excuse for writing another volume, entitled 'Odds and Ends.' Should the reader of 'Odds and Ends' detect any repetitions, which, so far as I know, I have endeavoured to avoid, I crave his indulgence. In 'Phases of My Life' I give some 'variations' of my surname by which I have from time to time been addressed, both verbally and by letter : Pigue, Peikew, Bigout, Peggue, Ligou, Picue, Pigoe, Puegou, Pico, Puggie, Pagan, Pickles. To these must now be added : Mr. Wigon (?), Pigoo, Pigun, Pugon, Pigwu, Pignou, Viego, and 'the Very of Rev. Piggon.' These strike me as very ingenious. Whether they have been written, as the Irishman said, 'accidentally of purpose,' I know not. Any letter addressed to me by any one of these 'variations' is likely to reach me, but I take this opportunity of saying that I much prefer the original.

FRANCIS PIGOU.

THE DEANERY,  
BRISTOL,  
1903.



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# ODDS AND ENDS

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY

‘GENTLE READER!’ I am at a loss, however, to understand why readers of books should be addressed as ‘gentle.’ Why should not ‘reader’ suffice? I am not writing a Preface. Few people read a Preface. I have heard that a Preface has been read when the reader has reached ‘Finis,’ which is hardly the object of a Preface. Very few out of the 20,000 Clergy—whose names and life-record appear in the increasingly bulky volume of Crockford’s ‘Clerical Directory’—perused the interesting and sometimes caustic Prefaces by the late Editor, Rev. J. S. Sidebotham. Not infrequently you find the leaves of a Preface uncut. This reminds me that you should always take the precaution of cutting the leaves of a book which has been presented to you by its author. A friend of mine, the late Sir Kingston James, wrote a translation of Tasso’s ‘Jerusalem Delivered.’ He was not only in the habit of presenting copies, but of quoting passages from it in conversation with those to whom he had presented a copy. Calling on a lady who had been a recipient of his gift, he referred to it.

His memory failing him in his endeavour to quote some lines, he said : 'Would you mind referring to the copy I gave you?' She disappeared from the room to fetch said copy. Her disappearance was inordinately long. She was hurriedly cutting the leaves for the first time !

Well, 'Gentle Reader,' four years have elapsed since I wrote 'Phases of My Life.' It cannot, I venture to think, be said that I am afflicted with a disease or malady known in the world of letters as *cacoethes scribendi*. There are different forms of this malady. I notice that *Ping-Pong* is to be introduced, at some Workhouse, *into the Ward set apart for Imbeciles*. There is *cacoethes loquendi*. The wife of a Member of Parliament, known for his restlessness and loquaciousness, was very much alarmed on being told that her husband was suffering from the 'foot-and-mouth disease,' which hitherto she had regarded as strictly confined to 'beasts of the field.' Apropos to the 'foot-and-mouth-disease,' it was said of someone that 'he could never open his mouth to speak without putting his foot in it.' *Ping-Pong* has its peculiar disease ; medical men give it the imposing name of 'Teno-synovitis!' Cyclists are liable to an alarming malady. Dining with cyclists at their club dinner, I took occasion to warn them against incurring kyphosis ! Alas ! for the uninitiated. The *Lancet* says that tetrahydromethyloxichinoline will cure cancer, inasmuch as the microbes, seeing that name on the bottle, will be frightened to death ! Is not the *Lancet* right ?

I find that the meaning of *cacoethes* is variously given in Lexicons. One interpretation is 'the inveteracy of an evil habit' ; another, 'an obstinate disease' ; 'an itch

or incurable passion.' *Scribendi*, 'an incurable itch to write.' This is not refined, but it is very strong language: 'An incurable itch to write!' It is given to few to rest content with the laurels a single book, oratorio, picture, or poem has won for them. Success tempts, lures, invites to some further success, for 'there is nothing succeeds like success.' If a book, for instance, has met with favour, it is only natural that an author should make a second venture, and that a Publisher should even encourage him to make it. It may be open to question whether or not a second book, be it a work of Fact or Fiction, is in every case equal to the first. The first is the *crème de la crème* of a man's thought or experience, the second is skimmed milk. However generally true this may be, there are, of course, exceptions. But there are writers who are so sore afflicted with this 'incurable itch to write' that, indifferent to public criticism, regardless of broad hints that their reputation is at stake, they manifest 'the inveteracy of evil habits.' The verdict of the reading world is, 'they are over-writing themselves, and they reach the bathos of a small volume of very thick paper, very large type, and not a little judicious and well-distributed 'padding.' This was the fate of one long since passed away, whose writings were at one time largely read, and whose reputation was murdered by his Publisher saying to him of impoverished brain and exhausted experience: 'Now, sir, let me have another book.'

Certain 'literary organs'—*e.g.*, the *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, and many more of that type—exercise a healthy and restraining influence in saving the world from the infection of this peculiar microbe,

‘the itch to write.’ Reviews take the place, in a form less blunt and outspoken, of such sayings as those with which Dr. Abernethy and Dr. Johnson are both credited. A patient consulting the former said: ‘I find, Dr. Abernethy, that whenever’—suing the action to the word—‘I move my arm it gives me violent pain.’ To which Abernethy replied: ‘Then why on earth, Sir, are you such a fool as to move your arm?’ A lady who was suffering from this *cacoethes scribendi* called on Dr. Johnson, and, asking his opinion on her latest work, said: ‘You see, Dr. Johnson, I like to have many irons in the fire.’ Dr. Johnson, with characteristic bluntness and with no little pomposity, replied: ‘Madam, I strongly recommend you to put this pamphlet where the irons are.’ We may charitably hope that the author did not see the *double entendre* of his friend to whom he sent his latest work, and who, in acknowledging it, wrote: ‘Thank you so very much for the book you have so kindly sent me. *I promise you I will lose no time in reading it.*’

If people have read a particular book, and it has been of interest or amusement, if it has informed the mind, beguiled a weary hour after a day’s hard brain-work, or if it has found its way into a sick-room, it is not unnatural that they should express a wish similar to that expressed by the chairman of our local ‘lending library.’ Alluding to the popular book of the year, he called attention to the fact that the Dean of Bristol’s ‘Phases of My Life’ stood at the head of the list, and he expressed the hope that the success it had met with would lead to a further volume! Such a wish from the chairman of a large circulating library

is almost a 'command,' and to a certain extent justifies acting upon it. The author is not forcing himself on an unwilling public, especially if he has not committed himself to a 'positively last appearance,' but he is encouraged to write when he hears, as I thankfully do, that 'Phases of My Life' has brought a ray of sunshine into many a sick-room, and into not a few lonely lives.

I cannot say that my Publisher, Mr. Arnold, has put pressure upon me, or tempted me by overpersuasion into deeper depths of 'the inveteracy to evil habits,' but he has again undertaken to act as sponsor to my 'Odds and Ends,' only stipulating that this volume will be no repetition of 'Phases of My Life,' and that it shall be of equal length. These are not onerous conditions for a Publisher to impose who bears all risks, nor for me to agree to.

I recall an interview with Mr. Arnold after 'Phases of My Life' had reached its second edition. I see him fondling the book as you would fondle a second child. I hear him saying: 'This is what Publishers like to see.' I replied: 'This is what authors like to see.' There was a mutual understanding similar to what occurred to me on one occasion when I was preaching before our late beloved Queen at Windsor. Everyone who has had that privilege will allow that it was somewhat of an ordeal. You could not altogether dispossess your mind of the presence of the Sovereign. You were limited to time as you are not in your own church. The surroundings were as unique as they were full of restraint. The music was limited to two or three hymns, so that the organist—I think it was Mr. Cummings—had but little opportunity for exhibit/

ing his skill and 'cunning' on a very small organ with not many 'manuals, pedals, and stops.' After service he said to me: 'How do you, sir, like preaching before Her Majesty?' My reply was: 'How do you, sir, like playing before Her Majesty?' We said no more, but I inferred from this brief conversation that there was a 'mutual understanding.' So between Mr. Arnold and myself. We can understand why Author and Publisher shake hands over a second edition, or, as the 'new style' puts it, 'Impression.' The anxieties of a Publisher who publishes at his own risk, unshared by the author, are laid to rest. The book, whatever may be its subject, has passed through the crucible of reviewers, probably in every case bettered and purified by the process of criticism. I do not sympathize with a well-known authoress, whose writings command a large circulation, in her utter indifference to Critics and Reviewers. She sets them at defiance, and practically ignores them. As a rule Reviewers are men and women of culture, intelligence, wide reading, and familiar with literature. Much, also, though not everything, is in their power to insure the life or death of a book. I am aware that it has been said that a book has the best chance which has been unmercifully abused, run down, and 'shamefully treated.' This may or may not be, but the verdict of public opinion is not generally wrong. If a book has behaved itself well on its trial trip it may be regarded safe for another cruise. If Author and Publisher find tranquillity of mind in a Second Edition, their satisfaction must be proportionately increased when the book reaches a Sixth Edition of its more expensive 'Impression,' and gives birth to the cheap

and Popular Edition. It may be to 'climb down' when a book published at sixteen shillings figures in Mudie's list of Books on sale at three or four. I think mine is priced one shilling higher than that of my valued friend Dean Hole. What a glorious triumph! But even this shows, not so much that the book itself is intrinsically of less value, but that by its distribution through a Circulating Library it has been 'well thumbed,' and opportunity is given to readers to possess it at a moderate cost.

I have been much interested in, amused, and, I hope, have profited by, the reviews of my 'Phases,' of which I have a very large number, as also of letters from correspondents far and wide. I subscribed, as many others do, as Publishers themselves do, to one or more *Scissors Papers*, which, in consideration of a very reasonable sum, send you 'cuttings.' These are sent with the utmost impartiality. Your £2 2s. includes praise and censure, approval or disapproval gleaned from different sources. Who would have it otherwise?

For surely it is true still, 'Woe unto thee when everyone speaks well of thee.' It has been said that everyone should have three companions or friends, one above him, one his equal, one beneath him. If we sometimes wish that 'Save me from my friends' could be inserted in the Litany, I am not sure that a man is not safer and perhaps better for having someone who really dislikes him, who for some reason or other has conceived a strong prejudice against him, and, in common parlance 'never has a good word for him.' I think I should prefer such a one, of whose enmity you are perfectly aware, than a Judas with his kiss of betrayal. You know where you are with the former ;

you do not with the latter. You know what to expect from the one; you are not prepared for the painful surprises of the other. The Reviews of 'Phases of my Life' brought out this, that there are somewhere one or two persons who cordially and heartily dislike me. There are not many such, I hope, because I am not aware 'of occasion given.' But one would be enough to prevent 'all speaking well of thee.' It is a little bit of grit in the wheels of life. I honestly and truly do not know whether to be more grateful to the kind or to the unkind reviewer—*Fas est ab hoste doceri*. Both have, I feel, done me much good.

But all this, and not little reading and not reading Books because of Reviews, leads me to ask, apart from any personal view of the question, 'Is any Review absolutely unbiassed and unprejudiced? Can it be "pure as driven snow"?' I doubt that, in the nature of things, it can be. Would it be possible, *e.g.*, for the *Church Times* to give an unbiassed, unprejudiced review of the late Bishop Ryle's writings? Would it be possible for the *Rock, Record*, or *English Churchman* to give an unbiassed, unprejudiced review of the writings of Pusey and Keble? Is not party spirit, 'school of thought,' bound to assert and betray itself in accordance with the views which the Reviewer himself entertains? The Reviewer will review from his own standpoint if it be a subject with which he is familiar and has made his own. His Review cannot but be in accordance with his personal predilection. So that we must take Reviews at their proper value, and not leave out of sight what, in no invidious sense, we may call 'animus.' If a review, written anonymously, is an opportunity for a personal friend to express in



a kindly spirit his opinion, so that even 'faithful are the wounds of a friend,' what a golden opportunity it is for one not well affected towards you to dip his pen in gall, to represent your book as puerile, unworthy of writer and theme, full of exaggeration, replete with stories absolutely incredible! The opportunity of personal animus, of which I never availed myself, presented itself to my own mind when, through the kind offices of my cousin, Professor Goldwin Smith, I received an offer, now many years ago, from Mr. Cook, the then editor of the *Saturday Review*, to be one of their staff. If I have to acknowledge with very heartfelt gratitude the most kind reviews which contributed so largely to the wide circulation of 'Phases of My Life,' and for that kindly criticism by which many mistakes were corrected, errors in fact, date, and grammar purged away, I have also to thank the one or two who, while not hindering the sale, have also helped in a less friendly fashion to make the latest 'impression' less open to criticism.

It is extremely difficult to write a book of 'Reminiscences,' which have necessarily and inevitably to do with persons and places. You have to avoid 'personalities,' though you write about persons, and to suppress, in not a few instances, certain names in connection with anecdotes, which, if published, would give much more point to the anecdote itself, but at the risk of 'giving offence,' even when such an intention was far from your mind. We have all read 'Biographies,' 'Memoirs,' 'Recollections,' some pleasant, some unpleasant reading. The tone is not healthy. Faults have been exposed, infirmities enlarged upon, certain traits of character made

known, which it was neither kind nor necessary to make matter of public notoriety, especially in their case who have departed hence. The rule *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* has not been observed. And yet who is free from fault or infirmity? Out of all the letters I have received, there were only two which I felt it right to notice—one in which I was accused of invention, fabrication, and so forth, the other of gross exaggeration. Two serious charges! The first was from an ex-Mayoress, who indignantly repudiated having been called up at midnight to test ‘lampreys’ on her tom cat, and by this crucial test to decide if I was right in thinking these ‘lampreys’ were slugs or leeches. I at no time—for I abstained from giving any name in connection with that story—had her in my mind, for she was not Mayoress at that particular Mayor’s banquet. I was very glad to hear that my assurances have quite restored to me what I should not wish to have forfeited in her kind regard for me. The other letter was charging me with exaggeration, etc., etc., in writing my experience as a boarder at the Ripon Grammar School. That this should have caused pain to anyone connected by relationship with the master in whose house I boarded is, of course, to be regretted, but everything I said was literally and absolutely *true*; I suppressed more I might have told.

Had this irate correspondent known me better, he would have known that I am singularly lacking in the power of ‘invention.’ Notwithstanding the entreaties of my two dear daughters, when little children — ‘Papa, do tell us a story!’ — the only one I told was so utterly devoid of interest, being neither fact nor fiction, that whenever I begun it my

children always said : 'Oh, Papa, we have heard that before ; can you not tell us another?' So far as I can remember, the heroine of this particular story was a little girl constantly bursting into tears, 'giving way to grief' on the slightest and apparently utterly inconceivable provocation. I never can see the 'plot' in a play until it reaches its *dénouement*. I need someone by me to explain what relation one 'Act' has to the other. I lose at once all interest in a novel which of a sudden introduces a new set of characters, and just as I am getting interested in it transports me to other and far-off scenes. I do not think I exaggerate. We all know how a story *grows* as it is variously told.

I take this opportunity here of deliberately accusing and charging one of my dearest friends, Dean Hole, with 'great exaggeration'! He delights in telling a select circle of friends this story of me, with some foundation in it, and in his hands with not a little superstructure : Some years ago when I was holidaying, as I have for many years done, at Whitby, a neighbouring clergyman, Vicar of Grosmont, asked me to spend an afternoon quietly with him. He said he would invite one or two neighbouring clergymen to meet me at five-o'clock tea. I made no note at the time of my promise to come, and arranged for a picnic at Goatland or Cockmill. Dean Hole was one of the party. We filled to its utmost capacity a third-class carriage. The train stopped at Grosmont, where the Vicar was awaiting my arrival. Quite forgetful of his invitation, I greeted him cordially, and said : 'I am so delighted to see you! Step quickly into our carriage. We will make room for you. Come and join us in our picnic.' I thought he looked dazed, and that he was

slow in responding. The train moved on without him. *This is the simple story, free from exaggeration!* The first time I heard Dean Hole tell it, the version was that a few clergy had been invited to a simple meal at a Yorkshire vicarage. The next time I heard it, the 'amended version' was that everybody for miles round—'all the hillside,' in fact—had been invited to meet me—clergy, and all available gentry—at a sumptuous banquet sent down expressly by Gunter, Hungarian bands engaged at great expense; and the Vicar, from at first looking a little *distrail*, was represented as never since having recovered his reason! This is a fine specimen of the powers of 'invention' and the unlimited range of exaggeration, is it not?

But *en passant* how can I recall dear Whitby, apart from the Mission, Bible Readings, and Children's Services I held and conducted there in years gone by, without recalling the pleasant hours spent in company with Dean Hole and his 'sweet rose,' to whom he dedicated his charming book on Roses. I never pass down John Street without recalling a very memorable occasion in which he took part. There used to be—I noticed two years ago that it has disappeared—a small 'bric-a-brac' shop for the sale of 'Odds and Ends.' In the window-front, attracting attention, was a truly awful daub, supposed to represent the 'Death of Wolfe.' I have the picture in the Deanery, and whenever Hole comes it is put at the foot of his bed. Wolfe is supported in his dying agonies by two giants in the uniform of the German Emperor's élite Prussian Guards. Someone—I imagine a surgeon—is dabbing a very large bath sponge in Wolfe's eyes. Two others, of the race of Anak, are looking on with sympathetic

interest ; the whole horizon is black with smoke proceeding from *two* muskets. Hole said to me : ‘ Pigou, let us go in and buy that picture.’ We examined it critically. ‘ Who do you think,’ said Hole, ‘ painted it ?’ I replied : ‘ I think I detect Rubens in the general pose.’ ‘ Do you not trace the hand of Murillo,’ said Hole, ‘ in that surgeon and his sponge ?’ Pursuing our criticism, I said : ‘ That nose is undoubtedly Rembrandt’s work.’ ‘ These giants,’ said Hole, ‘ must have been painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.’ The woman who kept the shop stood by deeply interested, I might almost say *awed*. ‘ What do you want,’ we said, ‘ for this picture ?’ ‘ Well, gen’lemen,’ she replied, ‘ I have marked it one shilling, but after what you gen’lemen have said, and I take yer to be what they call *connosours*, I shall ask five shillings.’ She had added a shilling for every fresh artist named as having a hand in its production. We both felt very, very foolish. But how could we retire from our position ? How disavow our new-born reputation as ‘ connosours ’ ? Hole paid the five shillings, and bestowed this work of art on me, having previously dramatized it in his own lodgings. I witnessed the play. Hole was supported in a chair by his tall son, Mrs. Hole dabbed his eyes with a bath sponge.

But this is not all. Two years afterwards I was at Whitby, lodging in the same street. Seeing me pass the window, the woman in the shop hung up ‘ The Death of Nelson,’ in the hope that she would receive another five shillings. But who so wary as they who have been once snared ? For two or three days I passed it without even deigning to look at it. Somehow or other, if anything, even if you do not want it,

be pressed perseveringly on your notice, you feel almost compelled to purchase it! This may be true in some cases of 'Carter's Little Liver Pills,' or of 'Beecham's,' 'worth a guinea a box.' I sauntered into the shop. 'I saw you pass by,' said the shopkeeper, 'and thought you might like a companion picture to what you bought two years ago.' Mindful of that experience, I at once blasted the woman's hopes by saying: 'Oh, this is certainly not a work of Art.' I pointed out to her in detail why it could not be so regarded by a connoisseur, why it would not be 'hung' on the walls of the Academy, or even be in a collection of, as they were once called, 'articles of virtue and bigotry.' In the first place, Nelson is not represented in the cockpit of the *Victory* breathing his last in the arms of Hardy, but he is breathing his last *standing*, supported by two sons of Anak in Naval uniform, his arms about their necks. Though there ought to have been three pairs of legs, the legs of Nelson and his supporters are so intertwined that you cannot make out more than four distributed amongst three persons. The uniform is a blue silk doublet, cocked hat, and trousers with *very* tight straps. For this 'work of art' I offered a shilling, which was promptly accepted. I bethought myself that I would send it to Hole as a souvenir of Whitby. I packed it with cotton-wool in a Colman's Mustard box; I enveloped it in some half-dozen brown-paper wrappings. I sent it to the Vicarage, Cauntun Manor, and, little thinking of the result, I put outside, '*Work of Art; with the utmost care.*' The parcel duly arrived, accompanied by a letter from the Station-master at Newark to the effect that a 'Work of Art' addressed to Hole was at

the Station, and that the Company hoped he would send for it as soon as possible, as they did not like to have the responsibility of 'Works of Art.' It was a pouring wet morning, one that would make you think more than twice whether you would go out or take your carriage. But the letter was urgent. It was suggested at the breakfast-table that possibly it might be a present from some grateful hearer. The distance from Cauntton Manor is about five or six miles. Arriving at the Station and asking for the 'Work of Art,' it was found that it had been slightly damaged in the transit. Hole insisted on the Station-master, Ticket-Collector, and every available Porter being present, so that, in the event of the 'Work of Art' being seriously damaged, he might claim damages from the Company. Slowly and carefully wrappers were undone and strings cut. As each wrapper was undone, only for another to appear, it became increasingly evident that it must be a *very* precious work of Art. At last the Colman's Mustard box was reached. As the lid was opened and cotton-wool removed, 'The Death of Nelson' burst into view. The Station-master, Collector, Porters, were all craning their necks to catch a glimpse of this precious treasure. Hole, in writing to me, said it would have been described by an Eton boy as 'golumptious.' He did his utmost to conceal this treasure from the view of the curious and drove home with it, I say not in what mood. I have reason to believe it is still in the possession of the family.

This, like one or more anecdotes, may be told in 'Reminiscences' without, I think, anyone taking umbrage. This sort of Reminiscence is not unkind, does not belittle or expose to ridicule or contempt, as

do some Biographies or 'Memoirs.' It is Frederick Robertson who so truly says a lens is in itself made of certain costless materials. Its value lies in the cost at which it is produced, requiring so much skill and care. A slight scratch or flaw on its surface suffices to damage it. So, making uncharitable remarks, may we not damage a character or reputation it has taken years to build up?

I have, of course, as everyone who has lived much in the world has, come across bad specimens of men and women. I have seen the 'seamy side' of life outside prisons, penitentiaries, slums. If I cared to lift the veil I could tell of people moving in upper circles of life, wicked, deceitful, contemptible, vindictive, capable of action 'contrary,' indeed, to their Christian profession, and where, if anywhere, it might be assumed that education, culture, position, would make such ways and doings impossible. I might, indeed, expose and hold up to merited scorn of what 'jealousy, cruel as the grave,' is capable under the guise of friendship; of things mean and underhand; of falsehoods as deliberate as they are malicious; of wilful misrepresentation, for which there is no remedy but patience and 'living it down.' For my part, I believe that in all walks of life, fashionable, professional, clerical, no evil is so corrosive, subtle, difficult to deal with, as *jealousy*. There is nothing to which it will not stoop. It sees everything in a distorted light, and through the coloured spectacles of envy. The jealous are afflicted with a mental 'squint.' It is more than pitiful, because it is harmful as well. It is worst of all in a Minister of Christ, who, theoretically, should not 'look every man on his own, but also



on the things of others.' But what would be gained were I to lift the veil and expose the malignant sores and cancers of the outwardly polished and cultured life? In the majority of cases you would only be credited with smarting under what it is always better to ignore. If a preacher dwell on the bad tongue—generally symptomatic of the bad heart—most of his hearers say: 'Depend upon it, someone has been saying unkind things of him.' Surely it is better to look for the soft spot that exists somewhere in every heart, to credit people with good rather than with evil. There is so much kindness, goodwill, ever-ready sympathy in the world that, though you cannot be entirely oblivious of the less happy aspect of human life, it all goes far to help you to overlook it. How much better, as writer or reviewer, to dip his pen less in an ink made up of envy, deceit, malice, than in the milk of human kindness; to be inoculated with the lymph of charity rather than with what is blood-poisoning and injurious!

It were, indeed, an ideal world in which wheat and tares had ceased to grow together; in which no bad but only good specimens of men and women are to be found; but if we cannot speak well we are not bound of necessity to speak ill. There is much in these lines, which I have often written in Bible or Prayer-Book of newly-married:

'The kindest and the happiest pair  
May find occasion to forbear,  
And something, every day they live,  
To pity and perhaps forgive!'

Acting on this, I kept before me in 'Phases of My Life' what I purpose keeping before me in this book

—the brighter and sunnier view of life. In preaching I prefer to endeavour to find out the 'soft spot' in the hearer's heart, and, under God, to bring to the front what is best rather than worst in men. Probably life is more full of tragedy than of comedy, but the tragic and the comic are strangely intermingled, as pleasure can quickly pass into pain. Everyone must have observed the extraordinary, almost unaccountable, perhaps hysterical inclination to laugh when something sad or tragic is told. We may even go so far as to say that, with some exceptions, for one who has a sense of humour, few subjects or incidents have not their 'humorous side.'

As an illustration of what I have said and of the mistake of thinking that 'grave and gay' cannot live together in one and the same man, all who had the privilege of knowing the late Bishop of Wakefield know how keen was his sense of humour. I knew him as a personal friend of long standing and later on as our Diocesan when I was Vicar of Halifax. I can recall few men who had such a *répertoire* of good original stories. He was the very life and soul of a dinner-party, and has often kept the delighted company in 'roars of laughter.' I hear him now telling stories with that 'twinkle' in his eye which betrayed his sense of humour. In the recently published 'Memoirs' of Bishop Walsham How this 'lighter side' of his character is studiously eliminated instead of being naturally intermingled with it. A separate volume is published, entitled 'The Lighter Side of Bishop How's Life.' Why should this be published separately, apart from the biography? If it does not put the good Bishop in

the light of a Joe Miller—and that could never be—it looks as if the interweaving of the comic in the graver aspect of one and the same man were incompatible and to be regarded as separate. Few who do not know him better, would credit Goldwin Smith with anything but grave thinking. He was apparently wrapt in thought one morning at breakfast, and one would suppose he was contemplating writing a brilliant essay. His father, somewhat impatient of his silence, said: ‘A penny for your thoughts, Goldwin.’ To this challenge I heard Goldwin reply: ‘I was just thinking what an awful thing it must be for a giraffe to have a sore throat; what an amount of gargle it would have to swallow, and what length of bandage it would require!’ I heard of a child saying—one of the sweet sayings of childhood—on its return from Church, on hearing of the creation of our first parents out of dust: ‘Mother, I am sure when God made you of dust He put a teaspoonful of sugar into the dust!’ Is not this separating the fun-loving, human element in life a taking out of the sugar in the dust?

‘To some men God hath given laughter,  
And tears to some men He hath given;  
He bade us sow in tears that we may harvest  
Nobler smiles in heaven:  
And tears and smiles they are His gift,  
Both good to smite us or uplift.’

MEREDITH.

‘God made,’ writes Leigh Hunt, ‘both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes. For as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and sadness, and

laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.'

Shelley writes :

‘ We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not ;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught.’

It is a tradition that our blessed Lord was often seen to weep, but was never seen to smile. He was ever looking on a fallen, sin-stricken world through the eyes of tender pity and compassion. Artists have, by an instinct or an inspiration, almost unanimously so represented Him. Having no authentic portrait of Christ—for we cannot conceive our Lord sitting for His portrait, and in His days photography was unknown—artists have been left to the resources of their own imagination, as in the celebrated picture in the late Prince Consort’s collection.\* We cannot, but in part, look on men and women as He looked on them. I doubt that even He would have us do so. We recall with thankfulness that He wept at a grave-side with heartfelt sympathy for bereaved sisters. We recall with thankfulness that He was present at the happier scene of a wedding at Cana. Amidst life’s tragedies, distressful scenes, sorrowful facts, depressing circumstances ; amidst toil of brain and sweat of brow ; amidst corroding anxieties, fretting cares, and even domestic trials, it is something to be thankful for to have a *sense of humour*, if it be not vitiated by making it the occasion of biting sarcasm or of needless pain.

A sense of humour is not without its drawbacks. It is possible for a man who possesses it to be misunder-

\* Mrs. Jameson, ‘ Art-History of Our Lord.’

stood and misinterpreted if he pass quickly from grave to gay or from gay to grave. It may lay him open to the charge of levity, when it is often more reaction after a great strain than levity. I recall a mission I conducted in Northampton, which was a great strain. I preached about four times a day for ten consecutive days and had every day prolonged 'after-meetings' and 'inquirers.' In my bedroom was Landseer's picture of a Highlander playing the bagpipes, surrounded by his dogs. The performer is sublimely indifferent to the misery he is causing them, depicted in the piteous expression on their faces, their food, in their agony, being untouched. I laughed so immoderately that it was heard all over the Vicarage. I stand opposite it now, for the Vicar, in his kindness, bestowed it upon me as a 'souvenir,' and it only occasions a smile.

The charm of 'miniature painting,' an art which some are seeking to revive, or of a portrait by one of our master portrait-painters, lies in the general truthfulness of the portrait. The artist engages you in conversation, and endeavours to catch and delineate the varying expression of the features. It cannot be so with a photograph, described as 'Truth without flattery, justice without mercy.' Having my photograph taken by an eminent firm some years ago, I asked why photographers always say : 'Now, sir, look pleasant ; put on your most pleasing expression.' Now, in the first place, it is difficult in a moment to decide, without a looking-glass, which you or your friends would consider 'your most pleasing expression' ; next, you do not want to be represented as perpetually and habitually smiling or 'grinning' ; and, thirdly, I defy the most resolute and self-possessed to preserve

that 'most pleasing expression' with a blinding flash of magnesium light bursting on his sight. The photographer's explanation was this: 'You, sir,' he said, 'as a "reverend gentleman," preach and teach the doctrine of the Fall of Man. Now, we, as photographers, confirm that teaching. Our experience is that no human countenance in repose is altogether without a sinister expression.' Under these circumstances I at once agreed to put on my most pleasing expression. People have sometimes said of me, judging from a photograph, or when they see me in church, 'Does that man ever laugh?' On one occasion when I took our Halifax Choir to Bolton Abbey for their 'outing,' I particularly cautioned the boys not to bathe in the dangerous river which flows through those beautiful grounds. They disobeyed orders and took the opportunity of our luncheon hour to bathe. I was very cross with them. Shortly after a photograph of me, looking rather stern, was exposed in a shop window, and as the boys passed it they were heard saying: 'Eh! ain't it like our Vicar looked when he caught us bathing?' I wish I could commend by name the photographer who was taking a lady's photograph: 'Now, lady, please look pleasant.' Of a sudden he produced her *fiancé's* portrait, and said: 'Now, keep on looking at 'im, keep thinking pleasantly of 'im.'

I know, and am thankful to know, that, with all its faults, mistakes pointed out or corrected by reviewers, 'Phases of My Life' has brought a ray of sunshine into not a few sick-rooms, and darkened lives. May a not less happy result attend

'ODDS AND ENDS'!

## CHAPTER II

### BOYHOOD AND SCHOOLBOY LIFE

THIS second chapter, 'G. R.,' is devoted to boyhood and schoolboy life; it is meant for boys. There is no necessity whatever for adults or the aged to read it; they can pass on to the next chapter. And yet, somehow, I think they will look into it, for who is there who does not from time to time look back and recall the days of boyhood, masters and mistresses, of pranks and fun, of 'spiritual pastors and teachers' to whom we were more or less obedient, for whom we had more or less regard? Those were days free from anxiety and care. If we had a sorrow it was soon forgotten; if we shed tears they were quickly dried up. They were days of brain-work lightened by pleasant holidays; of mental application and physical recreations; of Greek and Latin exercises agreeably interspersed with cricket, football, rounders, and boating. They were days of varied experiences, forecasts in some sense of the experience in after-life of sweet and bitter, of bitter and sweet: Reading, writing, arithmetic; 'the three R's'—pardon the spelling—to which were added history, geography, algebra, Euclid; and then the temporary closing of primer or text-books for summer and winter holidays. All these abide in the memory. The cane, ferrule, tawse, imposition, sundry and divers instru-

ments of torture, to which different parts of the body were subjected, according to the fancy of the torturers ; the never-to-be-forgotten rides by coach or rail ; voyages by sea and land ; home-coming greetings ; kisses of father, mother, sisters ; thrilling stories of school-life told to too credulous hearers ; tricks played on governesses, brothers, and sisters, even on cooks—who does not recall them ?

There must be some fascination about school-life, otherwise when men and women meet in later years they would not find themselves almost immediately talking over school days, its incidents, friendships, companions. What a hold the very buildings and particular rooms in our public schools have on those who recall the days of boyhood spent in them ! How jealous we are of any alteration which could obliterate the old landmarks ! How daring the hand that would substitute new, 'up-to-date' desks and forms for those into which many a name of after-renown has been rudely carved, and has served both as a memorial and inspiration ! How when we meet those who were once together as boys at the same school or college we 'compare notes' ! We name some who have succeeded in the 'struggle for existence'—the survival, not of the 'fittest,' as someone with a *lapsus linguae* once said, but of the fittest, who have done and are doing well, bringing honour and lustre to their old school. How many seem to have dropped altogether out of sight ! You say, 'Do you ever hear of So-and-so ?' I wonder what has become of him ?' Some quondam schoolfellows find themselves side by side in battle-field and over camp-fire out in some far-off colony, and revive a friendship which has outlived the



many intervening years. Yes, there is a fascination as well as a great reality in boyhood and school-day life. The meaning of it comes back as they say the likeness of childhood, its features, lineaments, look, comes back on the face of some who have fallen asleep, and come to their grave as a shock of corn.

‘IN THE OLD INN KITCHEN.

- ‘By the old inn kitchen fire she sits,  
 With her sewing in her hand,  
 Whilst many an autumn shadow flits  
 Across the twilit land ;  
 And the old clock ticks in solemn state  
 In the kitchen corner there,  
 As a footstep comes to the garden gate,  
 And the maiden’s face grows fair.  
     Ah, love, it was often so  
     In the old inn kitchen, long ago !
- ‘The old inn kitchen still and dim  
 With waning daylight grows ;  
 She sits by the fire and smiles at him—  
 Ah, never a stitch she sews !  
 The old clock watching from where it stands  
 Vows that he steals a kiss,  
 And how can she sew while he holds her hands  
 So closely in his like this ?  
     Ah, love, it was often so  
     In the old inn kitchen, long ago !
- ‘By the old inn kitchen fire she sits,  
 And her hair is white as snow ;  
 She dreams of the old days while she knits,  
 For she cannot see to sew.  
 The old clock ticks in the corner wide,  
 While dusk steals over the land,  
 And oft he sits by his old wife’s side,  
 And takes her wrinkled hand.  
     Ah, love, it was often so  
     In the old inn kitchen, long ago !’

We address ourselves to boyhood life in this chapter. Why not, 'G. R.'? Tom Hughes, my former schoolfellow, and since then more than once an honoured guest, has left his unperishable record in 'Tom Brown's School-days,' a book every boy should read. At seventy years of age I find myself reading, and with no little glee, fellow-feeling, and enjoyment, Ian Maclaren's 'Young Barbarian,' with full appreciation of its hero, Speng.

Looking over what I have elsewhere said of Neuwied, Ripon, Cheltenham, and Edinburgh, I must steer clear of repetition, and carefully eschew 'old chestnuts.' 'Old chestnuts!' How many know what is meant by this oft-used expression, 'Oh, that is an old chestnut!' Not quite sure that I knew the origin and meaning of 'old chestnut,' I referred the matter to Dr. Brewer's 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,' new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged—a book which should have a place in every private library, as exhaustive as it is informing, of which more than a hundred and three thousand copies have been sold. In the footnote I quote his explanation :\*

The rule my father gave us is good. I hand it on. 'If

\* 'Chestnut, a stale joke. In the "Broken Sword," an old melodrama by William Dillon, Captain Xavier is for ever telling the same jokes with variations. He was telling about one of his exploits connected with a cork-tree, when Pablo corrects him : "A chestnut-tree you mean, Captain." "Bah!" replies the Captain ; "I say a cork-tree." "A chestnut-tree," insists Pablo. "I must know better than you," said the Captain ; "it was a cork-tree, I say." "A chestnut," persists Pablo ; "I have heard you tell the joke twenty-seven times, and I am sure that it was a chestnut." Is not this an illustration of the enduring vitality of the chestnut? (*Notes and Queries*). '—'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,' E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. ; Cassell and Co.

—as in this case of “old chestnuts”—there is anything you either do not know or are not sure about, look it up at once.’ Hence the value of books of reference in your own library. Lord Malmesbury used to say that a ‘knowledge of reference is knowledge.’ It is of great advantage to your children to have at hand such books of reference. It is useful when conversing with guests and friends. A former governess of ours—peace to her memory!—made large and very frequent use of a French dictionary. I cannot say that science was her forte, but I can say that would-be omniscience was her weakness. She knew really little or nothing of French or German. If she came across any word which was a hidden mystery to her, she concealed her ignorance very skilfully. She did not say, as a Scotch minister was in the habit of saying, ‘*This, my friends, is a most deeficult pàssage of Scripture. Let us tãke a gōōd look at it, and then pãss it by*’; but she said: ‘Stupid child! Go at once and get the French dictionary.’ Taking possession of the dictionary, she would say: ‘There it is; that is the meaning of the word. How very stupid of you not to know it!’ I was the very plague of her life. She both loved and feared me. She absolutely dreaded the holidays, and yet her warm heart yearned to see me when they came. She thought she would teach my sisters Latin. She knew about as much of Latin authors as did one who recently replied to an advertisement for an ‘assistant’ capable of teaching the Classics as far as Homer and Virgil. Amongst the answers was this: ‘SIR,—With reference to the advertisement which were (!) in the *Times* newspaper a few days since respecting a School Assistant, I beg to state that I

should be happy to fill that situation; but as most of my friends reside in London, and not knowing how far Homer and Virgil is from town, I beg to state that I should not like to engage to teach the Classics farther than Hammersmith or Turnham Green, or, at the very utmost distance, farther than Brentford. Awaiting your reply, I am, Sir, etc.'

One such delicious story reminds me of another. At one time literary breakfasts were the 'rage' in London. A lady who 'had risen from the ranks,' and whose husband had realized a large fortune, 'affected' what she had neither been born to nor could ever really feel herself at home in. But she thought that she ought to be 'in the swim.' She suggested to her pliant and equally ignorant husband that they should give a literary breakfast. It is not, as the 'G. R.' will know, unusual for some *parvenu* who wants to get into good society to get someone of social standing—if with 'a handle to the name' all the better—to invite the guests. The lady in question got someone to invite men 'of light and leading.' The discussion and lively talk at the breakfast-table was on the comparative merits of Cicero and Demosthenes. She listened intently for some time. As the conversation became more animated she called out to her husband at the other end of the table: 'Husband, dear, take down at once the names and addresses of these two gentlemen, and let us invite them to our next breakfast!' Their *names*, of course, were well known, but there was some little difficulty and obscurity about their *addresses*!

I was heard one day screaming at the top of my voice in our house at Spa. My father and mother

hurried out of the drawing-room to ascertain what had befallen me. I was found lying prostrate on the ground, rolling in agony. 'What, what is the matter, dear Frank?' I could only feebly say, sobbing all the while, that my sisters had referred to me as to the correct pronunciation of Scipio and Oceānus, for they had been told by said governess that the right pronunciation was Skipio and Oceānus. No wonder she dreaded 'that boy Frank' as upsetting all her authority in the schoolroom!

At another time she proposed to instruct my sisters in botany. She knew as much about botany as a clergyman who became a well-known Bishop. Town-bred, he knew little of country life. It is said of him that he remarked that he looked forward to retiring to country life, as he would keep sheep and have fresh kidneys every morning for breakfast. Talking one day to a farmer, and looking, as they leaned on the gate, at a fine field of turnips, he is credited with saying: 'That is a fine field, my friend, of radishes.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the farmer, 'it *is* a fine field, to be sure; but we in this part of the country mostly call them there *turnips*!'

Our governess was very partial to the tail of a leg of mutton. My father always assigned it to her. Whenever a leg of mutton was served at dinner without a tail, she used to say: 'Where is the tail? How very odd that there should be no tail!' She forgot that Nature 'mostly' thinks one enough at a time for one sheep.

The lessons in botany were not a success. Why *my* bed was selected for the purpose of object-lessons I have never been able to understand. I used to find

it bestrewed with roots fresh dug up, all laid out in order, labelled, named, catalogued. It was a horticultural exhibition on a small scale. (Was the reason for the selection of my bed 'radical'?) I found out (oh, that odious boy!) that she went to the gardener privately and unobserved, inquired of him the name of a particular plant, and then, instead of ascertaining from the general structure and characteristic features of the plant, to what genus and species it belonged, she went to work in a less scientific but more facile method. Of course, when I made this discovery and communicated it to my sisters, they lost all faith in her knowledge of botany, and she had fresh cause of complaint that I upset her authority.

She thought she would teach my sisters *drawing*. I suggested that, by way of explanation, she would put 'this is a house,' or 'this is a horse,' etc. One fine summer's day she proposed outdoor sketching. It sounded delightful. She furnished herself with a sketch-book, pencil, and small table, and carried with her her parasol. She seated herself in a field opposite the house in which we were staying in the country. It had a projecting bay-window, an admirable subject for perspective. The drawing was intended as a present to our host. The table and chair were in front of a small copse, behind which I secreted myself. I can imitate the vocal sounds of some animals. I roared behind the copse like a bull. Instantly the table was overthrown, sketch-book was forgotten; she ran screaming, pointing her parasol right and left at imaginary bulls, and I picked up the sketch-book. The bay-window was not unlike to a man with a portly stomach turned outward, but the order and design

were *reversed*. It was as if it were turned inward. Can you wonder that she feared me, and not without reason?

From the foregoing the reader will probably come to the conclusion that, if not an 'odious,' I must have been a mischievous boy. I have reason to believe I was.\*

An old friend, who has known me from my youth up, was calling at the Deanery but a short time ago, and, shaking her head, said: 'You know, Dean, you were a very mischievous boy—by that I mean full of pranks.' This witness is true. But there are boys and boys, are there not? Some vicious, some free from vice; some truthful, some untruthful; some afflicted with—let us call it by a modified word for stealing—*kleptomania*; some who would cut off their right hand rather than that it should offend; some rough and rude, some gentle and kind; some selfish, some unselfish; some brave, others timid; some who can bear chaff, others who cannot 'abide it.' Some boys are very greedy, others not, and so on. There are some who bear fair promise of good fruit in the blossoming of early life; there are some whose blossoms come to naught. Every observant father or mother must have noticed the marked differences of disposition and character in their 'olive branches.' It even betrays itself in what is inseparable from boyhood life, in the pranks they play. Some are full of mischief, which is all pure fun, with no evil intent; with others prank and joke are tainted with evil intent. It seems to me severe to 'stop all

\* Imagine my astonishment when but a few days ago I lighted on a volume of poems with this inscription: 'Given to Master Pigou for his especial good conduct for the space of two years, July 25, 1842.'

leave' because some boys plugged keyholes with plaster of Paris, and too much to expect—with the chivalry of school-life—that a boy would turn 'King's evidence.' Better, of course, that the boy who so interfered with the introduction of a key should honestly confess he did it, and take the consequences, rather than that there should be a 'massacre of innocents.' But this harmless joke is not to be compared with what I remember a boy doing. He procured a long-barrelled key, filed a hole into it, as you would for a fuse, loaded it with gunpowder, and invited the unwary and unsuspecting to look through the keyhole on the other side of the door while he fired it! For such a shameless deed, by which one might have lost one's sight, I could suggest nothing better but that he should be severely punished, first by the master, and afterwards by the boys—'handing him over to subalterns'—leaving to them the selection of punishment, both as to place and measure of severity.

When I say there are 'boys' and boys,\* I am thinking only of 'schoolboys.' There are other boys—*e.g.*, choir-boys, of whom I have something later on to say; the 'post-boy' species of the 'genus' boy, as extinct as the dodo. There were the little lads, within my memory, sent up chimneys to clean them, concerning whom there are gruesome tales. There are telegraph-boys, smart, intelligent, ubiquitous. There are boys in offices; you know them at once—'Jacks in office,' as my father used to call them, generally seen with

\* I observe that Mr. Crockett classifies boys as 'old boys, young boys, good boys, bad boys, big boys, little boys, cow-boys, and 'Tom-boys'; so there is considerable variety.' ('Sir Toady Lion,' by S. R. Crockett.)



the insignia of office stuck behind the ear, not infrequently a slightly turned-up nose, pert and 'cheeky.' There are boys on our tramcars, sometimes civil-spoken, sometimes not. There are boys who drive us wild with their street cries, as vendors of newspapers and hot cross buns. There are the wonderful *gamins*, waifs and strays, in our streets, who turn somersaults and perform other acrobatic feats to the inconvenience of passers-by in the Strand, ever vigilant, ever on the look-out for a chance. The latest trick of *gamin* life is performed during a real pea-soup London fog. Carriages, omnibuses, cabs, are mixed up in hopeless confusion. A nervous elderly gentleman puts his head inquiringly, but incautiously, out of the cab window, and says: 'Cabby, are you *quite* sure where you are going?' The *gamin* seizes that very favourable opportunity of relieving the old gentleman of his hat, and 'eloping' with it in the maze of horses and wheels past all recovery. There is the *enfant terrible*, a spoilt child, petted, indulged, unreprieved, who asks awkward questions at awkward times. I well remember one specimen of this particular 'species.' A gentleman was unfortunate in the arrangement of his front teeth. They looked like a palisading slightly out of the perpendicular, projecting from beneath his upper lip. Sitting opposite him at a meal you did your 'level best' to avoid looking at him. Suddenly a voice was heard: 'Mamma!' 'Yes, beloved one.' 'Why does Mr. — eat like a wabbit?' How often has the *enfant terrible* broken in on the soft, sweet love-making of a happy pair, to their confusion! How often has he revealed what was not intended to be told on house-tops! Then

there are the smart 'tigers,' standing still as a statue in front of the horse champing the bit, or holding on behind, however severe the jolting. Smart, the very pink of liveried neatness, themselves about four feet high, hat and all. One such was pictured in *Punch*. 'Whose carriage is this, my boy?' inquired a passer-by. 'Do you think I am going to tell the like of you who my master is?' Then there is the 'page-boy' pure and simple. Who does not remember Dickens' fat boy, alternately eating and falling into profound sleep? How many of us have laughed over his description of the page-boy, fat by habitual eating, outgrowing the stiffly-buttoned jacket, so that occasionally a button gave way, and was heard in its rapid flight, shot as from a rifle, to ping on the opposite wall!

This story of a page-boy is not 'O.C.' There are stories afloat which somewhat resemble mine, but I have this 'first-hand' from a lady in Yorkshire, at whose house it occurred. She had engaged a 'page-boy,' a raw recruit in the great army of domestic service. She and her husband were giving a dinner-party. She sent for John. She told him that she was, of course, aware that this was his 'first situation.' 'Remember, John' ('Yes, mum'), 'that you have only to hand round wine; do you quite understand?' 'Yes, mum.' 'Now, there will be two kinds of sherry on the sideboard, one inferior, which you will hand round after soup; do you understand?' 'Yes, mum.' 'The other wine is placed on the table at dessert. You quite understand?' 'Oh yes, mum—quite.'

The guests are seated; the critical moment arrives. Somewhat anxiously, and avoiding as far as possible anything that could betray her ill-concealed anxiety,

she nods to John, intimating that the time has come for acting on her instructions. John seizes the decanter. Passing from guest to guest, he whispers confidentially : ‘*Inferior sherry, sir? Inferior sherry, mum?*’ I leave the scene to the imagination of the ‘G. R.’ One story, of course, suggests another. ‘I think, Dean,’ said a friend, ‘I can cap your story. A page-boy had been told that it was not “the thing” to fill a wineglass too full. Bearing this in mind, with trembling hand he proceeded—I know not if it was “inferior sherry” —to fill a wineglass. He filled it up to the brim. Suddenly, aware of his error, he raised the glass to his lips and relieved it considerably of its contents.’ I do not think this anecdote is as good as mine. It is less probable, is it not? At any rate, I am never asked at a dinner-party, ‘Take sherry, sir?’ without having to restrain myself from replying, ‘Is it inferior sherry?’ no more than when I see bananas at dessert I can help recalling the scene at a wedding in Kensington parish church, narrated elsewhere.\*

But *revenons à nos moutons*, who shall explain what lies behind the follies, capacities, pranks of schoolboy life? The pranks of girls are not to be compared with those of boys. They are, so far as I have heard, of a very mild nature. At a school at which my daughters were placed one girl shut herself up in a disused clock-case. Heaven knows why! She spent the greater part of the night in it, for the door shut with a spring, and she had ‘lost touch’ with it. I suppose she had some idea of playing a prank, but the result was at least highly embarrassing and personally very inconvenient. Here is an extract

\* ‘Phases of My Life,’ popular edition, pp. 200, 201.

from a 'girl's essay on boys': 'Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself: "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and He made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day He rested. Woman was then made, and she has never rested since.'

I wonder who invented the sumptuary laws of our public schools, and certain rules the infringement of which entails condign punishment. Yet these, which prevail at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, are traditional, and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, may not be broken. During one term at Cheltenham we were considered 'slow' if we did not eat raw pickles in our bedroom. Over and over again, regardless of all 'dietaries,' flinging to the winds all instruction as to being very careful as to what you eat, I, rather than be dubbed 'slow,' have procured whole bottles of piccalilli and pickles, have eaten gherkins, onions, and walnuts before going to bed. Very silly, was it not? At another time *cocoa* was 'all the rage.' Who promulgated these unwritten laws? Who is responsible for them one no more knows than how and why, by some general consensus, tops have their season, marbles another, tip-cat another, just as surely and in due sequence as cricket, football, rounders, and fives have their appointed season. How great the capacity of a healthy boy with a fair amount of

pocket-money available at the 'tuck shop'! How much he can stow away! Think, 'G. R.,' of this boy's meal!

#### A BOY'S MEAL.

'A schoolboy in Yorkshire, aged eleven, was yesterday ordered to receive six strokes of the birch-rod for stealing a collecting-box. He snatched the box out of the hand of a seven-year-old lad, and, breaking it open, proceeded to dine. The *menu* was as follows: Four bottles of "pop"; four ice-creams; four pork pies; three sweets; one black pudding; one cake; one cup of tea; a pennyworth of tripe; and two oranges. A packet of cigarettes followed, and exhausted the contents of the box.'

The birching, I presume, was given to assist digestion, on much the same principle as a glass of liqueur is sipped after dinner. How wonderful the inside of a boy's pocket! how varied its contents! I wrote out a recipe for my grandson at school: Pocket-knife with four blades, hook for taking stones out of a horse's hoof, corkscrew, and sundry other more or less useful instruments; a top; pieces of string of different lengths; a pencil; a few marbles; a small portion of loose gunpowder; a few lozenges or sweets—*e.g.*, barley sugar, Everton toffee, liquorice; some sticky substance which will make all adhere together in a conglomerate mass—*e.g.*, glue, where it can be obtained, preferable. Thus a boy would be equipped with a 'vade-mecum.' Frank Buckland would have added to this in the shape of an assortment of leeches or blind-worms. All these 'articles' are dear to a boy, though not Thirty-Nine. They are the traditional

contents of every right-minded schoolboy's pocket. How reluctantly the boy allows sisters or even mother to 'turn out his pockets'!

Now, what lies behind pranks of which parents, brothers, and sisters are regarded as fair and proper victims? What is the secret of mischievous propensities? Is the propensity inborn or acquired? Shall we apply to it the celebrated definition of *instinct*—'A propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction'? It seems innate to boys to play pranks, and to expend an almost inexhaustible fund of ingenuity and energy at the expense of their playmates and masters. There is no evil intent in it. It is pure frolic and unadulterated fun, from which a considerable amount of satisfaction is derived. It is amongst our recollections in after-life. 'Do you remember,' etc., 'how we,' etc. It depends much on the master himself as to how far pranks at his expense may go. Splitting canes with horsehair was really very enjoyable. A boy derives great and quiet satisfaction from this particular experiment, provided it succeeds. I do not approve of putting pins or needles into a master's chair, and awaiting results from sitting down 'on the spur of the moment.' Extracting oil from a lamp with a syphon is ingenious, and makes the writing out of an imposition to a late hour to be abridged. What intense delight we used to find in dropping a cracker, one of the longest and of most prolonged report, into the master's letter-box at dead of night! The behaviour of the cracker is almost fiendish in its contracted sphere; imagination endeavours to realize the scene in that disturbed and distracted household.

Few boys, I venture to think, could tell of such pranks as we played on our German master, Dr. Nachot, at the Edinburgh Academy. As I have not done more than allude to this elsewhere, I tell them more in detail now. It would be difficult for any boy to tell of pranks at Nachot's expense more daring and 'outrageous.' He had a habit, being short of stature and short-sighted, of bursting into the classroom 'to zee moment.' We so arranged our bats and wickets at the door that, by common consent, they all fell like an avalanche over his feet. We at once expressed our deep regret that any one boy in the class should have caused him even momentary pain. So soon as we were settled down after this 'untoward incident,' he would say : 'Now, boys, ven I do take a new class, I do give zee boys my rules.' As I knew German, and was therefore generally 'zee dux,' I was spokesman for 'zee boys.' 'We are all, sir, looking forward to hearing your rules. They are sure to be excellent for the necessary discipline of the class.' 'Zis is rule number von : If a boy do come in to zee class after me, I do lock zee door, and I do keep him out.' 'Pardon me, sir,' I said ; 'no doubt the rule number one is good, but I think the boys will fail to see how, when the boy is once in, you will lock him out ; but no doubt you have carefully considered the difficulty.' 'You vill be quiet, sair ! Zis is rule number two : If a boy do talk vhen he is zee dux'—he generally gave a significant look at me—'he do go down von place ; if he do talk again, he do go down two place.' (We bobbed like corks on water, to imitate 'zee boys' going down.) 'If he do still talk he do go down, and down, and down' (we bobbed again) 'until

he do become zee "booby"! ('Booby' is the bottom boy in Scotch schools.) 'If he do talk ven he is zee booby, he do stand up for five minutes. If he do talk ven he is zee booby, I do put him in zee corner! If he do talk when he is in zee corner, I do turn him out altzogether.' We all feigned to be awestruck and quite overcome. After a short pause I went up to Nachot and said: 'The boys wish me, sir, to express to you how very fully we appreciate your rules. We can conceive none better framed for the needful discipline of your class.' 'I do thank you,' was his 'gracious reply.'

Immediately after class we met and drew lots who should put these rules to the test. Rule 'nomber von' was soon rescinded, being, after one or two scuffles, found impracticable and unworkable. The descent of one incessant talker was very rapid, *facile descensus*, etc., from dux to booby. As booby he continued chattering, and was at once ordered to go into 'zee corner.' Anything more delightfully ludicrous it were difficult to imagine. Boys shortly leaving for Universities—some nearly six feet in height—put into 'zee corner'! Then began wailing, sobbing, howling, 'zee boy' rocking to and fro in agony of mental grief, and only watching a favourable opportunity for discharging a 'Waterloo cracker' at Nachot. He really believed 'zee boy' was in acute mental anguish, and listened to all these expressions of it with a certain quiet satisfaction. I went up to Nachot and said: 'This punishment, sir, is *too* severe; it is *heart-breaking*, humiliating to the last degree' (renewed howls). 'You hear for yourself, sir, how that boy is suffering.' Nachot relented, and bid 'zee boy' resume his place as 'booby.'



But this punishment, severe as it was, became frequent and too familiar, as did a scarecrow in a field, put there to frighten away birds which after a time built their nests in it ; so true it is that ' familiarity breeds contempt.' No one of us had been ' turned out altzogether.' For this crowning disgrace we again drew lots. The lot fell to a boy of the name of Smith, which no German can pronounce. Nachot varied it from Schmid to Schmidz. We met that morning in a state of high-wrought expectation. Would Smith succeed? Would his courage fail him at the last? He went rapidly through the preliminary stages, and was put into ' zee corner.' Nachot was very angry with him. We were having German dialogue conversation for our lesson. Nachot made Smith answer in the corner as if he were in his place in the class. I have never heard of such cool, barefaced impudence. ' Schmitz, sair, I vill ask you von question.' ' Yes, sir.' ' Do you like tea, coffee, or chocolate?' Of course, Smith ought to have said : ' Lieben sie Thee, oder Kaffee, oder Chocolat?' Wiping away his crocodile tears, he replied : ' I am sure, sir, I am much obliged to you. After all my shameful conduct I could hardly have expected such kindness. I think, on the whole, I prefer a cup of chocolate.' Nachot was furious. He rushed at Smith and ' turned him out altzogether.' I went up to Nachot and said : ' We thank you, sir. Such conduct deserves expulsion. You have vindicated the character of this class ;' and he believed me!

Nachot used to sit near the fireplace on winter days. The fire was protected by a large gauze screen. We would slip a penny ink-bottle full of water, the cork

tightly secured, into the midst of the coals, and very shortly would follow a dynamite explosion on a small scale, scattering the coals in every direction. Alarmed, we rushed up to Nachot ; felt him all over from head to foot ; expressed our earnest hope that he had sustained no serious injury ; begged we might be allowed *at once* to go and see the coal merchant and remonstrate with him for imperilling so valuable a life ! To this he readily assented, and *we got an hour's holiday*. How well I remember his correcting 'zee exercises !' Short-sighted, he put zee little bottle of ink close to his nose. Someone—I wonder who ?—put some asafœtida into the ink ; we watched the effect. 'Och !' he cried, putting his handkerchief to his nose ; 'zee dux, you vill come here. Zere is a very bad smell in zis bottle. You must smell it.' 'Thank you, sir,' I replied ; 'I am perfectly satisfied with your keen sense of smelling.' 'I insist, sir, on your smelling zis bottle.' I put it to my nose and feigned dreadful sickness. I told him that I felt conscientiously that all the other boys ought to smell it. Each and all groaned and writhed and in various ways feigned extreme disgust. I said : 'We are all very ill, sir—very ill. We must get out into the pure air as quickly as possible ;' and so we got *another hour's holiday*.

We had a meeting, I taking the chair. We were boys with turned-down collars and jackets. We agreed we would surprise Nachot next morning. He came in, and found us all sitting gravely, like the Christy Minstrels, with stand-up collars, a vast display of shirt-front and large knitting-needles stuck into them, surmounted with small globes of sealing-wax. He gazed at us in astonishment, and asked what it all

meant. We replied that we thought he would be pleased with our somewhat altered attire. Frank Mackenzie, as full of fun as of goodness, had outstripped us all. He had put on a *false moustache*. Nachot could not believe that that moustache was the growth of one night. In his extreme irritation he mistook it for black dirt. Rushing up to Mackenzie, he said: 'You very dirty boy, how dare you come here with your face unvashed?' And he was 'turned out altzogether.'

Endless were our pranks at the expense of poor Nachot. We had, *e.g.*, a bell hidden away in the ceiling, mysteriously rung during class-time. Waterloo crackers were placed at other times deftly under the leg of the chair on which he plumped down, and so we 'led him a life.' And yet it was all pure *fun*; there was no malicious intent. I refer the 'G. R.' to 'Phases of My Life' to see how other masters, not such fair game nor so unsuspecting, stopped us in our wild career, fresh after these pranks on poor Nachot, who resigned his post.

My dear father once suspected me of a practical joke at his expense. I would never have taken such a liberty with him, but, knowing how full of mischief I was, I found it necessary to assure him, 'on my word of honour,' that I was not guilty. In early life he suffered much from ophthalmia, and was advised to take snuff, which became a confirmed habit. He was also, from having lived so much abroad, particular about the quality of coffee. He would buy small samples of snuff and small samples of coffee. One evening he gave my sister a packet, saying he would try this sample of coffee, and my sister, believing it

to be coffee, put it into the coffee-pot. We had a most nauseous combination of snuff, milk, and sugar! My father emptied, in a moment of forgetfulness, his packet of choice coffee into his snuff-box, and at once accused me of playing a trick. He took a pinch of coffee for a pinch of snuff!

My dear mother was, however, the subject of a practical joke at my hands when we lived in Edinburgh. She advertised for a lady's-maid, and it was resolved that I should apply at once for the 'situation.' My sisters dressed me up, rather negligently as the event proved, and at dusk I called and was ushered into the drawing-room. I was well supplied—too well supplied—with 'characters' from my last situation, and my sisters coached me in what my mother was likely to ask me. The circumstances were so novel to me that I quite forgot to wait until told to be seated. I at once sat down by my mother's side on the sofa, which I saw she rather resented. She proceeded to ask me some questions, to which I replied with feigned voice. At last it became so ridiculous that I burst out laughing, but suppressed it with a sort of hysterics. My mother, lost in amazement, said: 'Good gracious! what is the matter with you?' I replied: 'Well, ma'am, I am liable to what they call "istrikes," and it comes on when I am anxious.' My mother at once rang the bell for some *sal volatile*, and, recovering, we proceeded. I could see that she was not taken with me. I rose to leave the room, and as I walked to the door felt something giving way, and saw two large pieces of tape. I could not decently take up my petticoats to see what had gone wrong, and I shed, like a crab sheds its shell, a flaring red petticoat on the drawing-

room floor! I came in to my mother, and said: 'Well, mother, has anyone applied for the situation?' 'Oh yes, indeed, my dear boy. I have had the most extraordinary creature here. First she plumped herself down by my side on the sofa; next she had an attack of what she called "istrikes," brought on, she said, by anxiety; and what *do* you think—I hardly like to tell you—but one of her petticoats dropped off her in this room. If she cannot dress herself, she certainly would not suit me for a lady's-maid.' 'Dear mother,' I said, 'it was I—yes, it was your own son—who applied, had the "istrikes," and did not know what to do with that sliding-off petticoat.'

My aunt forgave me for what I feared was past forgiveness. She was a maiden lady of uncertain age, very old-fashioned, and beneath all her outward primness beat a most warm and kind heart. I have every reason, short of seeing them, to believe that she wore small 'frisettes.' Every lady will know what I mean. Pleasant *ruses* of a make-believe nature for puffing out curls or hair on either side of the face. I persuaded our cook, after tipping her, to serve two of these up for breakfast, fried, and on toast. When my aunt lifted the cover, for all the world they looked like twin sausages. She tasted one and exclaimed, 'Bless my heart, what on earth has the cook sent this morning!' She postponed her interview with the cook until after severe cross examination she discovered the real culprit—that terrible boy, Frank!

But I recall one practical joke which I have never ceased to regret, but for which, I hope, I have long been forgiven. I was staying at a country house in Ireland. The family with whom I was staying had

a governess who was afflicted with an all-devouring appetite. It was a consuming fire. I cannot but think it must have been occasioned by some internal disease. It was specially notable if any little delicacy or toothsome dish was within her reach. My host had an idea that he had found in me a fitting tool, and 'put me up' to do what I shamelessly did. Under his direction a muffin was ordered for breakfast. I emptied the contents of a *whole cruet of Cayenne pepper* into the muffin, divided into four portions. We placed the muffin near her, as you put a bit of cheese in a mouse-trap. At once she attacked it. I watched the effect. She took one portion, and ate it without even winking or wincing. She consumed the *whole* of it without evincing the slightest emotion; her inside must have been a very burning furnace. Whether she was a salamander indifferent to heat, or, 'seeing through it,' had resolved with set teeth not to let us see she felt anything, I never found out. She reminded me of that Spartan boy, about whom I have always been somewhat sceptical, who let a fox gnaw at his vitals without telling his mother.

To make matters worse, my host kept kicking me under the table to call my attention to how she gulped down that muffin. Kicking under the table on the sly reminds me of a wife, solicitous about her husband's health, who brought him home as a *bonne bouche* a dozen oysters. 'Now, dear,' she said, 'these are all for yourself.' 'I have asked,' he said, 'a friend whom I met to come and take "pot-luck" with us.' 'Well,' she said, 'you need not offer him any oysters.' The laws of hospitality forbade this, and he offered him four. Again he pressed some more on his guest, who

courteously declined them. After luncheon his wife said: 'How stupid, dear, you were at luncheon! I kept kicking you under the table as a hint not to offer any more oysters.' 'My dear,' he said, 'you never kicked me; you must, by his refusing to take any more, *have kicked him.*'

Boys will be boys, and pranks, mischief, daring adventures are inseparable from boy-life, unless he be a pronounced 'muff' or 'molly-coddle.' Excellent and instructive as his book is, I cannot bring myself fully to agree with the writer in what Mr. Furneaux says in his Preface to 'The Outdoor World':

" 'Boys will be boys!' How often has this expression been used in extenuation of their mischievous propensities! Boys are naturally active, and if they have not the inclination or the opportunity to expend their store of mental and physical energy in some interesting and profitable employment, we shall be sure to find them working out some little scheme by which they hope to derive satisfaction at the expense of their playmates, their neighbours, or some dumb animal. You may almost as well talk to an oak log as tell a boy that he should abstain from such practical jokes as those which give him pleasure at the cost of his victimized schoolmates—that it is wrong to annoy his neighbour by damaging his property, or that it is cruel to tie a bundle of ignited crackers to the tail of a cat. If a boy is to relinquish such occupations, we must direct his energies into another channel by giving him a taste for something better. Teach him to play a game of cricket or to swim; let him have a camera, and show him how to take a photograph; give him a sketch-book, and cultivate a taste for the reproduction of the beautiful in Nature and art; or make him a present of a book of scientific recreations. Amongst such works probably none will be found so fascinating to a boy as those which treat of natural history. Let him once acquire a taste for collecting, preserving, and studying natural history objects, and he has a hobby that will keep him out of mischief; give him healthy employment for mind and body, and occupation for all seasons of the year, both at home and in the field.'

The study of Nature, so fascinating, so 'pure,' as the late Lord Derby was in the habit of saying, will not—why should it?—eradicate or altogether supplant 'mischievous propensities.' I am writing this in a sequestered and charming country rectory,\* and in a schoolboy's bedroom. I notice several books on natural history, of which I give the list at the end of this chapter; a case of beetles, evidently of his own capture and arrangement; side by side with Mark Twain's writings a photograph of a schoolfellow, or of a boy's hero-worship; Christmas cards from loving hearts; scraps, more or less amusing, cut out from illustrated papers and pasted on the walls, a prominent place being assigned to the well-known advertisement of Pears' Soap, a very dirty, dissipated looking character writing to Pears: 'I used your soap two years ago, since then *I have used no other*'; Bible, Prayer-Book, and helpful books of devotion; and, *inter alia*, 'Schoolboy Honour,' by Adams, and poetry. I do not know the boy, but I 'discern' and judge from what I see on his walls and shelves, from his bat and golf-sticks, that he is a fair sample of a true English boy, probably as full of mischief and up to 'pranks' as he is a lover of Nature, and manly in his taste for games and sports. That a boy should have a 'hobby' outside strictly scholastic studies is, on all accounts, desirable. School-life *per se* does not give much opportunity either for indicating or developing individual taste. Parents at home may soon discern their child's inclination. Some, *e.g.*, show a decided taste for music, some for languages, some for one out of many departments of natural history. I know one,

\* Luccombe, Somersetshire.



no longer a boy, who had a marked taste for engineering, and for the manufacture of sundry and divers 'weapons of war.' He was always making catapults, spring-guns, assegais, boomerangs, and inviting us to allow him to 'have a shot at us.' He was overjoyed when I lent him a pistol. It is true that I invariably found the safest place was to stand in the *direct line of fire*, but, on the whole, I encouraged him to direct his aim at trees, walls, and suchlike less vulnerable targets.

But 'people who live in glass houses must be careful not to throw stones.' When, some years ago, I was staying with my dear brother, then quartered at Parkhurst, a small company under his direction went out for rifle practice. He proposed to me that I should try my luck at the target, to which I readily assented. I was confident that I covered the bull's-eye, and in that confidence fired, not a little hurt by the recoil. I heard a voice behind me saying : '*Gone to glory, gone to glory !*' This, of course, referred to the bullet. This reminds me of a 'noble lord,' notoriously a 'bad shot,' who said to the keeper, after unsuccessful efforts : 'Keeper, tell me the truth : did you ever see such a bad shot as I am ?' 'Oh yes, my lord, I have seen worse shots than your lordship. *Your lordship misses the birds so clean.*' My young friend is now doing well as an engineer.

Apart from the personal value of a 'hobby,' and all that some special study brings of information to the mind, we never know when it may be of service to others. I have found the study of the microscope of the greatest use in my ministry, as enabling me to give 'popular lectures.' The study of astronomy in one case, of electricity in another, was of great mental

enjoyment and resource to two, within my knowledge, of our leading manufacturers in the West Riding of Yorkshire. How many men in the very forefront of political, commercial, industrial life have their hobby, and, fortunately, ample means with which to indulge it!

If I would put Smiles' 'Self-Help' into every school-boy's hands, I would put the writings of Macmillan, Wood and more, whose name is legion, into their hands also, not in the hope or desire to eradicate what is native in a boy, but as a safeguard and inexhaustible source of healthy information.

Apropos of boys, I have a considerable collection of answers given by boys at examinations and on other occasions. They are more or less genuine. The following is a fair sample of many others which may have been suggested by it, or 'made up.'

Describe a hen: 'Hens is curious animals; they don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their wittles whole, and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put inter pillars and into feather dusters. The inside of a hen'—he must have been thinking of his own pockets—'is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt-buttons, and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato-plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum-puddings.' (This must have been written at Christmas-tide.) 'Hens have got wings, and can fly when they get frightened. I cut off a hen's head with a hatchet, and it frightened her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine "spring chickens."'

Students of natural history and of the 'curiosities'

of natural history will fully appreciate these facts about poultry, and I give one out of many equally interesting and informing facts.

Describe swine: 'The swine is a piggy. Sometimes he is a sow, sometimes he isn't. This beast is kept by man principally for his trotters, likewise for his cracklin'.' (Charles Lamb would appreciate this.) 'His blud is sold to the Juze, by whom it is much prized. He was brought from the 'Oly Land by the Gud Templurs, hand 'is hansesters 'ad devvels in them, hand were choaked in the Medhithurhaneum See. This sometimes prays on his mind; on such hoccashuns he generally goes to slepe. I think his fir would be very vallyuable, onley he has not gott hany. His tale forms the cheaf hornymment of the Chyneese, hand his ecksported in grate quantities from Hafrica. The swine is a very hinterlexical beest, hand he is sumtymes tort mathem-matticks. He could do Lattin with the thurd klass, likewise Gramer hand Joggriffy with the forth. When he has no hinde legges, the swine is a byped, otherwise he is not. His apytyte is gude, hand it makes 'im 'appie when his privishuns are numerus. His cheaf fude is 'is hone yung wuns, hand the feamail generally sleaps on them at nite. The swine is a very hambishus beast, and his cheaf hockupashun is corpeulensh, for witch he 'opes to get faim. I think this is all I know about swine.'

This is all very interesting. I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this description, but I can for the following. This is the answer, showing the result of a smattering of knowledge, given by a school-girl. 'State the process of digestion in the human system.' Answer: 'In eating your food you must be careful to

shew it.' (Fancy people at a dinner-party carrying out these explicit instructions!) 'The more you shew your food, the more you reduce it in the stomach to a pulp. The heart has two artilleries, which play upon the pulp, and that is what I understand by digestion.'

This is of recent and authentic occurrence. A boy of ten writes touching the Coronation: 'It is the priverlege of the Lord Mare to wash and dress the King the day he is crowned. The Archbishop of Canterberry will ask the King to say an oath, and when he has done this, he will wash the feat of twelve poor peepul, and rise up an ointment King.'

Another boy says of the King: 'Although he is a rooler, he is a clever man with tack.' (Very complimentary to other 'roolers'!) 'He has such respekt for himself that he wrote a new poem for the Coronation called "God save our gracious King." His Majesty will sing this himself while he is being crowned with pomperaniss in Westminster Abbey.'

Another boy states that the prisons will be emptied on Coronation Day (Heaven help us!); the prisoners will see the crowning 'like rispektable people,' and then go back happily to prison again. The Duke of Norfolk, 'who has a gold stick, will set off skwibs, and as the prime Duke of England will see that everything is nice and solemn.' This must be very interesting and helpful to the Earl Marshal. It is not lacking in definiteness and assurance. Rather different from what I heard lately of a boy. He was told never to be too certain, never to express himself too confidently. Asked of one, 'Is that man your father?'—(he was)—the boy replied: 'I cannot say he is for *certain*.'

At the opening of a Scotch University the following were the answers given at a preliminary examination of candidates for admission to the classes : 'What is meant by the antiquity of man?' Answer : 'The wickedness of man.' 'The letters of Junius?' 'Letters written in the month of June.' 'The Crusades?' 'A war against the Roman Catholics during the last century.' 'To speak ironically?' 'To speak about iron.' 'A Gordian knot?' 'The arms of the Gordian family.' 'The Star Chamber?' 'Place for viewing the stars.' 'To sit on the woolsack?' 'To be seated on a sack of wool.' 'A solecism?' 'A book on the sun.' 'The year of Jubilee?' '*Leap year!*' Or this answer from one who had received a 'finished education,' who applied for a post as pupil-teacher. Asked to describe a voyage to Sydney : 'Journey to Sydney. First you go from Calais to Dover ; then take the train and go to the North Sea ; from thence to Vancouver to the Scandinavian Railway, or by the Suez Canal ; from thence to the Ockland Isle.'

'The Greatest Widower' is the title of a genuine essay of a boy in a Cardiff Board School : 'King Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domine in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again (!) but she said the word Calais would be found on her heart immediately after death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garnet Wolsey. He was sir-named the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen unmarried. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished

Mary, Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

The following is too good to be lost. It was written from dictation at a Government inspection of a North of England school. I give it exactly as the boy wrote it. Subject: Cowper's well-known poem, 'I am Monarch of all I Survey.' 'I ham monac of hall I searve, there is none heare my rite to dispute from the senter hall round to the sea I ham lord of the founs to the brute. All shoshitude ware are the charmes that sages have seen in thy face, better dewel in the miste of a larmes than in this horrible place. I am now of unity reach, i must finish my jurney a lone, never hear the swete music of speach, i start at the sound of my hone. The Beasts that rome over the plane my forme with indifrence see, they are so uncent with men, tameness is shocking to me.'

It has been said that, were Shakespeare alive, he would not recognise his own writings. I very much doubt that Cowper would recognise his! Yet where does the fault lie, with the master or with the boys?

One cannot recall boyhood and school-days without thinking of and recalling punishment, whether in the form of corporal or of 'impositions,' both very distasteful to boys, while affecting them differently. I can speak on this matter from some experience, from a whipping in the nursery down to the latest recollection of being put into 'zee corner.' I am familiar with the hard ferrule on the tips of your fingers on a cold morning—a most cruel punishment, seeing you might be maimed for life. I have had several tastes of the cane on the hand—which has always seemed to me senseless, as it prevented your writing, and was

possibly brutal, if the master delighted in trying to hit the lower part of your thumb. The tawse is painful, but relieved if you can immediately grasp something cold. An imposition, writing out five or six hundred lines of Virgil or Ovid, is very irksome. Besides giving you a lifelong aversion to those two famous writers of the past, it debars you from the pleasures of a half-holiday in sunny playgrounds or country walks. A boy would rather suffer bodily pain, I think, than the privation of his holiday. I have, somehow, been exempt from the 'block.'

It is told that schoolmasters, hearing of the advancement and promotion of a former pupil, even to the Bench of Bishops, have said, and with great satisfaction: 'Yes, I remember well birching him.' The name of Keate is an 'outstanding' name in connection with this form of corporal punishment. One cannot hope to tell any anecdote about him that would not be called an 'old chestnut.' Many will have heard how he ruled his school with a rod, not of iron, but of twigs. Keate's birch was as inseparable from him as his character. 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' he is said to have said with fiery glance to a little boy; 'mind that! It is your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I will flog you!' Curious interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount! At another time, when a whole division was threatened with punishment and had made up its mind to resist, Keate solved the difficulty by sending the respective tutors to bring the boys to him at night out of bed, and flogged eighty of them, one by one, 'from dewy eve until morn.' To my mind, the most amusing of many anecdotes is of Keate finding on his desk the

list of Confirmation candidates. It was on a slip of paper like that used for the 'bill' which usually contained the names of the 'condemnati.' To the astonishment of the catechumens, he flogged them all, laying on the strokes all the more heavily on the ground that the boys were setting up a most irreverent plea to evade deserved punishment. I very much doubt if many catechumens presented themselves next year, if this was part of 'Preparation for Confirmation.' I was once asked by a young man if he could be confirmed a second time. I am quite satisfied he was not one of that unfortunate list.

Did this system of birching on any and every occasion repress a spirit of rebellion, or did it not create and foster it? Does corporal punishment really make a boy a better boy? Is it not allowed that flogging in the army is brutalizing? I can understand that the 'cat' may be a wholesome deterrent for 'garrotters' and 'Hooligans.' That men who can kick or throttle another to death, utterly indifferent to their savage assaults and the pain they inflict, should themselves suffer in the flesh is intelligible. There is no doubt that flogging stopped garrotting, for 'garrotters' and 'Hooligans' are, as a rule, great cowards. They will go to prison and to hard labour without evincing emotion, but when the sentence is accompanied 'with twelve or twenty-four strokes of the cat,' they whimper and whine. The birch, a very formidable instrument of torture in our prisons, is as dreaded by the younger criminals as it is salutary in its effects. I can understand severe punishment for stealing at school. In some cases, for example's sake, corporal punishment may be necessary, but surely expulsion would be more



effective. But ought you to be caned or birched for ignorance? Ought a boy to suffer in body for indolence or forgetfulness, for not 'doing his lessons,' which are not either vicious or criminal offences? I for one doubt that caning or flogging does any real or lasting good. It sets up at once a barrier between you and your master. There is a gulf of separation that is not bridged over. You can never feel the same towards your master if once you have suffered condign punishment at his hands, even though you write home as a boy wrote home: 'Temple is a brute, but he is a just brute.' An imposition does not, I think, create the same feeling towards your master as caning does. I cannot also understand 'caning in cold blood.' I can understand that no master, if irritated, should administer the cane under strong irritation. It might be excessive. There are in some schools *caning days*, like washing days in the week, or days when your study is 'turned out.'

I know that good and excellent masters justify this special Saturday function on the ground that punishment is inflicted when he is, as it were, 'iced.' But the immediate occasion is past, even though the offence be not ceased. I suppose a strong sense of duty and of the need of discipline reconciles masters to punishing in cold blood. I wonder what the boy's view of it was when a Scotch master said: 'Noo, my lad, I am aboot to inflict deserved punishment upon you, but we will first kneel down in prayer.' It is said of Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter that when he had occasion to reprove a clergyman in his diocese he used to say: 'Let us pray together.' The unsuspecting clergyman knelt down, fully appreciating the Bishop's devo-

tional spirit. The Bishop soon let the clergyman know, from the general nature of his supplication, what he thought of him. There could not well be any remonstrance on the clergyman's part when on his knees!

There is an idea often set forth in pulpits and in books of devotion that pain sanctifies. Pain may possibly chasten, humble, make us feel acutely this 'body of humiliation,' but how can physical suffering, in the nature of things, sanctify my nature? The Holy Ghost sanctifies. Of severe sickness it is true 'this sickness is not unto death, but that the Son of God may be glorified thereby.' Who that has suffered exquisite suffering from some one or other of the more agonizing forms of pain can say it has made them holier? Is it not during the pain, in its sharpness, persistence, unremitting continuance, that you are least disposed to pray, to read the word of God, or bear being read to? Deep as is the mystery of pain and suffering, and true as it is that we 'fill up in our body of the suffering of Christ,' that there is in one sense a union with Him in suffering, yet if you say or teach that pain sanctifies rather than corrects, it seems to me that you relegate to pain, as pain, what is the special work of Him 'who sanctifieth me and all the elect people of God.' Is it right and scriptural always and in every case to say that pain and suffering are punishments, and not part of that loving discipline by which God would make us great? 'It is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I may learn Thy statutes.' May you not defeat the purpose of sickness or suffering by representing to one of holy and consecrated life, full of faith and good works, that 'this suffering

which you are called upon to undergo is a token of God's anger and displeasure,' and thus make a heart sad which God would not have made sad? I recall visiting Lord — on his death-bed in London. He was dying of an incurable malady, and was in great suffering. As I entered the room he said: 'Before you speak to me, let me first ask you a question. Are you one of those who teach that God hates me, and has laid upon me this fatal and painful malady because of His displeasure? If so, you have no need to remain. I did not bring myself into the world, and surely a father loves his offspring?' My answer may be surmised, and I visited him until he entered that state 'where there is no more pain.'

I could wish that at some conference of head-masters this subject would be dispassionately and thoughtfully discussed, and that they to whom child-life is entrusted would consider this whole question of corporal punishment.

Should what I am writing be read by father or mother, looking back as I do on life from boyhood days over the vista of now threescore years and ten, I should be inclined to say that the *beau idéal* of school-life, so far and so long as it could be, would be to combine all the advantages of school, its discipline, its roughing it with other boys, its training for a yet larger world, with the protective care, amenities, and love of home-life. There a boy is sheltered from, safeguarded against, much from which he specially needs safeguarding. The love of mother, so potential, so strong, so unfailing; the wise counsel of father, especially if he be, in the best sense, a 'man of the world'; the gentle influence of a pure-minded sister,

environ him with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. In these days of such marked independence of youth, and impatience of restraint, there would be the almost unfelt pressure of the conditions of home-life, as against the enforced rule of schools. The reverence and respect of child for parent, slowly dying out, is more likely to be fostered and deserved, and that honouring of father and mother which is 'the first commandment with promise' would be more likely to be obeyed. In such combining of home and school you ought to find that true and real training which would equip the boy when, with many prayers and not a few falling tears, he leaves the old nest for University life, or for what awaits him, known or unguessed, in the great world before him. It is at home, surely, that both by lip and life the foundation of true, practical religion should be laid deep and strong, as cannot, I venture to think, be done in ordinary school-life. A boy should not have to pick up religion anyhow and anywhere, and to go forth into the world without definite teaching of those truths 'which accompany salvation.' He should not have to say in after-life, as some excuse for or justification of irreligion, or selfishness, or worldliness: 'I learnt, was taught, nothing at home of religion.' 'Do not sin against the child' might be inscribed over the door of every nursery. The first thought, the uppermost desire, of parents should be that their child should, so far as lies in their power, be 'a child of God,' consecrated from his youth, used of God in his manhood. We do not believe, as we ought to believe, in the possibilities of early conversion and of early consecration. We would look less for 'conversion' in later

years if we encouraged children to believe in, and to act more directly and immediately on, the 'motions,' inspirations, and suggestions of the Holy Spirit, the great baptismal gift, and to look for the sealing of the Spirit on the day of Confirmation.

For my part, I believe that we should have a constant and adequate supply of candidates for Holy Orders if parents, praying more faithfully for their boys, watching carefully any and every indication of the 'motions' of the Holy Ghost, dedicated their child to God. In olden times the first-born male was dedicated to God. Is there such dedication now? At Congresses, Conferences, in Convocation, this 'scarcity of candidates for Holy Orders' is discussed almost *ad nauseam*. The dearth is put down to reasons which I do not believe to be true. Some of these reasons our young men themselves would, and rightly, be the first to repudiate and even resent. It may be that the real reason lies further back, must be looked for and found in parents who, in their ambitions for their children, lose sight of the higher and holiest which life can satisfy. We want consecrated childhood, sanctified boyhood, and then there need be no fear that a boy would grow up precocious, unnatural, in many respects unlike other boys. Some of the best, who have had the most influence over others whom I have known, were the most full of fun and even of mischief. They were not men before their time, but children while childhood lasted. When one holds up the mirror, and in imagination tries to recall their bright, happy faces, expressive of the pure, innocent, and careless days of boyhood life, one feels thankful to God for the specimens we have seen and can

recall of what might be far more common. While we say 'boys will be boys,' and even in later life, shaking hands, say, 'How are you, old boy?' we feel that there is nothing inconsistent with personal piety, nothing contrary to the spirit and genius of our most holy faith, in that which, while not looked for in more mature life, belongs to a natural and happy boyhood.

#### A BOY'S CONSECRATION HYMN.

'Just as I am, Thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me,  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

'In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay,  
With *no reserve*, and no delay—  
With all my heart, I come.

'I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve Thee with all my might—  
Therefore to Thee I come.

'Just as I am, young, strong, and free,  
To be the best that I can be,  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

'With many dreams of fame and gold,  
Success and joy to make me bold;  
But, dearer still—my faith to hold  
*For my whole life*—I come.

'And for Thy sake to win renown,  
And then to take the victor's crown  
And at Thy feet to lay it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.'

BOOKS FROM A BOY'S LIBRARY.

(*Referred to on p. 48.*)

- Insects at Home : Wood.
- Our Country Birds : W. J. Gordon.
- Our Country Butterflies and Moths : Gordon.
- British Birds, Eggs, and Nests : J. C. Atkinson.
- Nature Studies : Proctor.
- Country Pastimes for Boys : Anderson Graham.
- The Common Moths of England : T. S. Wood.
- British Butterflies : Coleman.
- Ants, Bees, Dragon-flies, etc. : W. H. Bath.
- The Lepidopterist's Guide : Knapps.
- Common Objects of the Country : Wood.
- The Outdoor World : Furneaux.
- The Amateur Poacher : \* Author of 'The Gamekeeper at Home.'
- Woodland, Moor. and Stream—Beetles.
- Butterflies, Moths, and other Insects : Kappel and Kirby.
- British Flora : Hooker and Arnott.
- Handy Book of the Flower-Garden : Thomson.
- Beauties and Wonders of Vegetable Life.
- Popular Field Botany : Caltock.
- Flowers of the Field : Johns.
- British Ferns and their Allies : Moore.
- Every Man his own Gardener : Mabbs.
- Manual of British Botany : Babington.
- Familiar Wild Flowers (5 vols.) : Hulme.

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\* The old Adam, which is deceitful according to the lusts, breaks out here !

## CHAPTER III

### SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

HAVING devoted one chapter in 'Odds and Ends' to child-life, one is led on, in connection with the training and equipment of a child for its future and fuller life, and in view of its possibilities for good or ill, to think of religion as the most important factor, and to consider what are the influences of a definite religious character which are brought to bear on a child at, unquestionably, its most favourable and impressionable season. You can train the tender sapling ; you cannot train the knotted oak. The raw material in childhood is like pith, soft and pliable. It has not yet hardened into wood. Creeping plants, untended, grow wild and out of bounds ; they may be so manipulated as to become festoons of beauty. Nature universally takes especial care of its buds. It does not bestow the same care on fruit and blossom. We guard our young, newly-planted slips with fences ; we do not fence round the oak and elm of centuries' growth. The mind of a child is a *tabula rasa*. During the first stage of its existence, until dawning consciousness and receptivity, nothing, probably, is written upon it. We retain our first impressions throughout our life. They seem to be indelible, and to recur to us like the writing with sympathetic, invisible ink, which when held to the



fire comes out. It is a remarkable and confessed fact in connection with the faculty of memory that, as we grow older, we for the most part forget what we did last week ; but few are utterly oblivious of the scenes and impressions of nursery and childhood days. Is it not remarkable that not infrequently the features and lineaments of childhood are to be discerned in the face of the dead, who have lived even to gray hairs ? I am reminded of ‘palimpsests,’ ancient parchments to be seen in our museums, on which a chapter of the Holy Gospels was first written, and, because parchment was dear, were used again, and even thrice, like crossing and recrossing a letter ; it may have been for a portion of the Classics, etc. Our scholars have been able to efface the portions of classic writers, to expose and bring to light that which was first written on the parchment. ‘What youth learns,’ says the proverb, ‘age doth not forget.’

‘Learn young, learn fair,  
Learn old, learn sair.’

Can we exaggerate or lay too great stress on the value and importance of first associations, earliest impressions, as abiding and uneffaceable ?

‘Childhood shows the man  
As morning shows the day.’

I am trying to persuade the publisher to reprint a small manual of devotion, ‘Steps Heavenward.’ It is a charming and simple collection of prayers and hymns for children’s use. It was compiled by a mother in response to her children’s request, when they came to have children of their own. In later life of motherhood they so remembered their own earliest

lessons in religion at their mother's knee (the best kind of 'mother's meeting' in the world), that they desired to 'teach their children the same.'

This is only one of many illustrations which might be given of the far-reaching effect of what childhood receives and retains. If in that susceptible, impressionable season of seed sowing, which comes not again, what we understand by religion, its necessary rudiments—if the 'first principles' be so presented to a child's mind that it shall not be distasteful nor unpalatable, with such associations as are bright and not dull, which fascinate and do not estrange, which woo and do not repel, we may reasonably hope that, fostered by wise ways, and, above all, by cherishing the 'motions' of God's good Spirit, the seed sown will take root downwards and bear fruit upwards. The tender plant will advance in growth, 'first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear,' and having taken root in a kindly soil, will weather out all the evil influences antagonistic to its life. It is quite true that we must not be oversanguine. 'What manner of child shall this be?' is a question that cannot but come to the front as parents look on the face of their new-born child. It is Coleridge who writes :

'Tis aye a solemn thing to me  
To look upon a babe that sleeps,  
Wearing in its spirit deep  
The unrevealed mystery  
Of its Adam's taint and woe,  
Which when they revealed lie  
Will not let it slumber so.'

You cannot hand down piety to your children as you would hand down some heirloom. People often ex-

T press unfeigned surprise that the children of parents, 'both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments of the Lord' themselves, should in some notable cases have turned out so ill. With all our belief in Heredity, the transmission from generation to generation of characteristic traits, virtues, vices, habits, tendencies, etc., we must not ignore the factor of free-will, which cannot but modify and restrict the fact and limitations of Heredity. I am always reminded, when I hear the remark alluded to made, of quaint Fuller, in his 'Good Thoughts for Bad Times.' 'Lord! I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered. Roboam begat Abia—*i.e.*, a bad father begat a bad son. Abia begat Asa, a good father and a good son. Asa begat Jehoshaphat, a good father and a bad son. Jehoshaphat begat Josiah, a good father and a good son. I see, Lord, from hence that my father's piety cannot be entailed: that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary: that is good news for my son.'

L Whatever views may be held on the subject of Heredity, one which is exciting considerable attention in connection with criminal tendencies, and is being taken more into account by magistrates and judges in dealing with first offenders, we come back to this: that much, from the very nature of things, depends on the first and earliest impressions made on a child's mind. Children begin very soon to think. Witness the questions they sometimes put, not always easy to answer! They are quick to observe and to imitate. They are always learning by eye and ear, by lip and life. Like Medusæ in the sea, in their gelatinous condition, they are ever putting forth their tentacles to

grasp something. If the Chinese cramp up cruelly the growing feet of their children and maim them for life, not so cruelly, but perhaps for all the life long, we may 'sin against the child.' Mirabeau was asked which was the best way of teaching popular liberty. His reply was: 'Begin with the infant in the cradle, and let the first name on its lips be Washington.' Mirabeau set, by this reply, great store on first impressions and earliest lessons. We, as a Christian people, would say, if asked the best way of teaching popular religion: 'Begin with the infant in the cradle, and let the first name on its lips be God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.' We must not play tricks or try experiments with child-life. There is something else and more for them to learn than the 'Three R's.' Are there not other 'Three R's'? 'Ruin by the Fall, Redemption by Christ, Regeneration and Renewal by the Holy Ghost.' Tricks are played by way of experiment on plants, invariably to the plant's harm. In France elaborate investigation has recently been made of the effect of placing plants under differently-coloured bell glasses—*e.g.*, blue, green, and red. Subjected to blue, the plant is dwarfed in its growth; to green, it is at the loss of leaf; to red, the plant is pronounced 'precocious.' For its healthy growth a plant needs what God intended it should have, sunlight, the complete, undivided prism of light.

Rousseau's theory was 'develop nature.' The French Revolution was the answer to that theory. 'Inculcate,' says another, 'the moral idea of duty.' That does not touch the spiritual element in our tripartite nature. 'Discard dogmas and creeds,' says another. There is truth in all forms of religious

belief. The whole truth is in no one. Place at the service of your children a kind of Liebig's essence, or *olla podrida*, of different beliefs and schools of thought. Religion must be eclectic, and not dogmatic. And yet what department of knowledge is without its creed? The artist has his rules of art. The mathematician or professor recognises ascertained 'data.' The musician does not attempt to ignore the laws of harmony. As well might you ask for sunlight without a sun as religion without a creed. It is told of a sergeant in the army giving orders for a parade service: 'Church of England, 10.30; Roman Catholic, 11.30; "Fancy Religions" after these.'

'Fancy religions,' undenominational forms of faith, can never represent the whole 'truth as it is in Jesus.' Whatever we, as a nation, may desire for our children from a secular point of view to equip them for the duties and rivalries of life, secular education must be tempered with definite religious teaching. We may take a lesson from our foundries. As the molten metal from the furnace pours forth into the moulds prepared to receive and give it shape, I have, standing by, noticed that a stream of water from a hose passes over it. We sin against child-life if we play tricks with child-nature, if we leave out of sight its spiritual nature, if we do not, as soon as possible, bring to bear and play upon it the special influences of our 'most holy faith.'

This brings one naturally to think about Sunday-schools and the Sunday-school system. The reader may say: 'What do you know about them? What experience have you had? For it is curious to notice how the parish priest is forgotten in the Dean.

Because Deans have no parochial charge beyond, as at Chichester, the immediate Close, it is presumed that their experience is limited to that of cathedral life. A Dean is rarely consulted by his Diocesan on parochial matters, and as his duties are closely connected with cathedral life, he is considered as outside Diocesan and parochial work. I wonder if my friends—*e.g.*, Dean Spence of Gloucester, Dean Maclure of Manchester, Dean Lefroy of Norwich, *inter alios*—are of the same mind? If we feel sometimes the privation, because of our position, of not visiting sick and dying persons, except by special permission, one sometimes thinks that our long and large experience of parochial work might be more utilized by both Diocesan and parochial clergy than it is.

I had a small Sunday-school—‘the day of small things,’ not to be despised—in my first curacy of ninety souls ‘all told.’ In Paris I had a considerable number of English children, gathered from all parts of Paris. In London I had a few in my Sunday-school who met in the topmost gallery of St. Philip’s, Regent Street, where I erected a small organ. The children of parents living in the streets adjoining and in neighbouring mews were taught by the assistants at Marshall and Snelgrove’s. At Doncaster I began to have to do with those large Sunday-schools which are such a feature in Yorkshire and Lancashire, the scholars numbering about 600. At Halifax we had 1,200 children in our school, and a small army of devoted teachers. It would be difficult to mention anything which is suggested or attempted for the improvement and efficiency of Sunday-schools which was not welcomed and tried at Halifax. Teachers’ meetings; special addresses by men of

experience ; lessons in teaching ; classes for teachers ; and so forth. Not the least of my happy recollections is the being frequently asked to address Sunday-school teachers, as I have done at the great annual gathering in Exeter Hall, or in some church where many from different parishes have attended a 'special service.' So that I think I may say, with Dean Spence and his 2,000 scholars at St. Pancras, London, and Dean Maclure with his scholars at Rochdale, that I have had some experience of, and ought to have something to say on, this important subject !

I shall confine myself to the Sunday-schools from a parochial point of view, and as having generally to do with the poorer classes. Were it not that it would be a step towards relieving the well-to-do classes of all responsibility of giving religious instruction to their own children, not a few think that we want Sunday-schools for the children of the 'upper classes.' The ignorance of the 'upper ten thousand' and of well-to-do parents of the Bible and its history, of the history of the Church and its Creed, of the history of the Prayer-Book, is as lamentable as it is astounding. I suppose it is thought not to be their province or *métier* to instruct their children in religious knowledge and in what are its 'first principles.' The consequence is that a very considerable number of children are brought up without any very definite views, and our public schools can hardly be said to supplement this defect.

I must not give names, though withholding them to a certain extent robs the story of its 'point,' but I vouch for the accuracy and fact of what I am about to tell. It is quite on a par with a story I have told else-

where about Hymns Ancient and Modern, red edges, etc. We had a public luncheon at a particular college at which I was present. Our President was a 'noble lord.' He said in his speech at the luncheon that his pleasure in revisiting the scenes of his boyhood was greatly enhanced by having travelled down from London in company with the greatest of living historians. 'The greatest of living historians,' in reply to a call for a speech, said he 'could reciprocate the kind utterances of the President, for it had been a great privilege to travel with the *Melchisedech* of this particular school.'

The President looked somewhat puzzled and surprised at being called *Melchisedech*. I said to Professor X., who sat next to me :

'You have been guilty of a *lapis lazulae*, as someone said for *lapsus linguae*. You surely meant *Methuselah*—that would have made out our President to be a thousand years old, which I am persuaded from his general appearance he can scarcely be.'

'Of course,' said Professor X., 'I meant Methuselah; but do not tell anyone of my what you call *lapis lazulae*.'

'It is too good,' I replied, 'to be lost to the world, especially as you have been introduced as the "greatest living historian." I advise you to read up your Old Testament history, where you will find the difference between Methuselah and Melchisedech.'

After luncheon Lord X., evidently having not yet recovered from his bewilderment, called me to him.

'Who, Dean, did the Professor say I was?'

'He said your lordship was Melchisedech.'



‘Melchisedech! Melchisedech! Who on earth is Melchisedech?’

‘Well, my lord,’ I replied, ‘I venture to give you much the same advice that I have given our great historian—that you should look up your Old Testament history.’

‘Oh, never mind that, Dean, but do tell me something about Melchisedech, lest he should call me that name again.’

‘Do you remember,’ I said, ‘what is said of him—“without father, without mother, without descent”?’

*‘What! what! No pedigree?’*

There our conversation and my futile attempts at enlightenment abruptly ended.

Instances to the same effect might be multiplied. Not infrequently on a Sunday evening in a country house I have been asked to give a few questions in the Bible and Prayer-Book. I have soon noticed that general regret prevailed at such a request having been made. Do we not all know the confused and somewhat abashed look of people who are beating their brains to give a reply to some ‘poser’?

I was asked, when visiting a school in New York, to examine the girls in arithmetic. I asked them to write down *in figures: Eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven*. Not one could do it. Another question, with the same result: ‘If one hundred hurdles will enclose one hundred sheep, what is the least number of hurdles that will enclose two hundred sheep?’ I proceeded to ask them to write: *One hundred in nines*. Not one could do it. I said: ‘I will give you something simple. What are eggs a dozen when two more in the shilling’s-worth reduces

the original price of the eggs by a penny a dozen ?' The girls were aghast. I said : ' Let me give you something still more simple : If there are more cows in the world than hairs on any one cow's tail, it follows, as a matter of course, that two cows in the world must have the same number of hairs on their tails. Do you see why ?' I felt a hand on my shoulder. The mistress, much overcome at her inability to answer these extremely simple questions, said : ' Would you, sir, change the subject, and examine my girls in geography ?' After my own reply in Edinburgh, when, asked where the Bosphorus was, I said, ' On the coast of Sussex,' I declined the mistress's request.

But, seriously and *ad rem*, whoever originated our Sunday-school system, Robert Raikes of Gloucester, or Charles Borromeo, nephew of Pope Pius V., or Joseph Alleine of Taunton, or others credited with it, Robert Raikes must, in all fairness, be credited, as his biographer says, ' with having raised Sunday-school teaching from a fortuitous rarity into a universal system. He found the practice local ; he made it national.' He found in the city of Gloucester what is to be met with in all cities, towns, and villages : The streets were full every Sunday of noise and disturbance. The churches were entirely unfrequented by the poorer sort of children, and very ill-attended by their parents. It occurred to Raikes that ' infinite would be the benefit, as well to the community as to themselves, if any method could be contrived of bringing them under some proper restraint and instilling some good principles in their minds.'

Out of all this blossomed, and in time bore fruit, like the mustard seed, ' which indeed is the least of

all seeds, but when it is grown up is the greatest of all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof'—out of this 'day of small things, 'the number at first small, but the increase rapid, the Sunday-school has become a recognised and integral part of Church life and work, and with every religious community part of the Church's ministration and effort. Nonconformists strain every nerve to compete, if I may so say, with the Church of England in what is felt by both alike to be the nursery of their future recognised membership. Scholars are to be counted by millions, teachers by thousands. Sunday-schools have such centres as the Church Institute in the Old Bailey. They have a vast and even necessary literature of their own. The ramifications of their central societies extend their feelers to all parts of the civilized world. The system is coterminous with Christianity. The Church has accepted and regarded as a most sacred trust the injunction of our Lord, whose tender love of children has raised childhood into a sacredness it had not before: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' 'Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.'

It is not uncommon to hear it said that 'Sunday-schools are a necessary evil.' By this, I presume, is meant that it is not well, where it can be avoided, to relieve parents of their own and first responsibility. In theory this may be true. But does not the remark apply to rich as well as to poor? How many parents in the 'upper classes' of society relegate to tutor or governess the religious teaching of their children?

Again, the parents of our poorer classes are themselves too hopelessly ignorant to teach their children. Rare, indeed, would be the instance of a working-man, artisan, dock labourer, instructing his own children on a Sunday. Equally rare would it be to hear of the wife of any such giving their children what they are presumed to learn in Sunday-school. What teaching could the poor bereaved woman give who, when her clergyman was endeavouring to console her on the loss of her boy, said, 'Ah, sir, I am happy to think my dear lad is safe in the arms of Beelzebub'? Again, who of any experience of parochial work is not well aware that, but for Sunday-schools, the 'rising generation' would receive little or no religious instruction? It is not obligatory in the Board Schools. It is regarded in too many Board Schools as of secondary importance. The parents, as a rule, of our poorer classes are absolutely indifferent as to whether their children go to church or chapel, so long as they can lie longer in bed on Sunday and get rid of their troublesome presence. Only a few weeks ago a decent, well-spoken mother in a parish of which I took temporary charge in the country said to me, the school having been closed throughout August: 'I shall be glad, sir, when the Sunday-school is open again, as I know then that my children are *out of mischief*.' I could not help saying to her, 'Is that the only reason why you wish the Sunday-school re-opened?'

Ill, indeed, would it fare with the 'lambs' of Christ's flock if they were not 'shepherded,' and were left to the ignorance, indifference, and neglect of their parents!

So, even if Sunday-schools be, in the judgment of

some, 'a necessary evil,' we must hope that out of this evil good may come.

Meanwhile we may ask: 'Are Sunday-schools really and truly doing what is rightly expected of them?'

It is often said by those who go so far as to say the Sunday-school system is 'rotten at the core' that he would be a bold man who attacked or brought an 'evil accusation' against our Sunday-schools. One clergyman—I think it was the Rector of Hawarden—some years ago delivered his mind, and brought down on his devoted head a torrent of abuse. Why cannot men give utterance to their honest convictions, and openly express their misgivings on so important a subject as this, without exciting acrimony and incurring such abuse? There can be but one object in questioning the soundness of our Sunday-school or any other system, and that is to strengthen what is weak and remedy what may be found wanting.

Is there a clergyman in the Church of England who, honestly and without reservation, is satisfied about his Sunday-schools? I have, in a large experience, never yet met with one. It may be said: 'Is there any clergyman satisfied with his Confirmation candidates, his district visitors, his ministry in general?' The answer would be 'No!' But when you consider the *special* characteristics of child-life, the impressionable nature of a child's mind, 'soft like wax to receive, not hard like marble to retain,' the golden opportunity never recurring; the enormous amount of time, expenditure of voluntary help, spent on Sunday-schools, is the result at all in proportion to, commensurate with, all this toil and self-denying effort?

How are we to account for the hundreds and thousands of children who have been Sunday scholars who, when they consider themselves too old to go to Sunday-school, join that increasing company of young men and women who go to no place of worship? We are informed, and on good authority, that in our city of Bristol between 30,000 and 40,000 young people of both sexes attend no place of worship! Look at our streets on a Sunday evening if we would realize the leakage.

It is true that in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire we have classes of adults, of married men and women. This, I am persuaded, is in part accounted for by the fact that in their childhood days Sunday-schools were made the occasion of elementary teaching in reading, and a certain affection towards the Sunday-school is entertained because of what was learnt before education became compulsory.

Prison chaplains bear rueful testimony to the admission within prison walls of a considerable number of criminals who have been Sunday scholars. The following statement corroborates what I say :

‘ At a meeting of fallen women at the Town Hall, Manchester, to the number of 200, a week ago, some of them being questioned, they all said they had been Sunday scholars. There are 3,000 fallen women in Manchester ; most or all have been at Sunday-schools, but when they grew up they attended neither church nor chapel ’ (the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser).

The Rev. Prebendary Macdonald, at the Church Congress (Nottingham, 1871), says :

‘ The Census of 1851 showed there were 318,000 Sunday-school teachers, now 400,000, *and yet that*

*nine-tenths of the working classes never went to any place of worship; most of them had been to Sunday-schools.'*

With whom does the fault lie? There must be *something* radically amiss and defective in a system which does not influence for good in after-life, and does not keep its hold over those who at the tender, susceptible, impressionable time of life were brought under special religious influence. Is it that the opportunity is missed or not rightly used? Why is it that at 'Congresses' and 'Conferences' we have the trite and yet unanswered question discussed, 'How best to retain those who have passed through our Sunday-schools'? I am disposed to think that one reason is that religion is not presented in a bright, winning, attractive aspect. The Americans have long felt this, and they lay themselves out to make Sunday-school attractive in its surroundings and accessories. Bright music, gay flowers, even aviaries, are to be found in their school-rooms. The method of teaching is bright, smart, stirring, and, though I should not be prepared to do all they do in some schools I visited in New York, is there not large room for improvement in our Sunday-schools? It is said that 'the largest room in the world is the room for improvement.'

Picture to yourself what many of us have seen: A schoolroom, familiarized to the child by its week-day association, sometimes in bitter weather insufficiently warmed and badly lighted; the teachers not always punctual, and often dreary and dull to the last degree of endurance. Have we not seen some part of the class sitting *behind the teacher*, so that the attention of the scholars cannot be secured, and the opportunity is

utilized for child pranks and tricks even at the expense of the teacher—*e.g.*, furtive sketches of the teacher's 'up to date' dress? Collect or lesson said, the teacher, who has not taken conscientious pains to prepare a lesson, is before long reminded of the expiration of time by the remark: 'Please, teacher, the time is up.'

The teacher's *répertoire* is as limited as that of a barrel-organ. One teacher so persistently harped on the parable of the barren fig-tree that a child said: 'Teacher, you are always cutting down that tree.' It reminds me of the Scotch woman who heard three discourses on 'Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever' on three successive Sundays. On the fourth Sunday she was met by someone, who asked her if she was not going to the kirk on the 'Sabbath Day.' She shook her head, and replied: '*Na, na; not till she's either better or buried!*'

Some teachers have not the art or 'knack' of teaching. Some look so far from pleasant that a child said to its mother: 'Mother, I would rather not, please, go to heaven, for teacher is *so* cross when she speaks about heaven.' How would it do to let a photographer come, and, after hymn and opening prayer, ask him to stand in front of the teacher and say, 'Now, miss, look pleasant, please; smile a little. I don't want that stern look; just smile—look as if you were engaged;' and, if all this failed, were to produce her *fiancé's* portrait?

Again, too many teachers forget the value and help of anecdote and illustration, with which to brighten up a subject or to while away the time. They read a story-book, which is not the purpose of a Sunday-school. It is a way as facile as it is valueless of getting through an hour. For all this there is really



no excuse. One of the best teachers I ever had in an infant class, which I dubbed as the 'infantry,' was Miss Huntriss of Halifax. She hit on the device of selecting a child to recite a hymn to the rest. One by one they took their turn, keeping the whole class of 'infantry' interested. There was never a sign of weariness, no yawn ill-suppressed, no shuffling feet, no visible token of lack of interest. It has been said, I fear, with not a little truth, that Sunday-schools are opportunities for learning the latest fashions and for lessons in millinery. A teacher comes, not in quiet, sober garb, which does not attract, but in the latest fashion of dress and toques and marvellous hats—'flower-shows' on a small scale. Children, especially girls, are quick to notice, quick to criticise, not slow to emulate. 'Oh my, wasn't our teacher smart to-day!'

Pictures on the walls representing religious subjects admit of considerable improvement if it be intended to convey some Bible fact to a child. I have seen a picture of John the Baptist's head being brought on a charger. The 'charger' being 'a horse rampant violant,' and apparently beyond all control. How John the Baptist's head reached its destination surpasses my comprehension! I have seen David represented in his youth contending with a lion. David is more like an acrobat, in silk 'blouse' and 'fleshings.' The lion was painted *blue*, a rare specimen of the 'genus leo'! All these and many more convey false and ridiculous impressions. What child in after years would not associate the daughter of Herodias' request with a very troublesome war-horse, and David contending with a lion the like of which, so far as colouring goes, we might search for in vain at the 'Zoo'?

If a bugbear be made of religion ; if it be presented by teachers in unattractive guise ; if the teacher be of a ' sad countenance ;' if there be too much association with day-school, and the discipline be too irksome ; if ' artistic ' representations of Bible facts be grotesque and unreal, we must not be surprised if a child, not won in its childhood by its earliest contact with religion, acquires no appetite for what has been more bitter than sweet, and, as soon as it is free to do so, ceases to have care for or interest in it.

Again, while it is natural that Sunday-school scholars should have some ' outing ' or ' treat,' I am persuaded that all this needs looking to and safeguarding. We know how attendances that were slack increase as the time of the ' outing ' draws near, how even a child debates whether church or chapel gives the best and most frequent treats, and has been known so to manage it that it has gone to both. There should be nothing of the nature of a bribe to persuade a child to attend Sunday-school. Even treats are overdone. Teachers, in their solicitude, ply tea and cakes and buns to such an extent that one boy, asked and pressed to have another bun, said in broad Yorkshire : '*I thinks I could manage it if I stood up!*' I heard of another boy so stuffed with cake and buns that he could not only not walk, but said to his mother : '*Carry me home, but do not bend me.*' Of another : ' Have you had a good tea ?' ' No,' laying his hand on his diaphragm ; ' it doan't hurt me yet !' Considering a boy's capacity, that meant considerable consumption of supplies.

Is there no room and necessity for exercising authority and vigilance over games ? ' Kissing in the

ring' is a favourite game with Sunday scholars. Is this '*basement*' very seemly, considering that this frequent kissing is on the part of *Sunday-school* scholars? We had in Yorkshire a game which I disallowed. A young girl bounds as high as she can upwards, the higher the better, and a young man is waiting to receive her, when she descends, to his 'fond embrace.' I forget the name of this particular form of amusement. It is easy to see how it opens the door to no little 'horse-play,' and comes under the category of 'all things lawful, but all things are not convenient.'

What I mean to convey by this is that, in view of *Sunday-school work and aim*, distinct from day-schools, having, presumably, to do with the 'things which accompany salvation' and the blossoming of spiritual life, we should do all in our power, without Puritanism or unreasonable restrictions, to create, foster, maintain, a certain *tone* which is more in harmony with the spiritual intent and work of a Sunday-school.

But all this touches only the fringe of our subject: it is 'lopping off branches.' It is not 'the axe laid at the root of the tree.' It does not go deeper down to the 'quick' of the matter. Suggestions made at teachers' meetings, in books and tracts whose name is 'legion,' and of which I have a large collection—is it much more than the 'putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment, or new wine into old bottles'? I doubt that even where these divers hints and suggestions are carried out the radical defect would be remedied. What is the radical defect, confessed reluctantly by all clergy of real experience? It

must be traced for the most part to the teachers in our Sunday-schools.

In some cases—*e.g.*, remote villages, or in the poorer districts of our great cities—the parish priest is ‘driven hard.’ He must enlist into this special work almost anyone he can get, without inquiry into their capability or spirituality. The voluntary help is kindly offered, and often at no little self-denial—give the teacher all credit for that—but there is a ‘zeal without knowledge.’ The teacher in many such cases needs to be ‘taught of God.’ There is a teaching which is satisfied with a parrot-like saying of Creed and Collect, Catechism and ‘lesson,’ but what has the teacher *taught*? What *spiritual* lesson, such as a child can receive, has been impressed on the child’s receptive mind? Would not an examination held on what the child has distinctly learned reveal how imperfect the teaching has been?

Here is an authentic instance, and such could be multiplied, of an answer by a Sunday scholar in a school in which the Church Catechism was taught by repeating it after the teacher. The Creed was written out as follows: ‘I believe God the father all almighty, make from and earth, and in Jesus Christ ’is only sun our Lord, Who was inseaved by the Holy Gost and born the ferch (!) in Mery, surfed under ponshed pily was questy fide dad and berdy,’ and so on, *usque ad finem*!

Or take this: ‘My duty toads God is to bleed in him tofering and to loaf withold your ’art, withold my mind, withold my sold and with my sunth, to wership and give thinks, to my old trust in him, to call upon Him, to onner His old name and his world and to save Him truly all the days

of my life's end. My dooty toads my nabers to love him as thyself and to do all men as I wod thou shalt do to me, to love onner and suke my father and mother, to onner and to bey the Queen, and all that are put in forty under her, to suilt myself to all my grocues teachers sportial pastures and masters, to oughten myself lordly and every to all my betters, to hurt nobody by world not deed. To be trew and just in all my deelins, to bear no malis nor ated in your 'arts, to keep my hands from peckin' and steel. My tum from evil speak and lawin' and slanders. Not to covet nor desat othermen's good, but am, labour trewly to get my own leaving and do my dooty in state if life and to each it his please God to call men. They did promise and vowl three things in my name: First, that I should pronounce the Devil and all his walks, pumps and valities and all the sinful lursts of the flesh,' etc.

Where lay the fault in this case? The same may be said of Sunday-school teachers drawn from a different grade of society. The parish priest makes an appeal for 'lay help.' Offers come in response and are accepted without inquiry into the fitness or capability of those who offer help. The Sunday-school is equipped, but with what equipment and from what motive? There are those who offer for Church work from a spirit of restlessness. Sunday, that debars from many things, would be a dreary day if there were not something to do and to interest. Some offer from a sense of leisure. There are certain free hours between services on Sundays; these may be filled up by teaching a class. With some there is a desire to be 'useful'; with others there is a conscientious sense of

duty. But motives such as these are not the highest nor the best. There is no guarantee in them for perseverance in well-doing. Excuses are not far to find for growing weary or for resigning what was apparently taken up in earnestness. A teacher gives up the class. 'Why should you do so?' says his or her clergyman. 'Oh, the children are dull and uninteresting, and not responsive.' So that, in other words, the teacher cannot bear disappointment or brook failure, and, laying disappointment and irresponsiveness at the door of the pupil, the teacher does not stop to examine the *motive* which prompted the offer. But our Lord did not commit to St. Peter's care the feeding of His lambs until He was assured of St. Peter's *love*, 'Lovest thou Me?' or, as the more correct and searching rendering is, 'Am I *dear* to you?'

If the solid foundation of happy wedded life be love, the solid, acceptable, enduring motive for all who would be wedded to Christ's service is *love*. 'Love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost.' Love does not come by work. Work is the evidence and outcome of love. And that is the great want in the majority of our Sunday-school teachers. They are not *converted*—*i.e.*, they have not that perception and personal experience of redeeming love which makes, to my mind, all the difference in teachers, in motive, in teaching, both by lip and life. Cooper, at one time an infidel, said that what led him to be an infidel was the inconsistent conduct of his Sunday-school teacher. Without 'judging' many could discern at once in any Sunday-school who is a real, attractive, efficient teacher by plainness of dress, by the bright face and happy ways, by the fixed and not wandering eye of scholars.

And such as these, though in one sense not learned nor gifted, are 'endued with power from on high.' Their object is to win the soul of the scholar early, as it may be won, to Christ. Such as these conscientiously prepare their lesson, for with them, as with the Jews, there is '*a preparation for the Sabbath.*' Such as these make each individual scholar subject of prayer, and the class, before they go to it, subject of prayer. Such as these visit their scholars at their homes, visits which are always appreciated. There is an indirect influence, in ways unguessed, brought to bear on the parents, who too often undo the work of the teacher. Such as these are not liable to counter-attractions on Sunday, or fertile in excuses for occasional or habitual absence, but are of those commended by St. Paul, who says: 'Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and the Father.'

Is it Utopian to hope that men and women of intellectual power and culture, 'a band whose hearts God has touched,' would be persuaded to bring all this to bear on Sunday-schools and Sunday scholars? The French Government require of the Professors of the Sorbonne, representing the intellect and culture of Paris, that they teach in the night-schools of the city. We have one or two outstanding names of such men as the late Lord Hatherly teaching in Sunday-schools. Doubtless there are many more such. There are, as we know, many really converted teachers in our Sunday-schools, and I would rather have ten such than a score of unconverted teachers. Who will gainsay this?

I have often thought that, but for the vigilance of

Nonconformists and the indifference of parents, I would abolish a morning attendance, and throw all available strength into a good hour's afternoon attendance. But this may not be ; it would not, probably, meet with general approval. We must do our best with our opportunity and with the material available, fully recognising the great store we set on the voluntary help of our Sunday-school teachers, and endeavouring to make that help more efficient. I attribute the excellent staff of teachers which I had at Doncaster and Halifax to the fact that they were continually recruited from my Confirmation candidates. In my addresses to them preparatory to their Confirmation I always endeavoured to impress upon them that one help towards keeping 'the vow and promise made' was at once to take up and identify themselves with some definite work of God. At our foundries I notice that when the molten metal pours out of the great caldron it runs into moulds of sand waiting to receive and give it form and fixity. At Doncaster my Sunday-school teachers attended my Friday class for instruction more or less regularly until the Sunday-school Institute published their course of lessons. Good as these are, they gave the *coup de grâce* to my class. As the work was purely voluntary, I could not insist on the teachers giving up their Friday evenings. I regretted it, because teachers need teaching, and the instruction class insured uniform teaching throughout the school. I imagine that the majority of parochial clergy greatly desire that their teachers would come to be themselves taught. In addition to occasional special meetings for teachers and special addresses, I recall with unfeigned pleasure our happy *reunions* once a



month at the Vicarage, and those bright and pleasant gatherings which brought us together in friendly intercourse.

Shall we ever see public catechizing revived and more generally practised in our Churches? The Prayer-Book and Canons say nothing about Sunday-schools, but they say not a little about the duty of *catechizing*. Not to quote at length the fifty-ninth Canon and its incisive legislation, let me give here the Rubric at the close of 'a Catechism' in our Book of Common Prayer :

'The Curate of every Parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and Holy Days, after the second Lesson at Evening Prayer, openly in the Church instruct and examine so many Children of the Parish sent in to him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of their Catechism. And all Fathers, Mothers, Masters, and Dames, shall cause their Children, Servants, and Apprentices (which have not learnt their Catechism) to come to the Church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear, and be ordered by the Curate until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn.'

This Rubric would appear to assume that the first responsibility of a parent has been discharged at home, and that catechizing proceeded on the assumption that the first principles of religion had been already taught, not in a Sunday-school, but at home. How is it that this, so strictly enjoined, is ignored and has fallen into desuetude? Is it that, in contending for the mint and anise and cumin, we have omitted the weightier matters of the law, and while occupied with *burning* questions (*e.g.*, incense) we seem to have disregarded

as of little or no account the Church's injunction in the matter of public catechizing?\*

Public catechizing has much to recommend it. Older people will attend, as themselves interested in hearing their children catechized; and as at any public dinner you may generally discern who are not to be called upon to make a speech by the sense of rest which sits on their faces, so parents listen without the disturbing or disquieting thought that a question might be put to them. Unconsciously they, too, are learning.

I notice that men who fish for gudgeon from punts in the Thames sometimes prepare the ground the night before by sprinkling meal to attract the gudgeon. I had a class of children on Saturdays, and, to a certain extent, so prepared the ground that I might be safeguarded against answers which, with my fortunate or unfortunate sense of humour, might be most trying. I would not give 'conundrums' such as given in the list of questions appended to this chapter, but I would endeavour to give such as should not excite merriment or make the catechizer bite his lips to suppress laughter—*e.g.*, What is a cherub?

'A cherub is an infant angel who died before baptism, and will undoubtedly be saved.'

Another definition, on the authority of Dr. Haig Brown, is: '*An immoral being of uncertain shape.*'

At a recent examination the following answer was given by a boy who was asked to write all he knew about Joan of Arc: 'Joan of Ark was out in a ship when he was thrown overboard, and before he was drowned a shark swoller him, and one day the shark

\* 'The Duty of Catechizing,' Rev. W. B. Crickmer. W. Hunt and Co.

swum away and came into land and shoked Joan of Ark up. Joan of Ark was nine the worse after it.' Poor Jonah!

'What, my child, are sins of omission?' '*Those which we ought to have committed, and have forgotten to commit.*'

'What are the heathen?' Bright boy replies: 'Heathens are people who don't quarrel about religion.'

I add a few authentic replies given by children. 'What would be a greater miracle than the whale swallowing Jonah?' 'Please, sir, Jonah swallowing the whale.' 'What is meant by sowing tares?' 'Mother mending my breeches.' 'Why did the eunuch go on his way rejoicing?' 'Please, sir, because Philip had done a-teaching of him.' After an address to children in connection with missions to the heathen this question was put: 'What is the difference, now that you have heard all about missionaries and their good work, between a Christian and a cannibal?' A boy of ten, noted for his good appetite, replied promptly: 'Why, master, one enjoys himself and t'other enjoys other people.' At a Church school in the North this reply was given to the curate, whose mind was much fixed on Lenten services. 'Well, boys, can any of you tell me what follows Ash Wednesday? Think, now, before you answer.' 'Yes, sir, I can.' 'Well, tell me.' '*Malton Steeplechases.*' Curate: '*Hush! hush!*' As I 'gave way' at that wedding in Kensington parish church on the occasion of the bride's anxiety about her gloves, so I do not think I could have kept my countenance had the following answer been given to me: 'Now, dear children, why did David say that Saul hunted him

like a dog or a flea? Why should he say *a flea*?  
*'Please, sir, because Saul could not catch him.'*\*

This is too good to be lost. What must the child have been taught? A girl about nine years of age was obliged for some time to endure the 'nagging' annoyances of a maiden aunt. The child puzzled her little mind as to the best means of getting rid of her tormentor, and at last hit upon a plan which she thought would have the desired effect. She spent the whole morning writing a letter. She dug a deep hole in the garden, and put the letter into the hole. The following letter was discovered :

'DEAR MR. SATAN,

'Will you kindly come and take away Aunt Jane? She is a very fussy person, and does worry me so.

'Yours affectionately,

'ALICE.'

This was not intended to be irreverent on the child's part, but it shows how careful parents and teachers should be in their instructions about prayer. A child came home very late from a children's party. Her mother said : 'I am afraid, dear, you did not say your prayers before you went to bed.' 'No, mamma, I did not, but I knelt down and said : "O God, I am too tired to say my prayers !" and He said : "Pray don't mention it, Miss Jones."'

My grandchild at four years of age was asked by his mother after service, when the first lesson was about the creation of our first parents : 'Who was the

\* 'After whom is the King of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea.'—1 SAM. xxiv. 14.

first man created ?' 'Adam, mother.' 'And who was the first woman ?' 'I do not quite remember ; but was it Madam ?'

Mrs. Alfred Inglis had a class of boys in our Sunday-school at Halifax, and she had been speaking of the garden of Eden. Her imagination ran riot on its fair scenes and its visions of unsullied beauty. 'Now, who can tell me what spoilt Paradise ?' A boy held out his hand. 'Yes ; what spoilt Paradise ?' '*Woman*,' replied the boy. 'Oh ! think, my boy ; what spoilt Paradise ?' True to Yorkshire persistence, he replied, 'I says *Woman*.'

Apart from the possibilities of such disquieting answers, which to a certain extent may be made less possible, while catechizing is not to abolish Sunday-schools or to make them less necessary, it would go far to consolidate the Sunday-school system with the Church system. The two would work side by side, the one preparing for the other, the other supplementing the Sunday-school. The meshes of the Sunday-school net are too large. Children come to think themselves too old for the one, not, perhaps, too old for the other. There would be more hope for solving the question so frequent at Congresses : 'How shall we retain our Sunday-school scholars ?' The parish priest, in fulfilling this function, would be the principal Sunday-school teacher in the parish, only transferring his class from the Sunday-schoolroom to the parish church. A test would be found in catechizing of what teachers teach and their scholars learn. Would not both teachers and scholars profit thereby ?

No one, whatever his or her private opinion may be, would advocate the discontinuance of Sunday-schools.

They ought to be the nursery of the Church. I believe that in an age of considerable Church revival a Sunday-school might become a centre of spiritual power. If there were more prayer offered up, more habitual intercession, the dry bones would come together, the sinews and the flesh would come upon them, the skin would cover them above, and breath come into them if we prayed : ' Come from the four winds, O breath ! and breathe upon these slain that they may live.'

Many think, and rightly, that clergy expend too much care and thought on 'organization,' that they are losing touch with the devotional element in religion. ' Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.' The Church's days of power were her days of prayer. The old gunners sighted their guns on their knees. If Sunday-schools are to do their proper and special work ; if our scholars are not to be 'dereligionized' by attendance ; if the principles of our most holy faith are not to be so taught and presented to a child's mind as to fail to interest and attract it, our prayer must be that in every parish there shall be 'a band whose hearts God has touched' ; that our teachers may be 'all taught of God' ; that, themselves converted, their great aim will be to win, as it may early be won, the individual scholar to Christ ; that they should avoid 'latest fashions,' and in sober-mindedness forego what might divert the mind ; that they make careful and prayerful preparation, so that they may have something to say ; that they pray that they may be used of God ; that they pray for each separate child, naming them by name at the throne of grace ; that they give no occasion by inconsistencies for the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme ;

that they visit the children of their class in their own homes, both sick and whole, and bring all of consecrated influence to bear upon the child. Ah! if this—not too ideal or Utopian to be seriously entertained—were borne in mind and acted on, should we not have less and less occasion to ask, with some misgivings: ‘Are our Sunday-schools a failure or success?’ And to Sunday-school teachers we may, I think, apply what is applicable to all education :

‘As wrapt and hidden in the stone’s embrace  
 The future statue lies yet undefined  
 Till the nice chisel clears the form designed,  
 The trunk, the moving limbs, the speaking face  
 Develops ; so Instruction’s hand must trace  
 The intellectual form which lies enshrined  
 ’Mid Nature’s rude materials : and the mind  
 Invest with due proportion, strength and grace,  
 God to thy teaching delegates the art  
 To form the future man ; the care be thine,  
 No shape unworthy from the marble start,  
 Reptile or monster, but with just design  
 Copy the heavenly model, and impart,  
 As best thou canst, similitude Divine.’

MANT.

#### AN OLD SYRIAC CATECHISM.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS DRAWN UP BY MAR YUKHANAN, BISHOP  
 OF THE CITY OF KHIRTA, AGAINST HERETICS. AMEN.

*Q.* Who was born and did not die, died but was not born, died but did not corrupt ?

*A.* Enoch, Adam, Lot’s wife.

*Q.* Who was laid to rest in the bosom of his grandmother ?

*A.* Abel.

*Q.* Who was born from his mother with beard and teeth ?

*A.* Adam.

*Q.* Who, fleeing, gave life ; returning, brought death ?

*A.* The Red Sea.

*Q.* Who when he lied saw, but when he spoke truth became blind ?

*A.* Samson.

*Q.* Not of us, not from our race, he spoke with us as our fellow ?

*A.* Balaam's ass.

*Q.* Sickles of fire and reapers of flesh, harvesting all day, but taking no wage ?

*A.* The foxes of Samson.

*Q.* Father of wood and mother of stone begat a son of the nature of neither ?

*A.* Moses' rod, the rock, the water that flowed forth.

*Q.* Three times alive, three times dead ?

*A.* Moses' rod.

*Q.* Flesh in skin, and skin in flesh, and flesh in water ?

*A.* Jonah in the fish.

*Q.* A sepulchre which no dead man entered and no living left, yet full of dead ?

*A.* The temple destroyed by Samson.

*Q.* The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass her master's crib ?

*A.* Aged Simeon.

*Q.* What when living ate straw, when dead drank blood ?

*A.* The jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines.

*Q.* Who ever begets and buries, and who ever buries but never begets ?

*A.* The East, the West.

*Q.* Who died one out of four of creation ?

*A.* Abel.

*Q.* What animal was heard by all the world when it gave forth its voice ?

*A.* The cock when it crowed in Noah's ark.



## CHAPTER IV

### PREACHING AND PREACHERS

FROM the elementary form of religious instruction in our Sunday-schools, public catechizing, etc., I pass on to the less elementary and more public form of teaching in and by the Pulpit. The sermon, whatever may be said or thought of it, has still its recognised place and province in our churches as part of Divine service. It is idle to ignore, however much some may disparage preaching. The Press can never really supersede nor displace the Pulpit. The province of Press and Pulpit, of leading Article and of Homily, is distinct. Both, rightly used, may exercise an influence which cannot well be gauged or limited. The longer I live, the more am I persuaded that preaching holds the foremost place in the instruments which God is pleased to use for the evangelization of the world. Other means of grace have not the same effect or end. Sacraments initiate and sustain ; they do not awaken, arrest, convince. The Pulpit is distinct from Font and Altar. It stands in our churches midway between these, with responsibility and opportunity of its own. I am indisposed to believe that the laity at large dislike, or are so impatient of sermons, that they would, if canvassed, vote for 'no sermon.' If not a few

regret that it should ever be announced that there will be a sermon but 'no collection,'\* as discouraging what should be regarded as part of Divine worship, we might ask what would be the general religious condition of our laity, not versed in the science of theology, and left entirely to their own resources for instruction in righteousness, if the Pulpit ceased to have a place in our churches? If some would say, 'We have our Bible,' yet who does not feel the need of an interpreter? In how many instances might this question still be put to one who reads his Bible: 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' And the honest answer would be: 'How can I, except someone guide me?'

Who, also, is not fully alive to the power we may exercise over each other, not only by what we can leisurely read of printed matter, but by oratory and eloquence, whether on platform or in pulpit, with all accessories of living voice, action, gesture, as the speaker presses into his service everything of persuasiveness to bear and play on the strings of our varied feelings and emotions? You have but to be present where some skilful orator or great preacher is speaking to crowded audience or thronged church to be aware of the spell which he is exercising over the attentive listener. It has been my privilege from my boyhood to hear some of the greatest preachers of our age, not only in England, but in Germany,

\* Attending a village church a short time ago someone, as he approached, said to me: 'I see, Dean, that there is no collection to-day.' I asked him how he knew, and he pointed to the *pillar-box* let into the wall of the churchyard. There was this notice, 'No collection to-day.' I can only suppose he was short-sighted, and mistook the pillar-box for a notice board.

France, America, and to have felt the power of the living voice addressing itself to intellect and heart, to reason and conscience, to mind and spirit.

It is somewhat late in the day to discuss or dispute the necessity of the sermon, to be submitted to as patiently as may be by the cynic and indifferent, or listened to with expectant interest for what God by the preacher shall say as 'a word in due season.'

It is not a healthy sign in the spiritual life of the individual worshipper to habitually 'leave before the sermon.' It argues no little conceit that he or she stands in no need of teaching. It is to my mind to do dishonour to God's great ordinance when the Service is so lengthy and elaborate in its character as to allow of only ten, or even six minutes for the sermon. This is to make the pulpit give way to Office piled on Office, to the weariness of flesh and spirit, with their vain repetition of prayer and strain on devotion. It is sacrificing the Pulpit to the Service. The 'short sermon,' clamoured for in our day, admired for its brevity more than for its matter, is the outcome of a long Service preceding and following it. In some cathedrals or parish churches we still have Morning Prayer, Litany, Ante-Communion rolled into one, with a Celebration to follow. No wonder that our people find their devotional power exhausted, and they are not in a mood to listen to anything which exceeds a few minutes. You see watches furtively examined, the worshipper dividing his attention between you and his timepiece.\*

\* How irresistible is this habit of looking at watches! Preaching on one occasion in the Garrison Chapel at Dover, I was told that the most eloquent preacher in the world would not put a stop to the

A very short sermon, if it is to be made effective, demands exceptional ability and a rare power of condensing. It is a gift of its own kind which few possess. Of all the men I have ever heard who possess this gift Dr. Boyd Carpenter is the most striking example. I was on the platform with him at a Church Congress. He sent in his card when the time allotted for speakers was five minutes. Boyd Carpenter crowded into those five minutes more than some of the twenty-minute readers and speakers. It was an egg full of meat. 'That was an excellent short sermon you preached to-day,' was the remark once made by a hearer. 'It would have been shorter,' was the reply, 'had I had more time to prepare it.' *Per contra*, my readers will have heard of the judge who asked the clergyman who was to preach the Assize Sermon not to be long. The preacher was short. Anxious to know if he had met the judge's wishes, he said: 'I hope, my lord, I was not too long?' 'No,' replied the judge; 'you were not long, but you were *tedious*.' I was recently attending a morning service where the sermon was exactly six minutes. It seemed hardly worth while to sit down after the Invocation. Imagine the first preachers, by whose preaching 'the world was turned upside down,' preaching for only six minutes! Is it quite fair or reasonable to invite a clergyman to come from a considerable distance at some personal expense, and to find that he is allotted a short fifteen minutes?

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practice in that chapel. A gun is fired precisely at twelve o'clock. It fired when I was preaching, and everyone who possessed a watch produced it to see if his or her watch were right with 'Greenwich time.' Except at a watchmaker's shop I have never anywhere seen so many watches as I saw produced in the chapel of Dover Garrison.

I was invited a few years ago to preach in a prominent London church on what might be called its 'high day.' It was the occasion of the anniversary of its Dedication. Some 2,000 people were gathered together. On my arrival in the vestry, the Vicar informed me that there was a Choral Celebration at 12.30—a 'gentle hint.' Divine service commenced at 11 a.m. The organist made the most of his opportunity, and selected one of the longest voluntaries in his *répertoire*. The service, *Te Deum*, and *Benedictus* were the longest I have ever heard. It was one of those services against which clergy and laity alike should vehemently protest, where short interludes are here and there introduced in the *Te Deum* or *Canticle*. The Anthem was one of the longest which could be selected. By the time I found myself in the pulpit, after a long hymn, my watch indicated 12.15. Fifteen minutes at my disposal to speak to 2,000 people, and at what cost? Three days from my own work at home and congregation at the cathedral, and the personal expense, not offered or defrayed, of journey and hotel.

I know not a few who have resolved to decline invitations to preach when they are so hampered, and out of pocket to boot. A preacher, also, is in some cases haunted by the thought that he must be brief, as many are impatient to put in an appearance in the latest fashion at the 'church parade.' A serious impression is at best evanescent and fleeting. If people complain that the pulpit has lost its power, if not its place, we answer: 'What chance has the pulpit where the sermon is abbreviated, the serious impression not cherished and deepened by prayer, but scattered to the winds in the parade of the Park and worldly conversation in the Row?'

It is very probable that we have nowadays too many sermons. The sermon seems to be regarded as one of the exigencies of Divine service. The result is that the strain on the clergy is very severe. The strain on Nonconformists is not the preparation and production of a sermon ; the strain is in the 'prayer-producing power.' A leading Nonconformist minister once said to me : 'You have no idea in the Church of England what a strain it is to have to compose so many "extempore" prayers, with deacons sitting by us criticising our *praying power*. No wonder we occasionally find relief in falling back on your beautiful pre-composed Liturgy.'

In the Church of England a curate, in the largest sense of the word, is expected to be good and able 'all round.' A diligent visitor, with constant 'surplice duty,' a familiar face in day and Sunday school, and a good preacher. If he be single-handed—shall I say single-headed?—he may have to preach twice on every Sunday, and occasionally on a week-day. By his Ordination vow he is pledged to 'preach the Word.' It is a function he must not forego if he would 'give full proof' of his ministry. If preaching be not his *métier* or gift, he is constantly haunted with the thought of 'having to preach.' The pressing and ever-recurring demands on his time, with unexpected interruptions, do not allow of that leisure for reading which is becoming more and more imperative in an age such as ours of mental activity, research, increasing knowledge, profound investigation, and thoughtful inquiry. The laity demand something more than 'drops of opium on leaves of lead.' They like to feel that he who preaches to them is familiar with and abreast of the questions

of the day. They prefer the new to the 'old Fathers.' If he is to be secured against the severe criticism attributed to Archbishop Whately, who, speaking of a sermon he had listened to, said 'it was the best he had ever heard, for it aimed at nothing and succeeded in hitting it,' then the preacher of the present day must, whether his sermon be short or long, 'have something to say' worth listening to. He must have a full and stored mind. No water will flow out of an empty tub. You must, if you would draw on and out of it, keep filling the tub. The result of 'hard parochial work' is in too many cases at the cost of pulpit freshness and power. To few is it given to be original, like Huntingdon of Central New York or Frederick Robertson; and though to a very considerable extent clergy do not nowadays preach sermons written by men who make a living by writing them, there is still the temptation to do so. But it is not as it was years ago. This is greatly to the credit of our younger clergy. How well I remember the days of my first curacy! Neighbouring clergy called on me, and took the opportunity to advise me to spare myself the trouble of preparing my own sermons. In my former book I tell of the large supply of 'Ancient Manuscripts' placed freely at my disposal by my Rector, ætat ninety-two. I had these to fall back upon did I feel at any time so 'disposed.' One clergyman showed me how I could take a printed sermon with me into the pulpit—he recommended it from his own successful experience—so heavily and deeply underscored with the blackest lead-pencil which could be procured 'that he defied anyone to discern printed matter.'

Once I 'yielded to temptation.' A kind of 'order' came—whence I know not—that we were to preach on the *Fall of Sebastopol*. I was 'but young.' It was my second or third sermon. I knew that it were useless, an abortive quest, to search in the two boxes of 'Ancient Manuscripts' for an 'appropriate' sermon on an event which had not happened in my aged Rector's experience. I was too poor to have a daily newspaper. I had only a general impression that some beleaguered place 'had succumbed to superior force on the part of the allied forces.' I was staying for a day or two with a neighbouring clergyman. He noticed that I seemed depressed.

'Pigou, what is the matter? You do not seem yourself to-day.' I said I felt 'down' and depressed about the Fall of Sebastopol. 'Down and depressed about the Fall of Sebastopol? Why, it is the occasion of rejoicings everywhere. I at once gave orders for the parish bells to be rung and flags put up in the steeple. How can you be "down and depressed"?' I said I was 'down and depressed,' that I could not give an immediate order for our one bell to be tolled—though it would, in its funereal sadness, have been more in harmony with my mood—because *I had to preach about it, and knew nothing about it*. 'Oh,' my host replied, 'do not be cast down. I have just seen an advertisement of a "Sermon on the Fall of Sebastopol," price 2s. 6d. I have by this very post written for it. Now, it is sure to come down by return of post. You shall copy it while you are here, and I will only charge you half-price, 1s. 3d.'

It struck me at the time that he had decidedly the best of the bargain, but, like a man deep in debt will



pay 60 per cent. or more to a moneylender, I gratefully accepted this most handsome offer. I noticed words in the sermon utterly unintelligible to my farmers and labourers. I remembered Max Müller's remark that the vocabulary of a poor man is limited to about three hundred words, so I added to the labour of copying the sermon at 1s. 3d. that of altering words and expressions into something more intelligible. I preached the purchased, expensive and adapted sermon, and my people thought that *for so young a man I had 'handled the subject well.'*

The Saturday following, in the local papers, there appeared: 'Our Vicar (not the curate of Stoke Talmage) preached a most excellent and appropriate sermon on the Fall of Sebastopol.' I felt it 'hard lines' that he should have got such credit for what had cost him no trouble, and which he got half-price.

I would not go so far as to say that we should never give our people the benefit of other men's thoughts, but that is different from preaching another man's sermon *in toto*, and palming it off as our own. I have recognised more than once one of Frederick Robertson's sermons, as also of Bishop Huntingdon. A vicar once asked me what steps to take with one of his curates, who preached a course of Dr. Vaughan's sermons on the Acts of the Apostles. He 'drew' such large congregations that the choice lay between exposing the 'pious fraud' and allowing the people to be benefited by Vaughan's excellent commentary. Endless are the stories of the detection of this pious fraud. I know of a vicar and curate who, in each other's absence, preached the same sermon at morning and

evening service. An old woman who attended both services was very much struck with the 'family likeness' of these two sermons on one and the same Sunday. As she left the church she made this remark, which I commend for its discernment and charity : *How wonderful it is how the Lord makes two men, our vicar and the curate, think alike !* 'How long, sir,' asked a clergyman of a young curate, who recognised his own sermon, 'did it take you to write that sermon?' 'It took me only a few hours.' 'It took me, sir, a whole week.' A friend of mine, at one time one of the 'Whitehall Preachers,' acknowledged freely to me that when hard-pressed he would read over one of Manning's sermons, and reproduce it, extempore, in his own words. I see no harm whatever in this. Asked, as I frequently am, by younger clergy, whose sermons might, if hard-pressed, be of service to them, I recommend Newman's 'Parochial Sermons' for Church Teaching, Robertson or Foster's 'Essays' for freshness and originality of thought, Manning for deep insight into the spiritual life. But I more often commend, in place of the more formal 'sermon,' a course of reading on some particular portion of the Bible, or a kind of running commentary or exposition. It does not mean less preparation, but there is less of our thoughts in a 'reading' and more of God's Word.

That the Church of England does not bear favourable comparison with the Church of Rome or with the Free Churches in the matter of preaching power will, I think, be generally allowed. It is not so much the fault of the man as it is of the system. In the Roman Communion sermons are not only, comparatively speaking, infrequent, but there is a distinct order of preachers.

Not every priest is allowed to preach. In the Roman Communion, as I have heard at Notre Dame, the Madeleine, or St. Roch, the sermon is a distinct function. It is not preceded by a long and exhausting service. The preacher does as we do at 'missions.' There are a few prayers, a hymn, and the sermon—listened to throughout with attention—is not of six or ten minutes', but of an hour's, duration. There is time to treat some great theme fully and worthily, with all the accessories of studied delivery, suitable action, and rhetorical effect. Who, hearing Père Loyson, Didon, or Mosambré, could fail to listen? You rarely hear a poverty-stricken sermon in the pulpits of Free Churches. Nonconformist ministers, having no recognised parish, nor the incessant demands and interruptions of parochial work, have abundant leisure for adequate preparation, and are early trained in the 'theological colleges' in the art of preaching.

It is often said, in view of the lack of really good, attractive preachers in the Church of England: 'Why not establish a "preaching order"?' Personally, I doubt if it would answer, or that it would work well. It would be felt as a reflection on the stated ministry. The laity would feel that their own 'parson' ought to be able to preach, and that to give over the pulpit to what are called in our Vestry Registers 'strange preachers' would be to the prejudice of the parish priest. Some, again, plead for interchange of pulpits. This is all very well on special occasions, when no 'odious comparisons' are made, but 'schools of thought' are with us still so wide apart, in some cases so conflicting and even mystifying in their apparently diametrical opposition, that such interchange, unless the preacher forbear

from ventilating his own particular views, would tend rather to confusion than to godly concord.

‘Better,’ we might say to some impatient layman, ‘bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of.’ Though there may not be many ‘stars,’ shining lights, or great preachers in the Church of England, there are thousands who in their pulpit ministry, though not showy or of world-wide reputation, divide the Word rightly in due season, and according to their light and ability. Do not country clergy, far removed from the haunts of men in isolated villages, command all our sympathy? They know little or nothing of the more exciting circumstances of public worship, the crowded congregations, the uplifting surroundings, the inspiring singing, etc. The monotony, the unvarying sameness of their ministry, must at times be depressing and not exhilarating. There are the same faces before them Sunday after Sunday. They hear no voice of exhortation but their own. I am quite confident that the great hindrance to effective preaching in remote country parishes is that the preacher shrinks from being *incisive*. The condition of his ministry forbids such preaching as might be considered too personal. You may know your people not well enough. You may know them too well. That which you can say to thousands without fear of anyone saying, ‘He means and is preaching at me,’ you cannot well say in a small country parish, lest someone should ‘take offence.’

Even where your congregation may number five or six hundred and more, you are not sure someone will not say, ‘He was preaching at me,’ when nothing was further from your thoughts, and dire and even vindic-

tive offence is taken. I was preaching once during Lent on the words: '*Put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite.*' I happened also to say how character was betrayed on the countenance; that sensual habits were mirrored on the face, etc. There was one present who was of 'a sad countenance.' He took dire offence. The matter was made worse by someone asking him as he went out of church: 'Well, and when are you going to put a knife to your throat?' He wrote a very shameful letter to me, and 'bully-ragged' me in our local papers. In vain I showed him my manuscript, written and preached five years before in St. Philip's, Regent Street, when I assured him that I did not even know of his existence, and had not altered a single word. To the day of his death he was my 'sworn foe.'

The advantage of a 'strange preacher' coming to a particular parish is that he cannot be accused of 'personalities,' which, under any circumstances, are in very bad taste. As regards isolated country parishes, I confess I rather sympathize with a vicar whose parish lay amongst the hills and dales of Cumberland. Notices were sent out that I was to conduct a 'quiet day' for clergy at Carlisle. Invitations were sent out far and wide. Reaching the *Ultima Thule* of the diocese, the reply from the Vicar was: 'What on earth do I want with a "quiet day"? I have 365 quiet days every year. Send me a Boanerges to rouse us all up.' Taking charge not long ago as *locum tenens* of a small village, this was said of me. I was preaching on Nathan's words, '*Thou art the man.*' *Text* Someone present was asked: 'How do you like the Dean of Bristol?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I likes him.'

You see, when he is preaching he don't point his forefinger at me in the pulpit and say, "Thou art the man," *but he has got such a pleasant way of making me feel I am.*' This could hardly be said of a Scotch minister of whom I have heard. He was preaching on drunkenness and the sin of intemperance. A member of the congregation was present, well-known as addicted to this vice. The preacher said: 'I don't mean, brethren, to be p̄rsonal: it is a grēāt mistake to be p̄rsonal in the pulpit, but *if there should happen to be an old bald-headed gentleman*, late in Her Majesty's service, sitting in the north-west gallery of this church, let him solemnly tak it to himself.' The late Captain R.N. was at the very spot so clearly indicated.

How curious and unlooked-for are comments made on sermons! I met a lady recently, who said: 'I shall never forget a sermon you preached years ago at Holy Trinity, Paddington.' (I preached the ten days' mission there during the late Dr. Moore's vicariate.) 'I had my children with me at your children's service. You took: "*Take the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines.*"' I often take this at children's services. I have some lines, which have been published, written by Dr. Bickersteth, the late Bishop of Exeter, who attended the children's services I held, now many years ago, in the Iron Church, Whitby. I took those words one Sunday, and in the course of the evening he sent me his poetic version of them. Wishing to know more about the effect of this particular sermon, that so clave to her memory, I asked her: 'Can you remember what I said that left so lasting an impression on you and your child's mind?' 'Yes,' she said; 'my dear child came home *much* im-

pressed: you said that *foxes were very sly, and sometimes buried themselves in holes.*'

I invite my readers or reviewers to explain the following incident. Three or four years ago I was again invited to conduct the service at the Chapel of the Hospital for Huguenots, now established in South Hackney. It is *de rigueur* that the whole service be conducted in French. I took prayers and lesson in, for the time and occasion, the 'vulgar tongue.' I wrote a brief account in English of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and dwelt on the benefits of the charity. I translated this into French with my wife's aid—a good French scholar. After service the Lord Mayor of London, who was present 'in state,' thanked me for the sermon, adding: '*Though, sir, I do not know one word of French, I understood you perfectly.*'

I beat my brains to find out what 'his lordship meant'! I know that the rendering of my sermon into French was grammatically correct. I can only suppose—but the supposition does not at all satisfy me—that it was not *idiomatic* French. At Père Lachaise, in Paris, I very often read our Burial Service, for the sake of the grave-diggers, out of my French version of our Book of Common Prayer. There are idioms, phrases, renderings, which an Englishman, turning his composition into French, would not know or use. Let anyone who has at hand our Prayer-Book 'done into French' verify this; but even then it altogether surpasses my power of comprehension how anyone could say: '*Though I do not know one word of French, I perfectly understood you.*' I await explanation.

The question of the frequency or infrequency, the less or more, of sermons is a large question. But it will be an evil day for the Church when the question is solved by saying, 'We do not want a sermon,' and when that one function which holds foremost place in the New Testament, for the evangelizing of the world and individual souls, be pushed out of its place by the horns of elaborate services, which are only the accessories of religion, and which never brought a soul to Christ. We must watch against losing sight of the difference between worshipping and evangelizing, and of giving undue prominence to our preference of what is objective in religion, at the cost of that subjective experience which can alone satisfy the deeper needs of sin-sick souls.

The subject is at times discussed at Congresses and Conferences as to whether a written or extempore sermon be preferable. It is a question which will probably never be settled. No hard-and-fast rule can be laid down. There can be no doubt that some, from nervousness and lack of the gift of utterance, cannot trust themselves to preach extempore. I can well understand that on certain very special occasions it is both more prudent and safe to commit your thoughts to writing. You are more likely to be accurate, more strictly grammatical, more careful and perhaps felicitous in the choice of words. A sermon preached before the University, a Bampton Lecture, or an address before some learned body, such as the British Association, seem to lend themselves to and to demand the written discourse.

The late Archbishop Benson, when I invited him to preach at the opening of our choir, after its restoration,



wrote to me from Florence and said : ' Let me have all particulars about your restoration, as I should wish to write something specially worthy of such an occasion.'

A well-delivered written sermon may be quite as impressive, and even more so, than one preached extempore. Dr. Chalmers, Dean Church, Dr. Liddon, preached written sermons, and who could be more impressive ? One advantage also is that you are safeguarded against ' vain repetition,' to which extempore preaching is more liable.

A rule which Bishop Wilberforce gave us was : ' Never repeat to an educated congregation, but say the thing three times over for the poor.' In more senses than one they are ' hard of hearing.'

We must also bear in mind that memory is treacherous—very treacherous. I was preaching in the parish church, Kensington, two or three years ago, and was about to quote some lines, when my memory absolutely failed me. I said to the congregation : ' If you will kindly wait a moment I think I shall recall them.' The congregation was really wonderfully kind ! It waited for a few seconds in dead silence. Fortunately, in that silence my memory recovered itself. It is too much, however, to expect that congregations will ' wait awhile ' until a preacher has regained command of his memory !

I confess I am uneasy in mind when I see a young man, who imagines he has the gift of utterance, going into a pulpit, with nothing before him but his Bible, and no notes with it. There are *memoriter* preachers who carefully write out their sermons and then commit them to memory. Such become a slave to their memory. The slightest untoward interruption might sorely dis-

quiet the preacher. He cannot avail himself of some passing incident and utilize it. I remember to this day hearing Dr. Guthrie preach in Edinburgh. Of a sudden a bright beam of sunlight burst into and diffused itself throughout the church. He immediately used this—took it up, as it were, by way of ‘illustration.’ One who is a slave to manuscript can find no room for utilizing a passing incident. For the purposes of preaching to ordinary congregations, I have no hesitation in strongly advocating extempore preaching. It seems more natural. Counsel in our courts of justice do not plead from manuscript : they do not turn over the pages of a written address to the empanelled jury. Members of Parliament address their constituents extempore. I suppose a written speech would not be tolerated in the House of Lords or Commons, except by the reporters, who occasionally receive it beforehand to insure correctness and accuracy. Does it not seem more natural in every way that a preacher should speak to his people face to face, that he should look at them as they look at him? May he not fetch an inspiration by thus speaking, by watching signs of weariness or interest which no man with face fixed on manuscript can ever get, producing one of those velvet sermon cases, which I am quite certain John the Baptist, ‘preaching in the wilderness the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins,’ never produced from the pocket of his ‘raiment of camel’s hair.’

But to preach extempore does not mean lack of preparation, though it saves manual labour. I have often, as I listened, envied a preacher at Notre Dame, who, ascending the pulpit, gave out his text and

preached powerfully and eloquently without hesitation and with perfect freedom. But then he had had special training to equip him for this effort. I strongly advocate notes, be they few or many. You may not use them, but they are there at hand. Preparing for my cultured congregation at St. Philip's, Regent Street, I at no time spent less than from twelve to fourteen hours of manual labour. Since I have for many years abandoned written sermons, I find that, after reading all that can help me in my subject, it never takes less than from three to four hours to put down a few notes. If there be less manual labour in preaching extempore, let no one suppose it requires less care. Often as I have preached in the Private Chapel at Windsor, I never preached any but a written sermon, partly because the time allowed was, *de rigueur*, twenty minutes ; secondly, because I was haunted by the fear of my memory suddenly failing me. It is an 'open secret' that Her Majesty preferred extempore preaching ; but when she kindly sent me a message after my first 'command' that 'she would like to hear me again, and hoped that I should be less nervous and hurried,' and this after a written discourse, it was hardly likely that the following year I would preach extempore !

I have it on the authority of the late Dean Wellesley that on one occasion a preacher of great reputation, who shall be nameless, and who has long ago passed away, was 'commanded' to preach before the Queen. He was *very* nervous. He gave out his text. That, so far, was all right and expected. He proceeded to give it out a *second* time. This was interesting, but hardly necessary, seeing it took up a few minutes out

of his allotted twenty. He proceeded to give it out a *third* time and—‘bolted’; he vanished into the vestry.

It was because one ‘commanded’ to preach forgot to give out his text that we were requested by the vergers to write out our text beforehand in the vestry. It was taken to the royal pew. It was extremely probable that the preacher would keep to his text. There may be circumstances, therefore, under which it may be advisable and more safe to preach from manuscript than extempore. If there are many clergy and even Bishops who would not trust themselves to say the Creed or even the Lord’s Prayer from memory, is it not more likely that either by manuscript or from notes you may safeguard yourself against ‘treacherous memory’?

If, again, some cannot overcome a certain nervousness, which is really constitutional, and should not in charity be set down to any other cause, I firmly believe that many more could preach ‘extempore’ if they were not haunted by the fear lest they should not acquit themselves well. As a rule, clergy have not much difficulty in ‘speaking extempore’! Witness a gathering of clergy! What a very Babel of voices a clerical gathering represents, what chattering! and all without preparation. While the written sermon is becoming less frequent, and extempore preaching more general, I am satisfied that the same men who converse freely with one another preliminary to some meeting, or even at a meeting itself, would speak equally freely in the pulpit if, after due preparation, they first spoke to God; if they spread, as it were, their thoughts and notes before Him in prayer; if they asked that the Holy Spirit might suggest thought and clothe their words

'with power from on high,' and thought less as to whether or not they would acquit themselves well than that the 'words of their mouth and the meditation of their heart' might be acceptable to God and helpful to His people.

In conducting a 'Retreat' for clergy, I tell those present of the lesson a Vicar learned of a poor man who was breaking stones by the roadside. The Vicar noticed that the stone-breaker was *kneeling* at his work. Accosting his humble parishioner, he asked him: 'My good friend, why do you kneel when you are breaking stones? Why do you not stand up?' 3

— 'Because, sir,' he replied, '*I finds I breaks them best when I am kneeling.*' The Vicar said to himself: 'The stone-breaker has taught me a lesson. If I am ~~to reach and touch the hearts of my people~~, I must, like him, be more on my knees.' Prayer

I would not encourage young men to begin too soon to preach extempore. There is a great temptation to do so. It is, perhaps, one of the 'subtle wiles,' etc. A certain amount of confidence is requisite which at twenty-three or twenty-four years of age would be called 'bumptiousness.' To preach extempore you must read not only your Bible, but the turned-over pages which bring experience and knowledge of human life. You must not only have acquired a certain command over yourself, but a command of language. You must not only know your Bible well, but you must have acquired and speak from that experience which no new-born curate can have. I have heard it said that no man should speak extempore until he has been at least ten years in Holy Orders. What have not some of us heard, not only

of crude but of ill-considered utterances, from men, excellent in other respects, who have essayed extempore preaching too soon? I once heard a young man speak of '*angels whispering through golden bars.*' Analyze such an utterance! Whoever saw or heard of *an angel whispering through a golden bar?* Preaching on St. Peter's endeavour to walk on the sea to meet Christ, I heard a young preacher say, not that 'St. Peter began to sink,' but that '*St. Peter gave in at the knees!*'

Many more instances to the same effect, ludicrous or otherwise, might be given, and when the curate is preferred, say, to some populous parish, and realizes the demands on his time of parochial work, he is sore tempted to preach extempore. Then it is that because of impoverished brain and premature practice of extempore preaching, his people find that he is 'no preacher.' That men have the gift of speaking latent in them, as there is much latent power in the natural kingdom which only needs some circumstance or inspiration to evoke it, is shown in the fact that, called on suddenly and unexpectedly to preach, the power has been evoked.

I have always understood that Dr. Liddon was unexpectedly surprised into extempore preaching. His Bishop or some friend was to have preached on the occasion of Liddon's first Sunday after his ordination. The expected preacher failed him. A text in the appointed lesson for the day seemed specially to 'strike' him as he read it. He transferred it to the pulpit and spoke freely on it. I am also under the impression that my dear friend, Dean Hole, found he had the like power. If what I

have always understood be correct, the light failed one evening in his little church at Caunton, where I have more than once 'lifted up my voice.' There was nothing for it but to preach extempore. May we not say, 'Would that expected preachers might more often fail! Would that gas or candle light would more often go out, if the result were such as in the case of two such distinguished preachers!'

To be able to dispense with light, I have reason to be thankful for through cultivating extempore preaching. I will not make mention of the church: it is one of the largest in Yorkshire. I was invited to preach at the choral festival. The church was thronged with clergy, choristers, and worshippers. I gave out my text, and of a sudden the church was in total darkness, 'deepest gloom' prevailed. There was not a glimmer of light. And what do you think was the reason of this Cimmerian darkness? The churchwardens had for some time failed to pay their gas bill. The Gas Company thus avenged themselves—rather hard on 'innocent me'! They cut off the supply at an agreed moment. I suppose in modern language it would be called 'the psychological moment.' Psychological or vengeful I know not, but I said, pulling myself immediately together: 'If you good people do not mind listening in the dark, I do not mind speaking in the dark.' Thus were these evil designs and wicked devices on the part of the Gas Company baulked and frustrated!

May I, who now almost invariably preach extempore, be allowed to say that, with all its faults and imperfections, I discovered that to a certain extent God had bestowed upon me this gift of utterance? I took

charge one summer, now many years ago, of the small and most beautiful parish, also one of the smallest churches in the diocese, of Welsh Bicknor on the banks of the Wye. There was no one who could play the organ, so I was known as 'the gentleman who played, preached, and prayed.' I used to go from the reading-desk to the small organ close by. I felt that the sermons which were more fitted for the cultured and educated who frequented my ministry at St. Philip's, Regent Street, were not adapted to the 'plain folk' at Welsh Bicknor. I decided on preaching extempore. I earnestly asked my dear wife, long since with God, not to come. It would only embarrass me. She so far consented that she did not sit in her accustomed place in the little church, but, woman-like, as I eventually discovered, she concealed herself behind a curtain! I experienced no difficulty, through the help of God, in speaking from a few notes, which I have ever since kept, and have labelled 'My First Extempore Sermon!' It spread like wildfire over all the neighbourhood that there was an extempore preacher at Welsh Bicknor. I have the newspaper notices of it. Some said: 'He certainly is not Church of England,' for in that neighbourhood not a single clergyman preached extempore. The church and churchyard were filled on Sunday evenings. I see, as I write, the people being conveyed in boats across the perilous Wye. I was asked to preach at one of the largest churches in that district. I took with me a sermon preached at St. Philip's. The church was simply packed with people. They were sitting in what I always think must be a most uncomfortable sort of 'pew'—the window-sills. As I was vesting in the



vestry, I happened to put my manuscript on the table. The Vicar could not conceal his astonishment and dismay ; he seized my manuscript and retained it ! ‘ I cannot allow it, sir ; the people are here in crowds to hear an extempore preacher as a *rara avis*. You *must* preach extempore ! ’ What alternative had I, with my manuscript in the Vicar’s possession, determinedly, relentlessly withheld from me ?

There are occasions when a carefully prepared sermon is of a sudden put aside and the preacher is moved to speak without it. This is not so much being taken unawares as that the preacher feels that the occasion suggests if not demands it. I invited the late Archbishop Thomson to preach at the opening of Halifax parish church after restoration. Rarely have I heard any sermons so thoughtful, clothed in such nervous language, as his. I said to him the evening before, meeting him at Sir Henry Edward’s house : ‘ Now, your Grace, give us one of your very best sermons. There is no one on the Bench of Bishops more equal to the occasion than yourself.’ I have reason to know he had written specially for that service. To my surprise, there was no manuscript before him. He preached extempore, taking a text out of the appointed service. He told me that, when he saw that vast congregation filling the grand old parish church to its utmost capacity, he felt constrained to ‘ speak to the people.’ His sermon was simplicity itself, so much so as to occasion the remark : ‘ Eh ! to think an Archbishop could speak so plain-like.’

There are other, but less pleasant, ways of being taken by surprise. Possibly some brother clergyman, reading this, has shared my experience. I mean occa-

sions which need special prayers for help from God. I give one or two within my own experience as illustrative of what I mean. I always keep the letter conveying an invitation, that I can produce it if need be. I was invited to preach at the harvest festival in St. Michael's, Coventry, in the evening, I was walking down with the Vicar to morning service, when he suddenly said to me: 'What text are you taking this morning?' 'None,' I replied. 'Are you in the habit of preaching without a text?' 'Never,' I replied. 'Then, what do you mean?' 'I am not going to preach this morning. Here is your letter. You invite me for the evening.' Baynes had great readiness of utterance, and preached an admirable sermon.

Apropos of Baynes, whose end was inexpressibly sad, he was such an imitator of Bishop Wilberforce, as well as being somewhat like him in stature and personal appearance, that it was commonly said after Bishop Wilberforce's sudden death, that if Baynes had worn lawn sleeves he might have kept some of the Bishop's engagements for some time. Bishop Wilberforce was once very angry with Baynes. The Bishop was announced to preach at St. Michael's. There was a vast congregation. Just before service a telegram was received in the vestry to the effect that the Bishop was ill and could not come. Dismay was felt in the vestry. 'What shall we do?' said the churchwardens. 'We must, of course, pray for him,' replied Baynes; and he directed his curate to pray for the Bishop in the prayer for 'all conditions of men.' 'Your prayers are desired for the Bishop of Oxford, who is seriously ill.' There was a short pause for *very special intercession*. For

the time this quieted and satisfied the disappointed congregation. Unfortunately, on the Tuesday following an announcement appeared in the local papers that Bishop Wilberforce was present, in apparently perfect health, at a garden-party on Monday, that his lordship was the life and soul of the party, etc. It seemed to the people of Coventry rather strange that his lordship was so ill on Sunday that he should be prayed for, and that he should be 'disporting himself' at a garden-party the day following. Most people would think the same, and would not understand that you really might be taken ill and not feel equal to the effort of preaching, but be 'all right and fit' next day. Someone, however, commented on this to Baynes. He got out of the difficulty by saying: '*You see the effect of our special prayers for the Bishop.*' What more could be said?

But apropos to being surprised into having to preach, I was asked to preach at Driffeld. The journey from Halifax to Driffeld being 'long and weary,' I left home by an early train that I might have a little rest and quiet before evening service. The Vicar met me at the station. He said he was coming to the afternoon service. I asked him to excuse me, as I was tired, and to allow me to drive to the Vicarage. To my amazement he replied: 'Why, you are preaching this afternoon as well as this evening.' In vain I showed him his own letter, inviting me for the *evening*. The service was at 3 p.m., and there were only ten minutes to spare! There was no help for it. As we drove to the church I noticed bills posted on the walls: 'Harvest Festival in connection with the restoration of the parish church.' I made up

my mind there and then. As I had been preaching at several churches at their harvest festivals, harvest festival was 'on my brain.' I found the church filled, not only with people, but with a considerable number of clergy, out-and-out the most severe and not always most kind critics. I asked the Vicar to allow me to remain in the vestry during the prayers. I put together a few notes, and knelt down and prayed that I might be 'endued with power from on high.' Never did Evensong seem to come so quickly to a close! It came to my knowledge that my afternoon sermon, composed under these conditions, was generally preferred to that over which I had bestowed no little pains for the evening!

And what slips and even ridiculous words may escape your lips even when you have made careful preparation! I have too good reason for saying this. It is remembered of me to this day at Sheffield. I was the selected speaker at the meeting for women at the Sheffield Congress. I had been pointing out the openings and opportunities for women in Church work. I proceeded to say: 'Next to opportunity we think of the instruments fitted to the opportunity. Naturally, our thoughts turn to widows, who are "widows indeed," whom God has taken aside from the world by sorrow for a life of devotion to His service.' I was thinking, secondly, of *unmarried women*. Why I did not say 'unmarried women' I cannot understand. I did not like to use the old-fashioned word 'spinster,' so I said: '*Next we think of those women whose prospects of marriage are slowly fading.*' There was a roar of laughter, in which the Archbishop joined. I deprecated this 'unseemly merriment' on a sacred theme as

best I could. I went on to say, adding fuel to the fire: '*Many of whom I have in my mind's eye.*' Another outburst of laughter. Someone sitting beside my wife remarked: 'Mrs. Pigou, what have you to say to all this?' I really was thinking of many grown-up daughters in the families of clergy and laity who might identify themselves with work for Christ. I came down after all this and sat by my wife, to show those present that we were not contemplating separation.

By far the most trying experience I have had was at the Wakefield Congress, where, again, and notwithstanding the Sheffield incident, I was invited to speak at the 'Meeting for Women.' I was put down as the second speaker. Miss Mason was to follow. The present Bishop of Ripon sent me a note to the effect that Miss Mason had to go by an early train, would I mind letting her speak before me, and would I go, while she was speaking, to the parish church and address the 'overflow' meeting there. Of course, the request coming from the Bishop of the diocese, was practically a 'command'; I feel, however, very strongly that there should be no departure at our Congresses from the order of speakers as published and expected.

For the same thing happened to me at the Wolverhampton Congress. I was set down as the first reader of a paper on 'The Devotional Use of Hymns.' The present Archbishop of York, at whose special request I prepared the paper, sent me a message to the same effect. The reader after me discovered he had to 'catch a train,' and again I had to give way. How did he know that I might not, in the busy life I was living, have to catch my trains also?

The distance of the parish church of Wakefield from the Town Hall is about a five or ten minutes' walk. I assumed that the 'overflow' meeting would consist of *women*. On the contrary, the grand church was full to overflowing, and a large proportion of the congregation was not women but men.

Never in all my life and ministerial experience has a greater strain been put upon me. The service before the address was very short, a few prayers and a hymn. I had to alter the whole address. Never did I pray more earnestly 'in secret' in the vestry for grace and help in time of need. I seemed directed to speak on 'Personal Influence,' and was asked to publish the address. It is no exaggeration to say that this was at the cost, having a weak heart, of two days' absolute rest.

If some clergy should be careful, in writing invitations, either not to mean two sermons when they ask for one, or, as in a well-known case, in forgetfulness, asking *four* men to preach on *the same evening*, I think care should be taken that no man should, if possible, be called on to speak 'of a sudden.' It is not well that anyone should be thought of as one who can speak, or would care to speak, without thought, preparation, and prayer.

From the subject of preaching, and the comparative advantage or recommendation of written or extempore preaching, it seems natural to bestow some thought on the appointed *place* from which to preach—in other words, the 'Pulpit.' There are occasions when it is both convenient and effective to speak from the steps of the Chancel or from the Lectern. This is our frequent custom who conduct 'missions' or 'retreats.' It

divests the address of the formality of the pulpit ; it seems more 'homely.' But for the general and not exceptional occasions of preaching, pulpit and sermon, sermon and pulpit, are married to each other. Now that we do not preach from rood-screen, the pulpit stands midway between font and altar. We must look for its origin to the 'brazen scaffold' which Solomon set in the midst of the Temple, and the 'pulpit' of wood from which Ezra read the Book of the Law,\* which they had made for the purpose. The position of the pulpit is as troublesome a question as that of the *organ*. I often say that if architects had to robe or to preach they would never so place an organ that it is next to impossible to have prayers in the vestry before or after service. The organ, unless the organist be requested to play very 'piano,' drowns all other voices, and the prayers, if not a farce, are practically inaudible. Neither would they invariably go in for high, vaulted Gothic roofs, fatal to the human voice and to carrying power. One of the easiest and most helpful churches in which to preach is Halifax parish church. The flat though false roof that we retained is a prolonged 'sounding-board,' and the weakest voice may be clearly heard. I am not now writing of cathedrals or churches, where there are two pulpits—*e.g.*, Westminster Abbey, where a large congregation can be accommodated in choir and transept. There can be no doubt where to place the pulpit, and where we have, as in most of our cathedrals, large gatherings in the nave, it at once suggests itself that you should place the pulpit, as in foreign churches, in the centre of the nave.

\* 2 Chron. vi. 13 ; Neh. viii. 4.

It is simple ignorance of the laws of sound to place a pulpit, as at Doncaster parish church, underneath a *tower*. Sound ascends, and the effect of placing a pulpit immediately under a tower is that the sermon reaches the tower, for which it is not intended, written or extempore, before it reaches the people, for whom it is intended. I grant that acoustics are among the unsolved problems of all public buildings. They share this with theories or methods of ventilation. If you place your pulpit at the chancel steps, those near hear, but not those far off. I believe that the best place is *au milieu* of the nave, with a pillar at your back. To my mind a 'sounding-board' is worse than useless. Wherever I could, I have removed it and converted it into a very handsome and serviceable vestry table. So far from assisting the voice, your voice seems hurled back upon you. They are also, as a rule, unsightly, and if not carefully secured, Damocles' sword, with its impending danger, is nothing to it. So, also, I have never found any help in *wires*, like so many telegraph-wires stretched across the nave. I cannot dissociate them from a sort of trapeze arrangement. How much depends on having an ear for music! It is well known that every room, even every glass, has its own note.

People confuse *echo* and *resonance*. An echo repeats your voice; resonance is the very 'stones crying out.' You sound the correct note of the building, say A<sub>♭</sub> or G<sub>♯</sub>, and the building takes it up, and your voice resounds and reverberates. A pillar at the back of the pulpit, or, as in some Roman Catholic churches, a large shell-shaped structure, assists the voice as no sounding-board and no wires can do. I venture to write from no small experience. I doubt that few, save our Bishops and



missioners, have had larger, for I have preached in almost all our cathedrals and in hundreds of churches, both small and great. There are pulpits and pulpits! The smallest I have ever preached in was barely large enough to contain me, after considerable effort to get into it. Some of the old Jacobean pulpits are not very 'accommodating.' The largest pulpit I have ever preached in is that in Great Yarmouth parish church, where I conducted the ten days' mission. As on the closing evening of that mission 6,000 people were present, the church covering an acre in area, one can understand the necessity of a sort of ambulatory pulpit. It more nearly, save for the brass, approaches Solomon's 'brazen scaffold' than any I am aware of.

Writing to me on the subject of Preaching, a clergyman\* says: 'I am coming to the conclusion that a good sermon, of which every word is heard in every part of a large church, is almost one of the wonders of the age. I often ask myself which is better, a bad sermon which can be heard, or a good sermon which cannot be heard. And, again, whether is happier, the man who *thinks* he is heard through his much brawling, or the man who is not heard and does not worry.'

Few people who have not to preach can realize how much depends on the position and structure of a pulpit to allow a preacher to feel at his ease. There are up and down the country many beautiful examples of ancient as also of modern pulpits of wood, stone, alabaster, and marble, on which architects and carvers in wood and stone have displayed much skill and taste. Naturally they have thought more of the *outside* than of the

\* Herbert Pentin.

*inside* of their work, more of the exterior of the pulpit than of him who occupies it. The structure of a pulpit as regards convenience in Church work is not always the best kind of 'lay-help.'

Fortunately—happily for the preacher—the 'three-decker' is becoming extinct like the dodo. Who of the elders of this generation does not recall the 'three-decker,' anything but a 'song of degrees' for him who had to climb up its steep and tortuous staircase, holding on by a banister, lest you should say, 'My feet had wellnigh gone, my treadings had wellnigh slipped'? If the real reason assigned by some for the sounding-board be that they were really necessary where pulpits were separate buildings, as at St. Paul's Cross, at the Cross Pulpit at Norwich and other places, as a protection for the preacher against inclement weather, who can assign the real reason of the 'three-decker' structure? Partly, I suppose, it arose from undue prominence being given to preaching, and was so placed as to shut out of view 'the Holy Table.' A church was frequented not so much to worship as to hear a particular preacher. The sermon, not the service, was the subject of conversation and comment. It needed George Herbert to remove such ideas :

'Resort to sermons, but to prayers most;  
Praying is the end of preaching.'

The question at one time was very frequent, '*Who do you sit under?*' It was not 'What church do you attend?' It is told of a congregation that they habitually slept during the prayers and woke up for the sermon, the reverse of more modern ways!

I remember one who said, as a justification for

taking a 'nap' during the sermon: 'You see active-minded men are not in the habit of sitting with their hands before them, doing nothing, for half an hour.' I have seen men in 'high places,' *i.e.*, cathedral Stalls, falling into deep sleep. They might give themselves an occasional pinch to ward off this attack of drowsiness. How curious it is that few people suffer from insomnia in our churches! It is told, and on good authority, that a Bishop, who has long ago passed away, was in the habit of falling asleep during prayers and sermon. When he woke he considered that he was called upon or the 'psychological moment' had arrived for him to pronounce the Benediction, no matter when the time of his awakening came. A naughty choir-boy, seeing his lordship fast asleep during the Litany, let fall a heavy book with a loud bang on the floor! The Bishop woke up, rose in his throne, and pronounced the Benediction. A dear, quaint, old-fashioned aunt of mine particularly disliked the expression 'sitting under.' Being asked, 'And pray who do you sit under?' she quietly replied, '*My seat is in the gallery!*'

There seems to have been an unholy rivalry between pulpit and gallery as to which should 'rank highest.' At first I believe the pulpit was placed at a moderate height above the congregation, not much more than 'six feet above challenge.' By degrees small, low galleries were erected at the west end, suggested, so some think, by the rood-screen at the eastern end; next the organ was removed; then 'the singers followed after'; next galleries were raised higher and higher. In St. Philip's, Regent Street, *e.g.*, there are two galleries, one above the other; in the old parish

church of Whitby there are three. The pulpit had to keep pace with this gallery growth. When the gallery had nearly reached the ceiling—it could not conveniently go higher—how could its inhabitants see the preacher from that dizzy height? The pulpit only could solve this ; it had to follow such a lead. Next the prayer-desk asserted its claim to promotion. Then the clerk must be provided for, and he put in his claim for advancement. So by degrees was brought about the hideous, unsightly ‘three-decker,’ which, whatever other properties it could boast of, was certainly lacking in ‘the proportion of faith.’ The idea was that everyone might see the preacher. It never occurred to anyone that the preacher should have the same power as that of the fly, which Dr. Dallinger has established conclusively consists of some thousand separate eyes.

Who of us who have known the ‘three-decker epoch’ does not recall the uncomfortable feeling of being, and most unnecessarily, followed by the clerk, introduced, as it were, to the pulpit, and, after the door was shut upon you, a seat was let down as a sort of barrier to any exit? All one’s feelings resented this ‘closure.’ I found all this at St. Philip’s. I took the door off its hinges, and to this day remember my fear lest Dean Hook, who was preaching and moved about a good deal as he preached, should fall out backwards.

With the ‘three-decker’ was associated the cushion. ‘Why I cannot tell, but this I know full well,’ there was the cushion, superseded now by brass desk and embroidered frontal. It is said of some clergyman that he always knew if the Gospel was preached in

a church by its cushion in the pulpit. If much dust was raised in striking it, the Gospel was not preached, and *vice versâ*. How is it that soft cushions are still thought requisite on the Holy Table, as I found them in Bristol Cathedral? How and wherein do these material things 'voice party'? And yet, again, what a trouble brass desks may be! Sometimes they are fixed immovably, so as not to allow of being raised or lowered according to the stature of the preacher. If you are short-sighted, you have to make some arrangement, generally using a Bible (to be regretted) as a sort of impromptu desk.

At other times there is a most puzzling supply and arrangement of cushions or small footstools inside the pulpit, by which you can raise or lower yourself at will. Spurgeon once said—being of short stature, and provision being made for him to adapt himself to particular heights, by piling cushion on cushion—that he 'found it difficult to be a Blondin and a Boanerges at the same time.' The late Bishop Walsham How, who had a keen sense of humour, told me he was much 'tickled' by what a verger, on seeing him, said: 'I knowed you were a-coming to preach;—I looked at yer, and I says to myself, "He'll look in a tub," and I have given you some'at to stand upon.' You find a brass desk, which the Vicar assures you 'moves with the greatest ease.' You find it has not been for a long time oiled or altered. The moment you begin to adapt it to your use all the congregation take a deep interest in it, as they do when on a summer's day a wasp finds its way into church, and, I suppose, attracted by the surplice, generally pays the most annoying attention to the preacher. Either the

desk suddenly mounts up to your face or as suddenly collapses. Choir-boys in particular watch all this with unfeigned delight. Sometimes you have a board or platform which you cannot remove, which raises you far beyond your wishes. Lamp and lights do not respond to your touch. On one occasion a Bishop's lawn sleeves caught fire, and, with considerable presence of mind, his lordship quietly extinguished the flames. Worst of all is the electric light. It is made in some cases to shine full, by special arrangement, in front of and on your notes; you have no power over it. The Vicar says: 'You have only to touch a small button, and our light acts beautifully.' You look in vain for this small button answering to the slightest touch. Some pulpits are approached by very devious paths. One or more are entered through a pillar. It is so at Arundel. Preaching there at a harvest festival on passing down the church I saw what, of course, I did not see on my entering the pulpit, that I was set in a frame of roses. It was like those photograph frames with their edging of flowers and I in the midst!

And oh! what varied experience preaching at harvest festivals, as a rule bright and happy occasions, affords you. Some of my clerical readers may have had my experience, that of apples, oranges, and even small melons, placed loosely and abundantly on the sill of the pulpit. You make a forgetful and incautious movement of your hand; away goes an apple in one direction or a melon in the other, to the great annoyance, and even alarm, of someone sitting under the pulpit! It comes like the pom-pom, striking the eye or even falling on a bonnet. It is not always

safe under these circumstances to sit within 'their range.' I remember in Doncaster parish church a lady had hit upon the device of covering laurel leaves with Epsom salts to make it all, as she said, 'look bright and sparkling.' The Mayor's seat was close below. He at once recognised what he was in the habit of taking and said to me: 'Nay, but I think, Vicar, it was not nice putting them Epsom salts so near me on Christmas Day.' If at a smart wedding I have found myself environed with palms, emerging from a small tropical forest to proceed to 'join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony,' so I might write a short chapter on my experience of harvest festivals. They are sunny opportunities in ministerial life. One meets in pleasant intercourse clergy and their friends, who do their best to give you both hearty welcome and kind hospitality; but sometimes the decorations, etc., are trying—very trying. In Paris a lady who, as the Yorkshire people expressively say, 'had a tile off'—*timbré* is the French equivalent; Anglicè, 'a bee in her bonnet'—offered to assist. Her idea was as original as it was ghastly. I assigned her, being somewhat suspicious of her, the front of the west gallery, as everyone would be facing east and we have no eyes at the back of the head. Her plan and idea of decoration was this: First, a strip of blue paper, which stretched the length of the gallery. On this was put a large cabbage leaf; next to this a large piece of cotton-wool; next a cabbage leaf; next cotton-wool, not even made 'bright and shining' with Epsom salts; next a leaf; next wool, *usque ad finem*. In about half an hour all the cabbage-leaves had turned yellow!

She asked me how I liked it. I could only say 'it had undoubtedly the merit of originality.' This so gratified her that she expressed her regret that I had not seen good to let her decorate the pulpit!

I think, on the whole, my most trying ordeal was at a small church in Yorkshire. The people had never had a harvest festival in their church, and had resolved it should be 'fust-rate.' There was an awful brass band in the gallery. Sousa could not surpass it for loudness. The church had been fresh painted and varnished. The varnish was not dry, and your surplice stuck to the pew doors as flies to smeared paper. To crown all, as something quite new, the altar rails were filled in with large sticks of fresh celery. What between the lusty brass band, the smell of varnish and of celery, it was all I could do to refrain from a 'faint.' Added to all this, the pulpit steps and handrail were sticky with varnish, and as the small church was crowded, close and stifling for want of open windows, I leave the reader to imagine a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta! I doubt that in any church in England decorations were more artistic and beautiful than in those of Doncaster and Halifax, but I think that not a few will agree with me that decoration is apt to be overdone.

Before closing this part of my subject, one cannot ignore one or two other matters. There is the gradual disuse of the black gown in favour of the surplice. Even in our cathedrals we allow, as used not to be, an invited preacher to preach in the surplice. In my London days, both at St. James's, Piccadilly, and in my own adjoining church, the black gown was invariably used, as also the wearing of 'bands.' Over



and over again, when invited to preach in a cathedral, I have had to conform to the 'use' and wear a black gown, to distinguish me from the 'cathedral body'—black for white. Bands have, I fancy, disappeared, though so recently as the days of our late beloved Queen it was *de rigueur* to wear bands when we preached before her. Was there not some *ritual* in retiring into the vestry and changing your vestment as much as in retaining and preaching in the surplice? It is no longer a badge of party, and it is difficult to realize what particular *doctrine* a black gown or a surplice represents and symbolizes. What a change has gradually and quietly been brought about in connection with what not many years ago was the occasion of so much dispute and religious acrimony, as if the Gospel of Christ could not be preached save in a black gown! Is it not astonishing that in this enlightened age such prejudices could still exist? Do not some of the ablest representatives of the Evangelical School preach nowadays in the surplice? Has this in any way altered or affected their message and ministry?

In connection with the prejudice in favour of wearing the black gown, I do not know if many have heard this, of many anecdotes told of 'S. Oxon.' The occasion was the opening of a church after restoration. There was a procession of clergy. In the procession were two clergymen who vowed that nothing would induce them to wear the surplice. The Vicar was in dismay as he saw these black spots in the surroundings of white. He begged them for at least this occasion to conform to the rest. 'No,' they said; 'we must be true and faithful to our convictions.' 'Oh, leave this to me,' said 'S. Oxon.' Stepping up to one of them,

he said : 'Mr. So-and-so, would you do me the favour of reading the first lesson?' 'Certainly, my lord, with pleasure.' To the second said the Bishop : 'Would you do me the favour to read the second lesson?' 'Certainly, my lord; I shall be most pleased.' Who but 'S. Oxon.' would have hit on the solution of the problem of 'black and white?'

That not a little ignorance still prevails as to vestments a recent illustration will serve to show. A friend of mine had put on his cassock, and had forgotten to put on the girdle. The verger said : 'Please, sir, you have forgotten to put on your *sursum corda*.' Though not strictly applicable to clerical vestments, this is too good to be lost. Very recently a lady was leaving her house for Divine service. She had forgotten to take her small reticule or bag, as is now commonly worn. Her maid said to her : 'Please, ma'am, you have forgotten your *appendicitis* !'

A young curate was having his first clerical suit tried on, and was rather anxious not to be identified with any particular party of the Church. The tailor set his mind at rest by assuring him that he had made his suit so that it should accommodate itself to all parties—clever tailor!

If pulpits be varied and various, how varied is the 'use' in different churches. Is this an advantage or disadvantage? It is certainly perplexing. I invariably ask, when preaching in another man's church : 'What do you do, and what do you not do?' I hold very strongly that 'when you are at Rome, you must do as Rome does.' To my mind it is bad taste—to say the least of it—to preach in another man's church and practically to protest against his 'use' by not conforming

to it. It is perfectly open to a man to say : ' I do not honestly approve your ways and cannot accept your invitation,' but if you do accept, you for the time accept the 'use.' If he does not turn to the east at the Creed I do not protest against this by turning. If he comes to our cathedral I expect him to conform to our 'use,' as he expects me to conform to his. I preached at three different churches on one and the same Sunday. In the first the 'Invocation' was used before the sermon ; in the second, no invocation and no prayer ; in the third, 'any Collect I liked to choose.' Personally, though I introduced the Invocation in Bristol Cathedral for conformity's sake, I rather miss the old-fashioned Collect, for which I grant there is no extant authority. For that matter, there is no authority for the Invocation. I use the Collect of the Office for the Ordering of Priests, ' Most merciful Father,' at our Evening Nave service. So, again, in the matter of vestments. How various the use ! Some clergy still wear surplices like unto large, enveloping nightgowns ; some which reach about up to their hips ; some wear stoles in accordance with the Church's season, hoping to accentuate or enforce Church teaching by white, red, or green stoles ; others discard stoles, or have an obscure reason for not putting them on before a certain time.

Preaching at a particular church, in my innocence I vested myself with my scarf in the vestry. The curate asked me if I would mind putting it on before the *Magnificat*. Some have hoods, extraordinary projections just behind the neck ; others wear no hoods.

Preaching in a church where the Vicar wore a *tippet*, he asked me to arrange it for him. Not realizing it was a 'tippet,' I gave it a strong pull downwards,

which nearly strangled him. He said : ‘ Oh, do not pull like that ; it goes no further.’ I was so sorry, for I really did not mean to strangle him. Perhaps the variety of hoods is as remarkable as anything ; they are of such varied colours, size, pattern. I have a vision before me of a clergyman who wore an enormous hood of yellow. It looked in the distance like the ‘ elytron ’ of a beetle. Some clergy wear a biretta, some prefer their college cap, some no headgear of any kind. And here what ignorance prevails ! A lady of very strong proclivities was much scandalized by seeing a clergyman with a biretta, which he, for a moment, put under his arm. ‘ To think,’ she exclaimed, ‘ that he should wear a *tonsure* which I thought was always worn on the head !’

I here confess to being the author of a picture many years ago which appeared in *Punch*, ‘ A Sweet Thing in Vestments,’ drawn for me by one of the Earl of Radnor’s sons. It was of a young, good-looking curate ; the hood was full of mistletoe, and his stole of creeping ivy. A Dean’s or King’s Chaplain’s broad scarf relieves one from the necessity of putting up in one’s bag anything else. And yet here, again, shall we ever attain to uniformity in vestments as in the Roman Communion and as in the free churches ? Shall we regard this as amongst *ἀδιάφορα*, ‘ things indifferent ’ ; not puerilities, but as allowable and appertaining to the differing schools of thought, in which lies probably the safety of the National Church ? And shall we say of pulpits and vestments :

‘ In things essential, unity ;  
 In things indifferent, liberty ;  
 In all things, charity ’ ?

It comes within the scope of this chapter to say a word about *locum tenencies*, arranged for by the S.P.G. and the Church and Continental Society. As holiday-time approaches, the 'religious organs,' *Guardian*, *Church Times*, *Record*, etc., advertise both offers and applicants for *locum tenencies*. I have had considerable experience of a *locum tenency* both abroad and at home. I give below those that I can recall, dotted over many years.\* A *locum tenency* brings with it an experience of its own. I am afraid I commit myself to an 'old chestnut,' in repeating what is old to some, but possibly new to others. A clergyman called at a vicarage in the absence of the Vicar. Inquiring of 'Betsy Jane' if her master was at home, she replied: 'No, sir, master is gone abroad, but the *local demon* is here.'

In a parish of which I had charge there were four small grocers' shops. To avoid any friction, the Vicar asked me to give our custom to all four in turn—a safe arrangement. The shops were all very small. On leaving, the churchwarden said to me: 'Very sorry, sir, you are going, hope you will come again. We have been fortunate in our "supplies."' Thinking he meant these four provision stores, I replied: 'I suppose it is rather difficult to get stores in these out-of-the-way parts?' 'Oh, sir,' he replied; 'I don't mean tea and sugar, I mean gen'l'men like you.' I was not

\* West Moreton; Llanidan; Strathfieldsaye; Welsh Bicknor; Woodlands, near Hungerford (five summers in succession); Bamford; Castleton; Brackley; Colne St. Aldwyn; Quennington; Charlestown; Hensbridge; Luccombe; Kingsdon; Whitby; Grindelwald; Vichy; for a short time Homburg; Christ Church, Neuilly, for two winters.

aware that a 'supply' was synonymous with *locum tenens*.

Dear Whitby, its parish church and indefatigable Rector, Canon Austen! It were a daring hand that would touch that parish church! They say in Whitby, 'Even the Dean of Bristol dare not.' Who that knows that delightful seaside resort has not over and over again counted the steps which lead to the parish church? For internal arrangements it probably stands unique. The pulpit leads out of a reading-desk made to accommodate two clergy, gallery rises upon gallery, with an organ stowed away in the upper regions, scarcely visible. I forget how many private entrances there are to private pews. A gallery shuts out all view of the Holy Table. I remember so well on one particular occasion preaching there, and from the altar rails I could only see the back of a liveried footman with two shining buttons, to which I read the Ten Commandments. When I emerged from this obscurity to the pulpit, I faced 2,000 people, and the hearty congregational singing is something to be remembered. The good folk of Whitby 'love to have it so'—why not? Nothing short of the fretting of the sea below will ever make 't'ould parish church,' with its associations and traditions, to be a thing of the past.

A *locum tenency* has its advantages and disadvantages. If you go abroad it means an entire change, such as only going abroad can give. It is a thorough change of scene, habits of life, language, dieting, and the meeting of old friends in the incoming and outgoing of tourists. A chaplaincy abroad is full of opportunity. It is lamentable to think how the Church of England is represented abroad in the matter of

'places of worship,' and of the wrong impressions given to foreigners. It will take many years to disabuse the minds of foreigners as to what the Church of England really is, with her stately cathedrals, parish churches, and services. Travelling with a Dominican Friar from San Remo, he asked me if we had Holy Baptism and Holy Communion in the Church of England! Père Loyson more than once said to me that, if we could have in Paris one of our stately cathedrals and our service in French, that would bring about a reform.

I know that often God has blessed a particular sermon to the spiritual good of a tourist who for some reason or other made light of preaching at home. It seemed to be the 'bow shot at a venture.' Much greater care, by private inquiry, is now being taken in the appointment of temporary foreign chaplaincies. Can too great care be taken? If the services are tedious, slovenly, careless, people find a ready excuse for attending Roman Catholic churches. One advantage of a foreign chaplaincy is that the chaplain, in some cases, has free board and lodgings. It is to the interest of the manager of the hotel to have the English chaplain under his roof. In the majority of cases a reduction is made, and every reasonable comfort is supplied at the most moderate charge of four, eight, to ten francs a day: 6s. 8d., or at most 8s. 4d., for meals and *logement*. I was at one time on the S.P.G. Committee for Foreign Chaplaincies. To his great delight, a clergyman secured through us a chaplaincy abroad. He was accompanied by his wife. It was stipulated that he was to have board and lodging free, his wife half-price. We received a letter from the

*maître d'hôtel*, after one week's experience, in the strain in which only a foreign *maître d'hôtel* could write, to the effect that he was quite prepared to abide by his engagement so far as concerned *le Reverend Monsieur*, but that *l'appétit de madame était si énorme* that he must charge her the full price. When this clergyman, blessed with a wife of *appétit énorme*, applied again the question was seriously discussed: 'Can I take my wife?' 'Shall I?' 'Dare I?'

Of all the foreign chaplaincies I have taken, that of Vichy is the most discreditable. There is a small chapel, shared with the French Protestants. It is situate close to the menagerie, and often when we have been praying 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' I have heard the roar of a 'lion seeking after its prey.' Its surroundings are too disgusting to describe. I took the chaplaincy for the month of July. The heat was almost intolerable. The hour of service was at *twelve*—no other could be arranged for—and at 4 p.m. Though several English were there, not more than ten or twelve, at the utmost, came to morning service and sometimes about three in the afternoon. The place, noise, stench, forbade people coming. How much better, under these circumstances, to have held a service in one of the *salons* of an hotel. The churches both at Grindelwald and Homburg are much more as they should be.

My *locum tenency* of Strathfieldsaye was very interesting because of its associations. The pew in which the 'Iron Duke' sat is preserved in its integrity, with a fireplace. The old Duke stirred the fire vigorously if the sermon was to his mind too long. The church was generally mistaken for the stables.



Dean Wellesley, who was at that time Rector, told me that he had often endeavoured to persuade the Duke to restore it. It was surmounted with a cupola, like the Coliseum in Regent's Park. It was generally known, so said Dr. Wellesley, that the Duke was deficient in artistic taste, for all men have not the same gifts. This was so well known that if a new cottage had to be built, the architect who submitted the ugliest design was the most likely to be accepted. One morning the Duke met his nephew, and said: 'I have long thought that our church needs restoration.' 'I am rejoiced, your Grace, that I have brought you to my way of thinking. What do you propose to do?' 'Well, I have been thinking, how would it do to put a steeple on the cupola?' It is years since I have visited Strathfieldsaye or caught a pike in its waters. I wonder, is the parish church restored?

There are, as I have said, advantages and disadvantages. At Woodlands, added to the friendships formed there and still existing with the Aldridge family, there was delicious air, a thronged church, and fishing to my heart's content in the Kennet, placed at my disposal by Lord Ailesbury and by the Squire of Wellford. Bamford secured me one of my most faithful curates, who came to me without salary, Vivian Lennard, now Rector of Lower Heyward, Banbury.

My least happy experience was at Llanidan, in Anglesey. I think everyone purposing to take a *locum tenency* should certainly, if possible, go and see the place first. The Vicar of Llanidan was extremely poor; that was not his fault. The Vicarage was so inadequately furnished that Mr. Hughes, M.P., my sister's brother-in-law, sent down some cart-loads of

furniture for us. Rats ran over our faces at night ; rain poured in from roof and crevice. It was here that no persuasion would induce the few people who understood English to enter the church until the train from Bangor was seen. It was here that the vergers gave me indications of the tunes we were to have, by sundry and divers jerks of his legs and arms in the vestry.

Some vicarages are too elaborately furnished. You would rather the Vicar put away things which he and his wife value. In some furniture is bare. A *locum tenency* is no real rest if you have to take, as I have taken, three and four services on Sundays, are responsible for surplice duty throughout the week, and when occasionally the church is a mile from the vicarage. It is no saving of expense. Time was when it was considered sufficient remuneration for acting as *locum tenens* by having use of vicarage, garden, and servants on board wages. Sometimes a pony-trap, with limited use, formed part of the bargain. Now (and naturally) vicars and rectors ask you £2 2s. to even £12 and £14 per week for the use of their vicarage, with some reduction if you take the 'duty.' This is not to be wondered at in these days of the depreciation of livings and the poverty of the clergy. Why should not they, debarred from sources open to the laity, make an honest penny? Many of our laity are finding out that they might go far and fare worse than rent a rectory or vicarage. The rectory is prettily situated, nicely furnished, with pleasant society in the neighbourhood, fresh and smooth lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, trout stream, freedom, no hurrying to and fro on the Continent and living in stuffy hotels.

By the time, however, that you have paid your three or four guineas a week, made presents to the servants, and hired a trap, it is a mistake to think a *locum tenency* is not expensive. It is no rest to your wife, who yearns for rest from housekeeping, and somehow it is a drawback to have to do with servants who are not your own. They 'cannot serve two masters.' It is not—for they are, as a rule, most attentive and obliging—'that they hate the one and love the other,' or, *vice versâ*, 'hold to the one and despise the other,' but it is: 'Oh, dear, I cannot well find fault, for they, after all, are not our servants, and when the cat is away the mice will play,' etc.

One of the most charmingly situated and, for the summer, ideal parishes is that of Luccombe, of which I took charge last summer. It is but lately that its devoted Vicar, Mr. Acland, passed away. He wrote to me shortly before I left it: 'I am longing to return to my lovely home.'

To take charge of another man's parish and people is a very sacred trust, and in view of all the different 'uses' one meets with, it is one's bounden duty not to alter, but to conform to it. I have always endeavoured, under God, to make it the occasion of a sort of 'mission.' The memory of some *locum tenencies* is amongst my happiest, but I am bound, however, and sorrowfully, to confess that I notice a great drifting away from religion and its ordinances in country parishes. A great change, not for the better, has come over the youth of both sexes. The villagers of earlier days, of smock-frock and poke-bonnet, the courteous doffing of hat and the respectful bob-curtsey on meeting the parish priest, are almost dying out.

If, as some hold, the strength of the Church of England lies, not in her town, but in her country parishes, we cannot but deplore the gradual decay of spiritual life in the more remote villages of England.

If a clergyman seeking comparative rest does not see his way to taking a *locum tenency*, he and his fall back on lodgings in a farmhouse or by the seaside, and hope occasionally to help the Vicar of the parish. 'There are lodgings and lodgings.' Who has not had experience of them, good, bad, indifferent? Do we not know those lodgings where the furniture is scant and rickety, carpets worn out and dirty; on the mantelpiece are vases with artificial flowers; cats and dogs in porcelain; antimacassars on every chair; slippery horse-hair sofa, rocking chair, 'occasional' tables with small mats upon them; on the walls the most awful family portraits done in oils, fat people with vast stomachs and huge bonnets? How often you find a framed print of the local M.P., with crossed legs and 'yours truly' or 'yours faithfully,' glaring at you! Perhaps there is another family in the rooms above or below, with every possibility of meals ordered for one finding their way to the other. There is the hard-worked, good-natured, ever-willing 'maid-of-all-work,' who knows, however, where to 'draw the line.' My wife and I noticed one morning, in the local papers at Ilfracombe, that an excellent dish, a sort of spinach, might be made of young nettles. *I do not recommend it.* We agreed we would try it. When the landlady came 'for orders,' we showed her the recipe. About five minutes afterwards up came the servant: 'Please, sir, missus has sent me to ask you "who is to gather the nettles?"' It appears that no

directions were given on this point in the recipe. I suffer occasionally from severe internal pain, which only hot water immediately relieves. I had with me some cuttings to paste into my 'commonplace book.' I rang the bell, and asked the servant to bring me some hot water, and also to make me some paste. She confused the two. She said to her mistress: 'The Dean wants some paste as hot as you can make it: it does his inside good.'

How amusing are some anecdotes about servants. A lady had the incandescent light fitted up in her house in Clifton. Her maid said to her: 'I don't know how it is, ma'am, that whenever I speak to the workmen about these 'ere new lights they puts their aprons to their mouths and bursts out laughing.' 'Well,' said her mistress, 'I really cannot understand why they should laugh. What do you say to them?' 'I only said I could not see as these indecent lights were better than the gas.'

It is not always that landladies take such an affectionate interest in you as did one at Southport. In reply to me as to her charges, after giving me all details and all 'extras,' she ended her letter thus: '*Hoping, Rev. Sir, that this finds you as well as can be expected at this holy season*, I remain, faithfully yours.' The 'holy season' was Christmas. I suppose she thought I had partaken too freely of turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pies. I have sometimes asked myself, What would she have hoped, say, in the season of Lent?

It is here and there that you come across such varieties of use in churches and incidents scarcely credible—*e.g.*, the ways and doings of vergers and

clerks in showing you over churches. Here are some notices posted on the boards outside churches. A vicar left his church open for the use of cyclists, in the hope that occasionally a cyclist might avail himself of it for private prayer. Over the porch was inscribed : 'This is the gate of heaven.' Underneath this was inscribed : 'Please notice that the gate is closed during the winter months.' Here is a notice given out : 'The preacher in this church on Sunday morning next will be found posted on the board outside this church.' There is another in connection with a meeting to be held in the village schoolroom : 'Please take notice that no children in arms will be admitted unless there is someone to take care of them.'

I was visiting a clergyman who was well known for his thorough knowledge of bees, and he had several hives. I asked him if there was any truth in what I had been told, that the sting of a bee is an antidote to gout. He assured me it was. 'In fact,' he said, 'one of my churchwardens suffers from gout. Whenever he feels the attack coming on he comes to me. I put him to bed, make him lie quite flat on his stomach, strip his back, and then I take one or more bees and (suited the action to the word) I sting him here and there till his back is like a map with towns marked on it.' All I could say was, I had had many churchwardens, but I did not know one that would have submitted to this. I think he would have preferred the malady to the remedy, like old Lord Derby, who suffered from gout. A wine merchant, hearing this, sent him some sherry. Lord Derby replied : 'I have tasted your sherry, and much prefer the gout.'

So if there are pulpits and pulpits, there are church-

wardens and churchwardens ; and lest any should doubt the credibility of this, which I know to be true, I append the following, which conclusively confirms it :

‘BEE-STING CURES FOR RHEUMATISM.

‘The scientists of the American Government have been investigating the alleged cures of rheumatism by bee-stings in the State of Maryland, and they find that the cures have actually taken place in a large number of instances. The scientific explanation of it is simple enough, says the *Leader* correspondent. When a honey-bee stings it injects formic acid, and this, in its pure state, is a cure for rheumatism. The stinging process is, of course, extremely painful, and the scientists are trying to find a way of extracting the acid from the bees and using it in medicine. They have merely found thus far that the acid loses its power in transmission, and no good results have been obtained except when the acid has been injected into the rheumatic subject by the bees themselves.’

If there are pulpits and pulpits, how infinitely varied preachers are in their style, manner, method, ways. I question if any two are precisely alike, unless they have adopted someone as their model. There are those who very closely imitate a preacher of note. They imitate, probably, more often unconsciously than of set purpose. The latent tendency or even gift in some of mimicry takes the form of imitation. The late Bishop Woodford was in voice, utterance, manner, a copy of Bishop Wilberforce. Possibly one result of theological colleges is that young men are encouraged to set before themselves an ideal at the cost of being

themselves. How can they ever be any other? Who of us has not from time to time heard men who have affected the manner, diction, even voice of a noted preacher? If this does not lay him open to unreality, it is at the loss of individuality. But imitators are, comparatively speaking, few and far between. We have, thank God! got rid of clerical 'fops.' I see now as I write a fop whom, when a boy, my soul loathed. 'Save me,' says one, 'from the man with the lavender gloves and the white, embroidered pocket-handkerchief.'

Well do I remember one who wore these gloves, and had the pocket-handkerchief ready at hand. He was always weeping, and weeping became contagious. You heard sniffing and nose-blowing all over the church, and really for no reason. The preacher wept, and the people wept. There are times when it may be difficult to stifle strong emotion. There are some who, however experienced they may be—and who would wish it otherwise?—are overcome with nervousness when about to preach on some great occasion, or even to another congregation than their own. There are also not a few who after preaching shed tears unseen, tears which God puts into a bottle, tears which flow from feeling, restrained in the pulpit, not hysterical, but from deep emotion.

It was my privilege some years ago to give one of the addresses at a gathering of East-End London clergy. The late Archbishop Temple, at that time Bishop of London, gave the concluding address to clergy and workers. Some 2,000 were gathered together in the evening. He took for his text: '*Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.*' The sermon was the perfection of simplicity. One forgot the rasping voice and somewhat rugged



way. I saw the tears coursing down his face from pure emotion, yet no one could charge Archbishop Temple with unreality or weakness. It was the outcome of genuine emotion. I need not say how all present felt the force of his appeal.

I very much doubt that in our day the laity would tolerate the clerical 'fop' such as I could tell of but for the saying, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But in our day some are hampered by their manuscript; others try vainly to combine manuscript and extempore preaching. Some never seem at ease; some use too much action; others are as stiff as wooden dolls in the Lowther Arcade. Of one preacher in our day, marvellously eloquent, it was said by a cynical hearer: 'At last I have solved the question of perpetual motion.' Others use a moderate amount of action, and that not always graceful. Some affect a whine all throughout the sermon. They call it 'the voice of the Church.' The prayers, lessons, sermon, are practically all monotoned on one and the same note—i.e., 'the voice of the Church.' They speak in the pulpit as they would not speak outside it. Surely of all things to be deprecated in the ministry of the Word is affectation, unreality, want of being *natural*. Why should we not be perfectly natural in reading a lesson or in delivering God's message to His children? Why should we adopt in our church a voice that is not natural to us outside church walls? Why should we give an impression of unreality in one place and not in another? There is an eloquence which has been defined as 'the power of making yourself believed.' There is, on the other hand, a lack of earnestness, even in the most eloquent sermon, which fails to impress. The great

Natural

1

actor, Garrick, was asked by a clergyman why the stage seemed to have more power than the pulpit. This was his answer: 'Too many preach truth as if it were fiction; we act fiction as if it were truth.'

If the clerical 'fop' be a distinct species, and *n'existe pas*, may we not hope that in our practical and common-sense age all affectation, mannerism, unreality, lack of simplicity and 'naturalness,' may also disappear 'as the morning cloud?' Again, from how much a preacher would be saved if he had a sense of humour! What words are uttered from lack of it! I would most earnestly deprecate and discourage all jokes about preaching—anything that can turn God's great ordinance for the conversion and building up of His redeemed children into contempt or ridicule. My spirit was stirred within me at the Leeds Congress when speaker after speaker kept the audience in constant merriment by anecdotes told of preachers. It seemed to me that if the clergy made preaching a matter of public jest they could not expect the laity to do otherwise. To lower it in their eyes was unworthy of our vocation. I rose and protested against it. Again, I was stirred to protest at another Congress when a Bishop, no longer with us, went so far as to *mimic*, on the platform, the ways and manners of some of the clergy in his diocese. This seemed to me not only in the worst possible taste, but most unfair towards clergy that they should be turned publicly into *ridicule* by their Diocesan. Are not clergy sufficiently and humbly alive to their defects and shortcomings without having them made the occasion of mimicry on the part of their 'Father in God'?

Again, there may be occasions—and these must be

rare—when a preacher may resort to something startling to arrest attention—*e.g.*, when he sees one inattentive, disposed to slumber, and timing him with his watch. It is not everyone who could do what a famous French preacher did when he saw the King sunk in profound slumber. The Chamberlain followed suit, and, in addition to sleeping, *snored*. The preacher said : ‘*My Lord Chamberlain, if you snore so loud, you will certainly wake His Majesty.*’ Bishop Wilberforce told me that if he ever saw anyone inattentive, timing his watch, etc., he laid himself out to say something startling, and thereby secure the attention of the inattentive. It is not possible for a preacher, especially if he have a sense of the ludicrous, to have perfect control and command over his ‘risible faculties,’ as in the case where some necessary work was being done to a church roof. The window near the pulpit was close to a ladder, up which a workman was ascending with a pail of lime or whitewash on his head. The bottom of the pail came out. The whitewash poured all over the workman’s head and shoulders—very different from the ointment which ran down Aaron’s beard, even to the skirts of his clothing ! I think it would be very difficult to repress a smile under these most trying circumstances. I am thinking, not of men who lay themselves out for saying what is startling and even ridiculous, but who, for lack of thought, and sense of humour, say what cannot but excite laughter, and make people wonder what he will say next. This is not to make jest and joke purposely of preaching for the sake of raising a laugh. That is one thing, and to be discouraged. It is rather to quote what has been said by preachers who had no thought of jesting.

I mean such as these. A preacher preaching to a somewhat drowsy set of farmers in a village church took for his subject the parable of the Prodigal Son. Seeking to impress upon the people the long-suffering and love of the prodigal's father, he said : ' Think, dear people, how the heart of the father yearned over that erring child ! *He kept that calf three years in hope of his return.*' Every farmer disposed to sleep—woke up at the idea of a calf being kept as a ' calf,' ' young and tender,' for *three* years. Have any of my readers heard of the clergyman who preached on the parable of the Sheep and the Goats ? After giving the meaning of the parable and pointing out how it was a forecasting of the judgment day, he leaned over the pulpit and said : ' And now, before I close, I will ask each one of you, most earnestly and searchingly, to put to yourself this solemn question : ' *Am I a sheep, or am I a goat ?*' Now, under ordinary circumstances, is it not beyond the power of imagination to think of yourself as either a sheep or a goat ? There is little or no human resemblance to the one or the other. Perhaps to be a goat were the more difficult to imagine. But *suddenly* and *seriously* to be called upon in church there and then to decide and determine which you were could not but create smiles and titter. Another clergyman could not help seeing a woman tugging at a cabbage in a kitchen garden close to the church. At last she pulled it out and fell on her back. ' I knew that would happen,' he involuntarily exclaimed. Whether or not the Scotch preacher, with the dry sense of humour of the Scotch, meant it as humour the reader must judge. It came to his knowledge that much bad language was used at golf. A boy, asked by a magistrate, ' Do

you know, my lad, what an oath is ?' answered, ' I have not followed your Worship at golf without knowing.' The preacher said : ' I have heāred, my brethren, and to my grēāt concern, that much bād language is spoken at golf. I think it my plāin duty to protest against it. Let me noo tell you what happened to me last night. I had a veesion. I dreāmt I saw St. Peter on the Links. He had in his hānd a golden clūb. St. Peter missed his hōle ! It was most provoking. You know what yōu would have said. What do you think St. Peter said, and only said under these most trying circumstances ? He only said : "*Deary me, deary me !*"'

One more illustration I might give out of many as showing how careful preachers should be, even where their intention is good, and especially in speaking to children. The wife of one of the Leeds clergy told me that she never in after years heard of the ten plagues in Egypt without being reminded of it. She was at a girls' school in Kensington, and they all attended a children's service at a district church. The curate preached on the Plague of Frogs : ' Think, dear children, what an awful plague that must have been, of frogs, frogs ! Wherever Pharaoh sat down he sat on frogs, frogs ! Wherever he trod, he trod on frogs, frogs ! Going upstairs, he trod on frogs ! If he carved a leg of mutton he carved through frogs, frogs ! If he had a cup of tea, splash went a frog into the cup of tea ! It must have been a terrible, awful plague !' Now, if the friezes and frescoes of Egyptian life as seen in the British Museum be faithful it is difficult to imagine Pharaoh going upstairs, carving a leg of mutton, and having a cup of what ' cheers and does not inebriate.' No man

with any sense of humour could say what was not only not true to fact, but so *outré* and ridiculous as to leave the lifelong impression which it did.

From all this I turn to the more serious light in which to regard preaching, to the great opportunities and responsibilities of the pulpit. I set before me in imagination what an ordinary congregation represents of 'all sorts and conditions' of men and women, of young men and maidens, of boys and girls, when church doors are opened, and they, as it were, say: 'Now, we are all here present before God to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.' What does not an ordinary congregation represent, underlying all and various external differences! Each and all have a soul to be saved, and need to be told and to understand God's way of saving. Some are yet in darkness; the eyes of the understanding have not been enlightened. Their belief is traditional, a matter of preference or opinion; it is not of deep conviction. They hear much about Christ, but Christ is not 'to them the hope of glory.' There is the acquiescence in the historic fact of the birth, life, and passion of the historic Christ. There is nothing more. Such acquiescence saves them from being branded or labelled as Atheists or Socinians, but is not a saving, it is not an influential, faith. They are not 'witnesses' or 'living epistles,' known and read of all men. Some have their grave doubts. They are honest, not dishonest doubts. They are seeking 'if haply they may find.' It were a grave mistake to brand such as these as 'infidels.' Some are almost committed to a life of frivolity in the social world; hundreds have not the courage of their best convictions to make a practical

decision for God. How many are spiritual invalids, suffering from morbid self-introspection! How many are 'sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before them,' partly through the force of circumstances, of temptation, of want of kindly advice! How many are weak in faith and need encouragement! How many are in the thralldom of a besetting sin which has long made havoc of their spiritual life! How many are fretted with corrosive anxieties; borne down by care; saddened by some domestic trial; grievously tormented by one of many devils! How many are sin-sick, passing through a crisis in their spiritual life! How many are mourning because of bereavement, haunted with the fear of death, and 'all their lifetime subject to its bondage'! Think of all that is ever at strife with the better aspirations of the young, the luring beckonings of the 'world, the flesh, and the devil,' and the voiceless appeal to their better convictions! Who shall say of what little children—the 'little ones' we are not to despise—are capable and susceptible in the tender, impressionable time of childhood life? Some of these 'little ones,' taught but little at home, loving, as so many of them do, to come to church, interested in services, quick to hear and not slow to receive—what do all these want? They want teaching, helping, enlightening by the Holy Ghost; they want encouraging, comfort, strength. They want to hear what they may turn into prayer; they want, under God, something said to them that they can take home to 'their hearts' and take up into their lives—not something to make jest of or turn into scorn or ridicule, to quote to raise a laugh at the expense of the preacher, but sayings 'pondered over in the heart.' Is

all this and much more present in the mind of a preacher as he faces his listeners ~~with manuscript or note?~~ Is the thought present, 'I have a message from God unto thee'? Before he speaks, has he prayed that he himself might be taught if he would teach others? Recall, readers, sermons you have listened to.

Far be it from me to say that a scholarly written sermon, felicitous in its choice of language, thoughtful and having in view 'ears polite,' has not its place and use. A lady once said to me of a certain preacher: 'I go to hear him for a lesson in English.' It was much the same as I used to hear of English girls in Paris; they went to hear Bersier 'for a lesson in French.' But do we go to the church for lessons in English or French? My test of literary sermons, more essays than sermons, is, after the ascription, 'Can I turn the sermon into a prayer, and say it has really helped me heavenward?' I was conversing with a man of considerable culture when I was conducting a mission at Hastings. Speaking of a particular preacher, he said: 'I delight in hearing him; he has such command of language.' To sit and listen to his flow of oratory is a treat, and, best of all, he does not make me think.' The literary essay or the extempore flow of words is not fulfilling the function of the pulpit if it does not lead the hearer both to think and pray.

I heard a young curate once tell us that 'if we were all baptized and received Holy Communion we were all saved.' I said to him: 'If the laity took you at your word your church would be thronged next Sunday with communicants.' I heard a sermon from the Prebendary of a cathedral, the whole of which was



a kind of Obituary. He told us of all the Bishops, Deans, Canons, and Prebendaries he had known. There was not *one word* about Christ, and we had to stand up and ascribe glory to God for what we had heard! I heard a sermon delivered in a crowded church in which the preacher devoted all his time to a discussion on St. Bartholomew, advising and exhorting us to follow his example. At the close of his sermon he said: '*It is right to tell you that we do not know much about him.*'

Again, does that sort of sermon, which is *vox, et præterea nihil*, really do sin-sick and needy souls, hungering for the Word of life, much, if any, real good? Have we not heard sermons stilted and pompous in delivery, clothed in fine raiment of ponderous sentences; of sententious phrases; elaborate wording, which lead people to say, '*What was it all really about? I really cannot recall anything worth remembering, helpful, winning.*' Are sermons all that can be desired which are more about the Church and Church teaching than about Christ and His great salvation, or those which have to do more with political and social questions than with our sins and the need of a Saviour?

There must be something amiss when we compare the best results of modern preaching with those of earlier days, when the subject was 'Jesus and the Resurrection,' when the consciences of thousands were pricked by one sermon. Nowadays it brings tears of thankfulness to our eyes if we are allowed to hear that even one has been 'brought out of darkness into the marvellous light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' There can be no doubt that the decay of

religion, the attitude of too many nowadays towards religion, is due to the disparagement of the pulpit, to the cry for short sermons, to the fact that the message of the pulpit is not that to which the laity are always ready to listen, '*Christ, and Him crucified.*'

Personally, I have the greatest faith in the ordinance of preaching where Christ is preached and the Holy Ghost is honoured ; when study, reading, wide and varied, much secret prayer is bestowed in the preparation of the sermon ; where are something more than 'moral essays flavoured with Christianity,' or moral duties illustrated by Christ's example ; particular traits of the Christian character dwelt upon, of which our Lord was pattern ; elaborate essays which fail to 'divide asunder the joint and marrow' and to reach the depths of man's innermost being. I do not despair of this great ordinance. I do not anticipate the Press superseding the necessity of the sermon, so long as it is not lowered in the eyes and estimation of the laity by poverty of thought, lack of earnestness, and unfaithfulness to its functions. I do not despair of it or believe the day will ever come when people shall practically say, 'If we have been to early Celebration it is all we want.' Its power, its efficacy, will more than hold its own if we teach our people that we work *from* and not *for* life ; that a saving faith differs from a historic belief ; that salvation in Christ is provided, so that we have to accept rather than labour for it ; that all practical religion and all that influences for good have their roots in a lively faith and blossom in the consecrated life. They who are content to preach this will have 'souls to their hire and seals to their ministry.' They who turn many to

righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins. And in closing this chapter I add Cowper's lines :

'The pulpit therefore (and I name it, filled  
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
With what intent I touch that holy thing ;  
I say the pulpit in sober awe  
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand.

'The most important and effective guard,  
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause,  
There stands the messenger of Truth ; there stands  
The legate of the skies. His theme divine,  
His office sacred, his credentials clear,  
By him the violated law speaks out  
Its thunder ; and by him in strains as sweet  
As angels use the Gospel whispers peace.'

Of the preacher :

'Unskilled he be to fawn or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize.  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise,  
At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place,  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.'

GOLDSMITH : *Country Parson*.

## CHAPTER V

### PAROCHIAL 'MISSIONS' AND MISSIONERS

I PASS on from considering the subject of preaching in general to preaching in particular, from its more familiar aspect on 'Sundays and other days' to the special occasions of this ordinance. By this I do not mean pleading for different charities or the advocacy of special societies, which for the most part take place on our Sunday ministrations, and for which special preachers are invited. These are good opportunities for the preacher to acquire valuable information respecting the manifold objects of Christian endeavour, and for the people to give of their substance towards their support.

Such occasions are, to my mind, of great value to the preacher, always provided he does not content himself with 'tacking on' a few words at the end of his sermon—*e.g.*, 'Before I close this discourse, suffer me to remind you,' etc.; or with a few preparatory words: 'Before I proceed to give out my text, let me call your attention *very briefly* to the great need of this excellent society,' etc., and then follows a sermon which has next to nothing to do with that 'excellent cause.' 'Charity sermons' are like danger signals to many, warning them off from church, occasioning the excuse for non-attendance. A 'charity

sermon ’ may be made interesting if the preacher takes pains first to inform himself of the charity itself, and uses the opportunity for letting people know in what direction it is working, what it is effecting, etc.

There is scarcely a charity I have not been invited to advocate. I have endeavoured to get all the information possible, not only from reports, but by personal visit and inquiry. This has brought me information I could not otherwise have gathered. To this end I have visited hospitals, reformatories, asylums for the blind and mutes, Earlswood Asylum for idiots, cripples’ homes, penitentiaries, prisons. slums in our cities, thieves’ kitchens, and have invariably found interested hearers, as the result of knowledge thus personally acquired.

It is, I think, to a certain extent the fault of the clergy if ‘charity sermons’ do not interest our people. We shall never interest them nor ‘provoke unto good works’ if we content ourselves with a very slight reference to the cause we are expected specially to plead. Our people want to know, as they ought to know, what is being done for Christ. I also feel very strongly that a charity sermon should not be made unnecessarily the occasion of a holiday for the Vicar. There are certain objects with which the parish priest should closely and heartily identify himself by his presence, by pleading for it himself, and not always by the ‘deputation.’ I do not say that the ‘deputation’ may not and does not bring with him special knowledge, but somehow, and yet not wrongly, the running away on the Sunday of the Vicar conveys an undesirable and unfavourable impression. If a hard-worked vicar, sometimes single-handed, needs, as hundreds do, an

occasional rest, would it not be better to seek it for some other Sunday in the year than when a charity is to be pleaded?

No one has enjoyed more than myself, or, I hope, more fully appreciated, the opportunities which invitations to preach on special occasions have brought me: the hearty welcome, the hospitality of the vicarage, the kindly intercourse of its inmates, not forgetting little children;\* making the acquaintance of brother clergy and leading laity; interchanges of experience; mutual counsel; bright and pleasant gatherings, and last, but not least, the congregations, earnest, attentive, devout. Yet I sometimes say to myself, 'Is not this a great opportunity'—on, *e.g.*, a harvest or choir festival—'for the Vicar *himself*, when many come who are not seen at other times?' For there are certain occasions when people will come to church and crowd it out, wholly independent of the preacher. It is a lost opportunity to the parish priest himself. A deputation can hardly be expected to be *en rapport* with a congregation to whom he does not habitually minister. If he signs his name in the vestry in the list of 'strange preachers,' might he not add under the column of 'remarks,' 'To a strange congregation'? You are also rather at the mercy, for the time being of the 'deputation,' who may turn out in very truth a 'strange preacher.'

On one occasion, on my inviting such to plead for a particular mission, I wrote and asked him not to enlarge on the claims of the 'heathen,' but to give my people some facts and details connected with the work.

\* 'A dear little trot' had the audacity (!) to address a letter to me, 'Dear Dean Teaze, The Deanery, Bristol.'

He made up his mind to act on my request to such an extent that I have considered it more prudent to abstain from making such a request again. He described in some detail how a native chief was struck with his dress, and besought him to bestow upon him certain portions of it, even to unmentionable garments. I was filled with fear lest nothing should be left to give away. I venture to think also that deputations themselves must sometimes long to be less tied to subject, and more free to preach and speak on other themes.

I am not quite sure that offertories are much affected by special pleading of 'strange preachers.' People, as a rule, make up their minds beforehand what they intend to give. The remarkable average of offertories proves this. Occasionally, but only occasionally, you hear of people, under the impulse of excited feeling, putting bracelets, rings, brooches, etc., into the bag or plate. Let us hope they are not of those of whom quaint Fuller writes: 'They are like sailors who in moments of fear throw the cargo overboard, and wish for it back in a calm.' Nor do we often hear of what I have been given to understand—I may have been misinformed—happened in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, reminding one of Sydney Smith's cynical remark that 'the most eloquent charity sermon he ever heard of was one where a man put his hand in his neighbour's pocket and contributed handsomely.' The story I have heard is this: that a pickpocket picked a lady's pocket of her watch during Divine service. He was so profoundly affected by Wilkinson's sermon that when the bag or plate came round he so far repented of his evil-doing that he

slipped the watch into it. No doubt his conscience was relieved. The question arose who could claim the watch. Not the thief, for he would not be likely to confess his theft; not the victim, for it was not of the nature of 'cheerful giving.' This incident, which I believe is not apocryphal, is an interesting question for a casuist.

Tempting as this subject of offertories is, I must not go off the rails. It is marvellous how small they are 'per head.' It is almost past belief how many give nothing at all, even after earnest appeals. Is it not a scandal, and nothing less, that you should find a 'button' or a lozenge in what is about to be solemnly offered to God at the altar? It is an unworthy act to put in plate or bag some foreign coin for which we have no further use. It argues but a poor conception of *worship* to limit it to prayer, praise, sermon, and not to bear in mind that to *give* is part of 'worship.' It is a grave fault in the Church of England that children are not taught from their childhood to give. It is a fact as notorious as it is not to our credit that Nonconformists and members of the 'Free Churches' give far more liberally and generously than members of the Church of England do.

I recall two out of many comments made by children, which must have conveyed a silent rebuke from the 'lips of children.' I can vouch for their truth.

A child once saw her mother put a *halfpenny* into the plate. After service she said to her child: 'I do not think it right, dear, to criticise sermons, but I must say I did not think that the sermon we heard to-night was worth much.' To which the child replied: '*Well, mother, but what can you expect for a*



*halfpenny?* On another occasion the preacher, advocating some special mission to the heathen, represented them as inhabitants of 'torrid regions,' dispensing with clothing, and living in a state of nudity. The child observed its father putting a *button* into the plate. 'Father,' said the *enfant terrible*, 'did I not understand the preacher this evening to say that those savages went about naked?' 'Yes, my dear boy; I am pleased to find you were so attentive.' 'But why, father, did you put a button into the plate?'

What shall we say to these things?

There are many and different uses to which the pulpit is put, and, as all congregations know from experience, there are many and ever-increasing occasions for, if I may call it, *speciality*—e.g., special services for men, women, children, each of these being found of use and benefit. But within the last thirty years we have had ten and twelve days' missions, held in particular parishes, partly of the nature of a 'revival,' and yet, where soberly conducted and on Church lines, are unaccompanied, as a rule, by that excitement ordinarily associated with revivalism. They have undoubtedly been productive of permanent and very blessed results. On this subject I may write the more fully and confidently in that it has pleased God to call me to conduct missions for now twenty-five years. Few have conducted more. A great wave of spiritual life, awakening, stimulating, energizing, edifying, has spread itself over the Church, and I shall not, I hope, be misunderstood when I say that the parochial clergy are greatly indebted, in the majority of cases, to those who freely and voluntarily have come amongst them

and borne the great strain of a 'ten days' mission.' For my part, I yield to none in the earnest conviction that few, if any, agencies in modern times have done more, under God, to vitalize particular parishes, to make religion more impressively real, to strengthen the hands of our hard-working clergy in town or village, to excite them to yet greater devotion, to bring them more 'in touch' with their people, to win individual souls to Christ, to reclaim the erring, to build up the children of God in their most holy faith, than a mission, well prepared for, soberly conducted, diligently followed up.

It is not, of course, my purpose to do here what I have several times been invited to do at Congresses—viz., to suggest what should be done by way of preparation, what in the conduct of a mission itself, nor in what way the undoubted and best results of this special work should be made permanent and moulded into definite forms of practical usefulness. All this lies outside the object and intention of this chapter. All I would add is that a mission has opened the eyes of the clergy, or, where already opened, has encouraged them to hold from time to time services similar to those which they could not fail to notice were acceptable to their people, and such as need not be dropped or discontinued when the mission has, in one sense, come to a close. I mean, *e.g.*, a short address at Holy Communion, made, as it should be, a separate office. How many recall with gratitude the quiet hour, the sweet hymns, the brief address, the deep devotion of communicants! How many valued the mid-day 'instruction' or 'Bible-reading,' followed by a short intercessory service! How many recall the

rapt stillness of an ‘after-meeting,’ when impressions, convictions, and resolutions had the seal set to them by the Holy Spirit!

The idea or work of missions is, with too many, almost exclusively limited to and associated with missions to the ‘heathen,’ with the evangelizing effort of the Church Missionary Society, or with the supervision, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, of our missionaries and Colonial empire. From their childhood it has never occurred to many to apply the word ‘missions’ to any effort within our own shores, or to any sphere of operation but that of so-called and generally understood ‘heathenism.’ Annual sermons and meetings, ‘deputations from parent societies,’ special preachers, working parties, missionary-boxes, etc., have all been utilized to impress upon us a sense of our own privileges and responsibilities, and of the claims which the untutored savage or benighted heathen have on our sympathy, prayer, and alms. So it has come to pass that the idea of a ‘mission’ to any but the heathen is looked upon as a misnomer and inapplicable. For many, also, there is a certain fascination about foreign missions which home missions have not. To win the soul of one ‘sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death’ in ‘darkest Africa’ or elsewhere commends itself more to the mind and sympathy than the conversion of a bargee or a begrimed artisan. To enlighten a Hindoo or Brahmin and bring him to a saving knowledge of Christ seems to some of more importance and worth more effort than to bring one of culture and intellect in an ordinary congregation to the same saving knowledge. It would seem as if the rejoicing of angels over the sinner that repenteth was

recorded rather as an encouragement to those labouring in far-distant lands than for one who seeks the conversion or restoration to God of a great sinner or backslider at home. All honour to the 'noble army of martyrs,' ancient and modern, who, at the plain call of the Master, have left our shores to 'witness' for Him amidst all the difficulties and perils of heathenism. 'The blood of martyrs' is now, as in Tertullian's time, 'the seed of the Church.' To evangelize the heathen; to leave no portion of 'His inheritance' unvisited and untrodden by the feet of those who preach the 'glad tidings of the Gospel of peace'; to supervise and provide means of grace for our emigrants and colonists, far removed from opportunities of worship, and very liable to lapse into practical heathenism, is a confessed obligation and duty. To girdle the world with the episcopacy, and to regard every new and fully-constituted diocese as yet one more gem in the crown of England's widespread sovereignty, is a 'holy desire' and laudable ambition, by which Christ's kingdom may be increased and His coming hastened. But, meanwhile, religious people and the laity at large strangely overlook or ignore our *heathen at home*. To speak, indeed, of 'heathen at home' seems a reflection cast on our common Christianity. Are there heathen in Christian England? Can such an epithet or designation, so long applied to the dark places of the earth, be true of a land of light and culture such as our own?

Slowly, reluctantly, but surely, is the fact of heathenism at home being forced on the attention of all who grieve over the spiritual condition of the people in towns and villages in England alone, and who are beginning to bethink themselves whether or not efforts

to evangelize savage or superstitious races have not been at the cost of that ‘charity which begins at home.’ In our interest in ‘darkest Africa’ we have somehow ignored the heathen at our very doors. The condition of the vast population in our great cities untouched, unleavened, uninfluenced by religion, is not only confessed and deplorable, but is a blot on our Christianity and a most serious obstacle to the greater and more commanding success of foreign missions. We are often told that our differences of doctrine and worship, our internecine wranglings and want of unity, make the acceptance of Christianity difficult to a thoughtful and devout heathen. These differences are often exaggerated. To my mind, consistently with the universal law of Nature that endless variety is perfectly consistent with unity, I doubt that this apparent want of agreement amongst ourselves is as serious or difficult as is commonly represented. At any rate, we cannot call it a scandal. But the unleavened mass of humanity in a Christian land is a scandal, and to the mind of a thoughtful heathen—and there are many such—it cannot but be a grave difficulty when we ask him to renounce his own religion and accept Christianity. Over and over again during my ministry in Paris it has been remarked to me by Roman Catholics, criticising the low morals and looseness of life of Anglicans abroad: ‘If your reformed faith is so much better than ours, which you are continually denouncing, why is not your practice better?’ The challenge is perfectly fair and reasonable. Max Müller, in the preface to his ‘Chips from a German Workshop,’ tells of a Brahmin, convinced of the truth of Christianity simply by reading the Bible, who was fired with a desire to see the

country which made the Bible 'free and open.' He landed at Liverpool, and when he saw the drunkenness and harlotry in its streets he took ship and sped fast back to his own country. It was only his faith in the unadulterated Word of God that saved him from going back to his earlier faith. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, when appointed to the See of Rochester, publicly expressed what he felt at the appalling fact that 2,000,000 of his diocese seemed utterly untouched by Christian influence and teaching! Personally, I do not believe that this deplorable state of things in our very midst is due to any native aversion to religion, much less to the atheism of serious thought or of unexamined avowal of unbelief. It is far more due to the force of circumstances.

When we recall the surroundings of certain districts, the conditions so unfavourable to spirituality, the grinding poverty, corroding care, unsanitary homes, in which, of necessity, the decencies of life cannot be secured, and that 'dead level of poverty' above which few, if any, attempt to rise, we realize that it is the environment of the life far more than any virulent hostility to religion which accounts for and explains 'spiritual destitution.' You cannot expect careworn, poorly-clad, half-starved, poverty-oppressed ones to come in any number to our churches. They are not at home there. The utmost you can do is to bring to them the Church and her ministrations, all her evangelizing, humanizing, philanthropic, kindly agencies. If Max Müller's calculation be correct, that a poor man's vocabulary is limited to about 300 words, then the language of our Prayer-Book, archaic even to educated ears, is simply unintelligible to the costermonger, the waifs and strays

of human life, the special species of the *genus homo* to be found in crowded rooms and stifling dens. But these have souls to be saved, these have been redeemed by the ‘precious blood-shedding,’ and ‘if the mountain will not or cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.’

Some years ago, when home missions were less thought of than they are now, I was preaching at St. Philip’s on behalf of the Bishop of London’s Fund. My subject was ‘Home *versus* Foreign Missions.’ The late Mr. Walter, M.P., of *The Times*, was present. He came into the vestry and offered to publish, as he did, the sermon at his own cost, and sent me the day following a cheque for £50, adding how strongly he felt the need of the people of this country realizing the importance of *home* missions, and regretting that the subject was not more often brought before our congregations. Coming from one of his position and influence, his words made a great impression upon me.

The experience of the East End London clergy, than whom the Church has nowhere a more devoted and self-denying body of men, would, if it could be voiced, bear me out in saying that the spiritual condition of a vast proportion of their enormous parishes is simply appalling. It is well-nigh paralyzing. It is calculated that 75 per cent. of the people in their districts ‘go nowhere.’ Nonconformity is not one whit more successful in its efforts than is the Church of England. It is in this seething, festering mass of unleavened humanity that our peril as a nation really lies; it is in this rank soil that infidelity, socialism, in its most *outré* forms sow their baneful seeds, to bring forth their harvest of indifference, profanity, apathy,

license, discontent, and all that is bred of fallen nature apart from the influences of our 'most holy faith.' We are not astonished as much as we are disquieted and distressed at the answer given by a little child when asked by a magistrate, 'What do you know of God?' 'Please, sir, that's the name father, when he is drunk, always swears by.'

But, again it is to know but little of facts, brought to light and abundantly borne out by Parochial missions, were we to limit the idea or necessity of a mission to the class above described. If a knowledge of 'saving truth' be sometimes found where you least expect it, such saving knowledge and its practical outcome of a holy life is not found where it might reasonably be looked for. We need not penetrate into 'darkest Africa' nor go far to find in our congested cities a 'darkness which may be felt.' Ignorance of saving truth and feeble conception of what Christ would have us both be and do may and do co-exist with conditions of life far removed from savagery or from what is coarse and brutal in our midst. Not until and unless we get below the surface and veneer of our cultured and civilized life can we have any conception of how 'skin-deep' is 'religion,' how slender its hold over the heart, how feeble the motive for doing right or abstaining from wrong.

Religion, as we term it, may be no more than veneer; at best it is but a bundle of 'opinions' lightly formed, and 'soon shaken by every wind of doctrine.' I speak of that which I know and have observed, not amongst the poorer and uneducated classes only, but amongst the well-to-do and refined. It is astonishing, seeing how important and momentous is religious belief,



consistently with our profession of it, how very few ‘examine themselves whether they be in the faith’; how many know but little of doctrine, its history and credibility. With us at home, for the most part, Christianity is acquiesced in unexamined: it is hardly understood. It has been adopted as apparently the best, most reliable, perhaps most respectable, of creeds, without any *personal* inquiry as to its claim on our acceptance and allegiance. Tens of thousands have inherited it; they have been cradled and baptized in it. As adult baptism is the exception rather than the rule, no opportunity is given to an unconscious infant to inquire into the faith to which at baptism it is committed.

I recall one instance of a highly educated and thoughtful girl, whose baptism had been neglected in her infancy. When I was preparing her for adult baptism, she took infinite pains herself to understand, as far as she might, every separate article of the Nicene Creed before she consented to be baptized. Such cases are rare. In some instances some few defer their Confirmation on the same grounds, and the preparation of candidates shows the necessity of a thorough doctrinal *grounding*, as well as of making it the occasion of consecration; but with the vast majority of the educated classes few seriously examine the grounds, history, and claims of Christianity. They would hesitate to question what parents transmit and pastors commonly teach. It is possible that such would have been equally ready to accept Mohammedanism or the teaching of Confucius or Buddha had their lot been cast in heathen lands. Religion is a matter of opinion rather than of deep, Spirit-taught,

unalterable conviction. It comes to be indolently acquiesced in. Parents, as a rule, take but little pains to indoctrinate their children with its first principles. Many pick up all they know of great verities from scant reading of the Bible, from familiar prayers, from sermons or conversation; but their knowledge is dubious rather than definite. If for some Gibbon's cynical saying commends itself, that 'to the magistrate all religions were equally useful, to the philosopher equally false, to the people equally true,' the more intellectual classes, unaware of or not recognising the fact that 'spiritual truth is spiritually discerned,' consider themselves at liberty to reject what intellect cannot fathom and unaided reason fails to explain. They dub themselves 'Freethinkers.'

The result of all this want of definite teaching and of personal conviction is that 'believers' are as grains of gold in the general *detritus* of wasted and unused lives. You have in your midst men and women with splendid capabilities and abounding opportunities, who acquiesce in a kind of religion that involves but little, which entails no self-denial, is facile to accept, with no recognised claims on heart and life beyond that general standard of religion which saves them from being regarded as 'atheists,' but is of little practical use to themselves or the world at large. It is a religion of perpetual compromise, because half-hearted; it is uninfluential, because not of conviction; it is unsatisfying, and fails to comfort or sustain in those great crises of life when faith is tried as to what sort it is. They have some regard for it from its sentimental or æsthetic side. The witchery of colour, the dreamy rapture of sweet music, the effect of glow-

ing oratory, the *entourage* of beautiful architecture, devoutly-rendered service, imposing ritual, and the ‘millinery of religion,’ cheat them for the time into believing that emotion is religion, that the ‘odour of sanctity’ is holiness. Sermons that deal with social questions are listened to, with the common observation that clergy should ‘keep abreast with the questions of the day.’ ‘Practical sermons’ are approved, because all feel that there is room for improvement, forgetting that Christianity is not tinkering and patching, but that ‘new wine must be put into new bottles’; that the work of the axe lies at the *root* of the tree, and not in lopping off its branches; that we work *from*, and not *for*, life. And, alas! if the truth must be told, too many of our clergy fall into this snare. There is an increasing tendency to secularize the pulpit, in response to the challenge that we should ‘keep abreast with the opinions of the day.’ Hence preaching lacks *incisiveness*. There is not open rebuke of vice, there is not sufficient of earnest appeal to the heart and conscience. Too many aim at eloquence, with its flow of words, not at that delivery of ‘the message’ which needs no such embellishment.

Now this was not the preaching which won the world to Christ. The earliest sermons were such as sent three thousand away ‘pricked’ in their conscience, and made to ask, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ I am reminded of one who, on my appointment to St. Philip’s after Mr. Bellew’s ministry, came to me in the vestry and counselled me to follow in his footsteps. ‘Did you ever hear him read, sir? I would go miles to hear him read the lessons.’ ‘No,’ I replied; ‘but if his reading of the Bible made you a more diligent reader

of it, I think you are quite justified in going miles to hear him.' 'Ah, yes,' he said; 'did you ever hear him read the Ten Commandments? I would go any distance to hear him read the Commandments.' 'If,' I replied, 'his reading of the Commandments makes you keep them better, I can understand you going any distance to hear him.' 'Oh—ah—yes,' he said. 'Yes, yes; *but that is another thing.*' It was the old story of the 'pleasant voice,' etc.

There is yet another serious hindrance to that personal piety which is the outcome of sincere conviction and Spirit-taught experience of saving truth. If for the poor the language of our Liturgy is archaic and unwonted, and might for all practical purposes be in an 'unknown tongue,' vital religion is seriously blighted by unreality in what we say and sing in our churches. Take any ordinary congregation on any given Sunday in our cathedrals or parish churches. It is quite true that you cannot compose a Prayer-Book for 'unbelievers.' It may be difficult, if not impossible, to lower the standard of worship to meet the spiritual requirements of an average 'miscellaneous' congregation. On all hands it will be agreed that absolute simplicity and veracity of mind are prime conditions of true piety, unless religion is to be fetish worship or of superstitious observance. But is it not true, without judging, but by 'discerning,' that the language of our public worship is of a kind which but a small portion, at best, can honestly appropriate and truthfully use? Think of the motives which are at work in promoting public worship and 'church-going.' How many come out of custom, habit, and outward respect for God's holy day! It would not be 'good

form' not to pay at least the feeble tribute of attending one service on Sunday. The force of public opinion, the opportunity of meeting friends after service at a church parade (!), and many more reasons which might be given, prompt church-going. Some of these motives, especially the force of public opinion, operate only on this side of the Channel: they are inoperative abroad. We have but to minister on the Continent to see how slender is the hold that the sanctity of God's day has on many 'professing Christians.' The waterworks at Versailles, the races at Chantilly, the pleasant afternoon or evening drive to the Bois, are to many Englishmen far more attractive than Divine service; or you will see not a few attending Roman Catholic churches who at home are loud in their protestations against the 'errors of the Church of Rome.' The selfish, worldly, frivolous, sceptical, indifferent, are gathered together promiscuously, tares amongst the wheat, within our church walls. How unreal must much they say and sing be! There are some 'sitting loose to religion' to whom religious and serious thought is rare. Secret communion with God; private reading of His Word; devout acts of Holy Communion; the acting and prompting of a surrendered heart, what know many habitual worshippers of these? They are inside church walls, but they are really more at home *outside*. 'Do not think,' said one to me, whom I found on his death-bed without any faith, yet whose attendance at church was habitual, and whose attention seemed fixed on me when preaching—'do not think I was listening to one word you said. I was only thinking all the time how I could make money in my business.'

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To put into the lips of those who form the bulk of our congregations, whether in a thieves' kitchen or a luxurious West-End church, language that is the *crème de la crème* of the most saintly cannot but, in many cases, foster unreality. We come to believe that such language is the expression of our own convictions. May there not be glib, parrot-like confession of sin where the guilt of sin has never been realized, prayers for pardon where the need of forgiveness is not felt, lessons enjoyed if well and intelligently read, the sermon listened to if well delivered, and, above all recommendations, if it be *short*? And as for hymns which express the fervour of a martyr, the self-abasement or the rapture of a saint, a passionate belief in the reality of things unseen, or eager, impatient longing to 'be in paradise,' I saw in Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, a young aristocrat twirling his delicate moustache, and his *fiancée* by his side examining her engagement-ring whilst singing 'O Paradise! O Paradise! I long to be at rest!' We will not call this mockery, for it is not intended to be mockery. We will not denounce this as a caricature of religion, because people are unconscious of the incongruity, and have so drifted into this mental condition and attitude that it does not strike them with its unreality; but if we bring a strong indictment against this awful travesty of worship it is to show how this unreality has much to do with the low level of religious life in which too many are content to be, and how fatal it must be to spirituality and to any right, intelligent, and practical understanding of saving truth. It is largely responsible for those glaring inconsistencies which 'give the enemies of the Lord occasion

to blaspheme,’ and for that sore lack of ‘living witnesses’ for Christ which all who name His name should be. Hence it is that for such, to be met with everywhere, a *mission* is imperatively needed, when, after a period of prayerful preparation, a spirit of expectation is excited. A stranger comes, not to preach some other doctrine, but for a period of ten days or more to proclaim foundation truths—*e.g.*, repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, obedience to and decision for Him. Under the sought presence of the Holy Ghost, all throughout his preaching, and in the stillness of the after-meeting, the aim and intention of the missionary is to arouse the careless, to restore the lapsed, to edify the believers, and in many ways to make such a time what those who have had large and happy experience of this aspect of home missions have known them, *laus Deo*, to have been, ‘times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.’

A mission brings to light that the laity are by no means so indifferent, so apathetic, so unimpressionable as clergy too often think them to be. It proves also that they respond gladly and heartily to those special efforts, which so often have more ‘life’ and reality condensed into one hour or even one half-hour than in the longer time of our more stated and formal services.

It goes without saying that a mission is not intended to be of a party nature or infected with party spirit ; it goes without saying that its *motive* must be pure and simple. All this is by way of preface and introduction, and if in what is to follow I here and there narrate experiences, grave or otherwise, in connection with

missions ; it is only to show what a missionary has sometimes to face and even endure in conducting one.

I need hardly say that, as a mission is a special effort, it must be conducted, for obvious reasons, by someone else than the Vicar of the parish. The very fact that the invitation must come from the Vicar is in itself proof that he himself feels that a perfect stranger should conduct it. If under his own ministry, however faithful, the spiritual life of his parish has become stagnant or stationary, no special effort on his part is likely to improve its condition. I have met with one who announced his intention of conducting his own mission. He was a Rector of a large and important London parish. In conversation with me he told me he intended to take part in the general London Mission. 'Who,' I said, 'are you thinking of to invite to conduct it?' 'I shall take it myself,' he replied. 'I have no idea of handing over my parish and people to a stranger.' I expressed my surprise, as I knew he had had no experience whatever of conducting missions, and his own ministry was not a success. 'What,' I said, 'do you propose to do?' 'Well, you choose certain subjects, do you not?' 'Yes.' 'And you see people after service, and pray with them if they wish it, do you not?' 'Yes.' 'Well, that is what I shall do. For subjects, I shall take the first evening "Kindness to Servants." Many people are not kind to their servants. At the conclusion of my sermon I shall say: "Now, if any of you feel, after hearing me, that you have not been kind to your servants, I shall be glad to see you in the vestry after service and pray with you." On the next evening I shall take the subject of "Paying Debts." Many people do not pay their debts. At



the conclusion of my sermon I shall say: “Now, if any of you are aware that you have not paid your debts, I shall be very glad to see you in the vestry and pray with you.”’ Now, all this was said in earnest. He was of a thoroughly practical mind. That was his idea of a mission. I told him I feared he would have to remain for the greater part of the night in the vestry if he were to interview everyone who had not paid up all his outstanding accounts.

No; a missionary must be a stranger invited by the Vicar. He must enjoy his confidence all throughout, and be allowed, unquestioned, to do what experience has proved desirable and helpful. The Vicar must be content for the while to stand aside. His presence at the various services is invaluable, as expressing not only his personal and prayerful sympathy, but because as the waters of the Jordan touched first the feet of the priests who bare the Ark, so in many instances the parish priest has been the first to receive a blessing.

I need not say that the Bishop of the diocese should not conduct the mission. I once asked a Bishop why he did not himself conduct in his cathedral a ‘quiet day’ or ‘retreat’ for his clergy. His answer was: ‘It would not do. We are brought into such difficult and even strained relations with our clergy that it would not do.’ Lawn sleeves would be out of place in a parochial mission. Imagine some soul, under deep conviction, in private interview with a Bishop, having to preface the story of its soul distress with ‘My lord’ or ‘Your lordship’! The fact is that very few of our Bishops know much about missions. They are not, as a rule, the leaders of the clergy in these spiritual movements. There are some, notably Archbishop

Maclagan, Bishops Wilkinson, Glyn, Kennion, and the late lamented Walsham How, who have had considerable personal experience in the conduct of missions, but with these exceptions our Bishops have had no such experience, and our trouble has sometimes been great with them. Travelling from London to Bournemouth in company with the late Dr. Harold Browne, on my way to take the mission at Bournemouth, the Bishop spoke to me about the mission, and said he proposed to preach on the evening of the following Sunday in Holy Trinity. I was bold enough to say : 'Of course, your lordship must do as you think right in your own diocese, but if that is your intention I must at once return home.' Every missionary will understand that the first Sunday, when people necessarily come to church, is of the utmost importance to the missionary ; he has the ear of the people. Much depends on the impression made on Sunday, and if you take a definite course of subjects, you must have Sunday evening's opportunity. No one of any experience in preaching at a mission would have made such a proposal. I said to the Bishop : 'If you will give the preliminary address at a gathering of clergy, workers, and others interested in the mission on Saturday afternoon, that would be of real help. We desire to know and feel that we have your sanction for what may be a departure sometimes from the ordinary and strictly rubrical directions, and have your presence and blessing.' To this he at once and very kindly agreed, adding : 'I trust and hope a blessing may rest upon it.' I could not help saying : 'Do not say to the people you *trust* and *hope* ; this is what they too often

say. We must go forth in a spirit of holy assurance that God will fulfil His Word, and that whenever “Christ crucified” is preached in momentary dependence on the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, the word preached will be accompanied “with signs following.” Strike,’ I said, ‘*that* keynote, and do not let the people feel that while giving it your episcopal sanction you have any doubt or “perhaps” in your mind as to results.’ In his address on Saturday, he generously spoke in full confidence of the expected blessing. The presence of the late Dr. Campbell, Bishop of Bangor, at nearly all the services when I took the mission in his cathedral was a felt power, and the opening address by Bishop Potter, of New York, in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, where I also conducted the mission, was memorable for its tone of encouragement.

But notwithstanding that you have been specially invited, which implies that confidence is reposed in you, and ought to safeguard you against ‘vexation of spirit,’ you cannot say that you are always prepared for, if not active opposition, yet for an attitude towards yourself on the part of the one who has invited you which is very trying, and needs much patience and self-restraint. I studiously abstain from mentioning place or name. I was invited—nay, urged—as a ‘personal favour’ by a Bishop, no longer with us, to do what is most difficult to do—to take up the broken threads of a mission that had not been carefully prepared for, and was altogether wanting in method. I was to give an address in the cathedral in the afternoon, and the other services were to be held in one of the city churches. In the vestry before service there was the not un-

usual chatter about 'things temporal.' There was no prayer for God's blessing on the mission. I was not, *ab initio*, surprised at what the Bishop wrote in asking me to come. I preached on the need of honouring the Holy Ghost, and happened to say that we should not *ask for salvation*, but that we should pray that the Holy Spirit would show us our need of what was already provided and awaited our acceptance. Noah did not ask for the Ark. I received next morning a very irate letter from the 'Canon in residence.' He said that in all his life he had never heard such teaching; that nothing would induce him, duty or no duty, to come again as long as I was there. We were to have a prayer-meeting in the city. The Bishop asked me if I did not see people after service and pray with them. I replied that that is one of the most interesting features of a mission. He said that he had had prayer-meetings, had invited people to come and speak to him that he might counsel and pray with them. The prayer-meeting was held in a large schoolroom. There was a raised platform, on which the Bishop, Dean, and some clergy (not the irate Canon) took their places. The Bishop offered up very earnest prayer, and invited anyone moved to do so, to come and speak to him. No one was moved. How was it likely that under *any* circumstances, but especially in a small cathedral city, where everyone knew everyone, anyone would accept this well-intentioned public invitation? It was not an 'experience meeting.' I could see that the Bishop was 'put out.' I felt for him. We adjourned to the parish church. On our way the Bishop said: 'I shall be curious to watch your method, and see if you are

more successful.’ I had an uncomfortable feeling of one method being, as it were, ‘pitted’ against the other. A considerable number of people remained for the ‘after-meeting.’ While they were on their knees I suggested, at intervals, topics for prayer; this is very commonly done. So large was the attendance and so deep the devotion that I felt constrained to prolong this ‘after-meeting.’ I went into the vestry for a short rest. I found, to my sorrow, not to say great disquietude, the Bishop in a high state of excitement. ‘I must,’ he said, ‘solemnly protest. It was like a series of “pop-guns,”’ and more which I refrain from repeating. Of course, I felt, under the circumstances, that I had no alternative but to return home next morning. I could not continue the mission under such circumstances. I could not continue, out of respect to the Diocesan, to do what he did not approve of. I could not do so out of self-respect. I explained all this frankly to the Bishop, and requested that I might return home. He dissuaded me from doing so, and I remained.

A year afterwards I invited the Bishop to preach in my church. He came, and took for his text: ‘Thy kingdom come.’ He was speaking of different agencies at work for the extension of Christ’s kingdom. ‘And now,’ he said, ‘we come to missions, in which your Vicar has long taken an active part.’ As I sat in the reading-desk, the letter of the irate Canon was recalled, a vision of that scene in the vestry rose before me! ‘Oh,’ I said to myself, ‘please God, the preacher is not going to solemnly protest against missions!’ The Bishop proceeded to say: ‘Of all the instrumentalities of our age for giving effect in a parish to this prayer,

I know none to be compared with a "parochial mission." We had one in our city last year ; instead of our usual small number of confirmees, we had this year exactly threefold. When I asked my candidates what led them to desire to be confirmed, in almost every instance it was a resolution made during that mission.' I shed the tears which I could not help shedding, tears of thankfulness. It was a noble confession, and grand testimony on the part of the Bishop. To me it was 'the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' Why do I recall and quote this? It serves to show that, as a rule, Bishops know little or nothing about the conduct of a mission, but within my knowledge not a few have been persuaded by confessed results to bear grateful testimony to their value.

The most trying experience I have ever had was in connection with the largest mission I have been privileged to conduct. The opposition of which we sometimes hear to a mission before people have had experience of it ; the way in which it is sometimes spoken against ; the efforts made to dissuade people from attending the services ; the ridicule cast upon a mission, that it begins and ends with hysterical excitement, has no lasting results—I would rather hear all this than not. It is a proof that a good work is about to be done. But this is very different from what a missionary may, and in the most unexpected quarters, have to suffer.

I was specially invited to conduct a mission in a widely-known church and parish. The Vicar went so far as to say that he would have a mission on the sole condition that I should be the missionary. I accepted the invitation, believing that he had the fullest confidence

in me, that he knew from what I had written and by report what I taught, and that I should be received with ‘open arms.’ It is calculated that 50,000 people attended that mission. Six thousand were counted at the concluding thanksgiving service. A ‘very thorn in the flesh’ was sent to buffet me, doubtless lest I should ‘be exalted above measure.’ When I returned to the Vicarage after the service not one member of that household opened his or her lips to me! Our meals were eaten in dead, profound silence. This was not a prolonged ‘quiet day,’ where the ‘rule of silence during meals’ was to be strictly observed. After the strain of a service, as every missionary knows, the conversation at meals, the talking it all over, is of the nature of pleasant reaction, and largely helps you throughout its conduct. But no, not a word! The Vicar used to wander round and round the pulpit when I was preaching, as if to be assured I was teaching what *he* taught. I am persuaded that he never anticipated the multitude that came together. What he did expect and why he invited me, I cannot to this day understand or fathom. He was really consumed with unholy jealousy. His own stated ministry did not bring these thousands to his church. It was, in plain English, ‘too much’ for him and his. He infected his five curates with the same feeling towards me. When I went to the early Celebration not one of them spoke to me! I felt almost as if I were some criminal and had committed some great offence. I had no kindly word of farewell when I left. No inquiry was made afterwards that I had not suffered bodily from the tremendous strain. But I felt it must be gone through. What I felt was the workings of

our poor human nature. It was unfair towards me. No man has a right to invite you of his own accord to leave your own work and devote ten arduous days, preaching four times a day and seeing 'inquirers,' and to treat you after this fashion. But so it was. I try to forget it when I recall the listening thousands ; all that followed afterwards to me of grateful letters ; but, above all, that one of those five curates was himself truly converted. The most opposed to the mission, he himself received a memorable blessing. He was raised up of God to speak as he had never spoken before, and when I told him, after prayer with him, that he should 'tell others what God had done for his soul,' he said : 'I have not waited for you to bid me do this. I did all in my power to oppose this mission. I called on people, and endeavoured to dissuade them from attending the services. I have been to every one since to ask their forgiveness for what I both said and did.' Such a fact alone more than outweighs the recollection of what it were idle to say was at times almost more than I could bear.

These represent experiences in conducting a mission, as unlooked for as I would fain believe they are rare, almost as incredible as they are painful. There are those who can confirm such experience. Let me draw down the blind over them, and think of others less trying. In some cases you cannot but be aware that the Vicar is not really *en rapport* with you. He says nothing one way or the other. It is not what he expected. The problem to be solved is, What *did* he expect ? You feel yourself tolerated throughout. I conducted a very God-crowned mission in a cathedral. Night after night the cathedral was crowded, apart from the



attendance at other services. We had our usual service of praise and thanksgiving. With a heart full of gratitude to God, I came into the vestry. Then it was that the pent-up, ill-restrained feeling of ten days burst its barriers, like the walls of a reservoir giving way to pressure. All the Dean said was, not ‘Thank you,’ but ‘Thank God it is over!’ It is difficult not to feel as you are ministering, there is one present who is really not in sympathy with you; is bored by the mission; is criticising more than listening to what God shall say to him. Of such are they who, instead of having the courage of their convictions and saying, ‘I do not believe in missions,’ or ‘My people are not yet ripe for one,’ fall in with the proposal to hold a ‘general mission,’ lest they should provoke invidious comment by not taking part in it. Better, perhaps, not to have one at all than, when it ought to be evident that God is owning it, to chafe, fret, and sulk about it. There are minor difficulties, which in almost every case I know may be overcome. There is the difficulty with the organist if you wish to take the music yourself on the week-days, lest he should ‘take offence.’ These are matters not very great in themselves, but to your own mind important.

There are constant calls on your patience with those who would ‘take heaven by violence,’ and would anticipate what you know is sure to be in God’s good time brought about. In the majority of instances, spread now over many years and with but very few exceptions, of a mission it may be said that the course of true love never runs quite smooth. Fussy people, people with distinct ‘fads,’ are very trying—*e.g.*, the lady who has a class of boys finds her interest so

absorbed in them that she would insist on bringing them to *every* service and giving them the best seats in the synagogue, however unsuited the service may be to them. There are those who take umbrage if you do not devote much more attention to that with which they happen to be particularly identified. You are sometimes inundated with long and almost illegible letters from one who is either insane or a 'spiritual invalid,' suffering from morbid self-introspection, and who has sought many physicians. On the envelope is marked '*Urgent and immediate*,' and you are told that the writer will come at the next service for a reply. Two classes of people come much to the fore during a mission : people who have some 'crank,' and, alas ! dipsomaniacs. Where your time is valuable, the intervals for rest and private prayer brief, and the strain very great, especially in seeing those who come with some definite and very real spiritual want, you would, if you could, eliminate 'queer people,' and those who are victims of drink, who after a short season of remorse will return 'as a dog to its own vomit again, and as a sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.'

If fussy people try your patience, there are those who are a sore trial to a sense of humour. If unholy thoughts obtrude themselves into the mind in our holiest moods, so, alas ! to one who has a sense of humour the comical will intrude itself. Vergers and pew-openers are at times very trying ; they cannot sit still during an 'after-meeting.' They seem to think that their duties do not end until the lights are put out. It is in vain you speak to them. Where you want absolute stillness, it is trying to see a pew-opener

haunting some empty pew, duster in hand. At one mission I conducted there was a very tall verger. His skull, bare of hair, was polished like an ostrich egg. Though the lights were lowered during the ‘after-meeting,’ he would keep moving restlessly about, and such light as there was reflected, focussed on that bald skull, shone with lustre whithersoever he went. He was simply *irrepressible*. Two occasions which were *most* trying are recalled as I write. On one occasion the Mayor and Corporation of a particular town agreed, and very kindly, that they would show how heartily they approved of the mission by coming to the morning service on the first Sunday in state. This we all fully appreciated. They thought they would still further show their approval by coming *en grande tenue* to the evening service. The church was very crowded. I had an ‘after-meeting,’ for which a considerable number remained. I never shall forget it. The Mayor and Corporation seemed not to know what to do. They were not remaining out of curiosity. They were packed like herrings in that pew. Either they could not get out or were unwilling to do so. They remained, Mayor, Aldermen, all in full array, with mace and other insignia of office, gowns and gold chain. I ought somehow to have let them know that there would be an after-meeting, for I felt that they were remaining *à contre-cœur*.

But the most trying of all was at another mission. There was a verger who was a ‘character.’ He was short of stature, with long flowing locks of white hair. He wore a coat which was a cross-breed. I did not know that tailors indulged in such experiments of cross-breeding; it was in part a beadle’s, in part a

fox-hunter's coat. He never alluded to the Vicar. He called the people 'his dear people': 'My dear people like this,' or 'do not like that.' One evening a neighbouring 'lord' came to the service, and quietly, and, as he hoped, unobservedly, took a seat in the free seats. The verger spotted him. He went up to his lordship and said: 'You must not sit here.' 'But I wish to sit here.' 'But you must not sit here; my dear people would not wish it,' and, taking up his hat from under the seat, he said: 'You follow me.' Of course, where his hat went, the owner of the said hat had to follow.

It was evident that this verger could not make me out with my multiplied services, after-meetings, etc. He was anxious about 'his dear people.' I 'was ware of him,' avoided meeting him. One morning, after my 'Bible-reading,' people complained that the church was cold. Strolling down the nave, I noticed that a window was wide open in the clerestory, which fully accounted for it. I summoned my courage to call the nondescript verger: 'The congregation complain that the church feels cold.' 'Do they—what, my dear people?' 'Yes,' I said, 'your dear people,' directing his attention to the open window, and expressing my humble opinion that that was the cause of it. He replied: 'Ah! the wind has opened it.' Incautiously I replied: 'Yes; it must have been a very strong wind, for if you notice it has not only blown that window open, but it has blown the cord tight round this fastener—round and round,' suiting the action to the word.

He gave me one look, I felt I had given myself away, and was henceforth at his mercy. He seemed

in the look to say, ‘There’s one for you,’ and I anxiously awaited my fate. His punishment was on this wise : The chancel was under repair. The ante-Communion Office was read from the prayer-desk outside the chancel. What possessed me to do it I cannot tell—I went into the pulpit whilst the Nicene Creed was being said. I was on my knees asking for God’s blessing on what I was about to say. Of a sudden, while I was on my knees, I felt a rousing thump planted in my side. I looked, and lo! there was the verger, looking like the figure of Punch in Punch and Judy. Before I had recovered from the shock he said : *‘What are you doing in this ’ere pulpit afore the Nicene Creed be finished? My dear people won’t have it. Come out ; come down !’*

This is a literal fact. It is not forgotten to this day in that town, nor the meek and submissive way in which I did as I was told. If those who have no sense of humour lose not a little of the wine of life, there *are* times when you could wish you had it not. With one or two suggestions I bring this chapter to a close.

Parochial missions should be but occasional—held, I think, at the utmost once in ten years in the same parish. I know one or two parishes that seem to live, yet not to thrive, on frequent missions. It is a kind of spiritual dram-drinking. Not only do they by frequency lose much of their effect, but the spiritual life cannot live and thrive on strained and ecstatic feeling. However good it may be to be for a while on the mount, we must come down from Mount Tabor to the daily life below. A violent hurricane

clears the air of unhealthy miasma or deadly germs ; a downpour of rain floods our streams. Storms and floods are comparatively infrequent in the course of Nature's operations. The one purifies the air, the other sweetens the water, which returns, sweetened by rain, to accustomed channels. In proportion as there is least excitement will the results be permanent. The more soberly and quietly a mission is conducted, the less fear there is of violent reaction.

Again, the conduct of a mission should not be entrusted to a young man. I sometimes fear lest this great movement within the Church should be, if not wrecked, yet imperilled by entrusting it to men very young in the ministry, and themselves 'babes in Christ.' To have the glib 'gift of utterance' is not everything. Impassioned appeals, with the idea or intention of arousing and awakening, of eliciting the burning question, 'What must I do to be saved?' is not the only aim of this special work. There are those who have forgotten their first love ; there are those who need edifying in their 'most holy faith.' The preaching with acceptance and power of a certain number of sermons, and not always with consecutive teaching, does not by any means cover what a mission has in view. There are always those in a congregation, a certain percentage, superior to the preacher in knowledge of the world and its ways, in intellectual acquirements, in spiritual attainments ; there are many of riper years and larger experience in things spiritual. None but they who have conducted a mission can have any idea of the facts brought to light by it. I have often said that if some of us, who have had considerable experience, were to put together the facts brought to

light, the evident accompanying of the word ‘with signs following,’ they would be the best commentary extant on the Scriptures. The book is as yet unwritten. I have by me a large collection of letters, addressed to me during and after a mission, which reveal conditions of mind, strange forms of doubt, subtle questions, suggestions nothing less than ‘wiles of the devil,’ questions the writer has put to himself or herself indicative of morbid self-introspection, unnecessary fears, troublesome misgivings, which show how the whole inner being has been stirred to anxiety or tempted to some phase of doubt or unbelief. It is with these questionings, convictions, misgivings, fears, doubts, unfounded apprehensions, or too confident assurances, you have to deal. You must yourself have had some experience of these things to know how, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to deal with them. It is one thing to know the temperature is high and tongue furred; it is another thing to know how to deal with sickness. . It is one thing to preach a ‘rousing sermon,’ it is another to know how to direct, comfort, disabuse the mind of what sometimes is bred of physical infirmity, of morbid self-examination, of misunderstood or misapplied texts of Scripture, and of, in thousands of cases, being left to yourself to comfort yourself. I have, as a fact, known more than one who was powerless to deal with the questionings or convictions which his sermon suggested or awakened. It is in our large hospitals that physicians acquire that experience which qualifies them for treating their patients separately. It cannot, I think, be too strongly insisted on that a mission should be conducted by one whose age is some guarantee that he has had experience

of life, and whose ministry has brought him into intimate contact with the varied phases, moods, and needs of the spiritual life :

‘ Rich in experience that angels might covet,  
Rich in a faith that has grown with the years.’

Again, should this volume fall into the hands of a vicar contemplating having a mission in his parish, to him I would say, Endeavour to secure a missionary who is not only equipped for this special work by being himself ‘taught of God’ and of ripe experience, but secure one whom you can *fully trust*, who by birth, training, and instinct will not abuse the confidence unreservedly placed in him. No words, to my mind, are too strong in which to inveigh and protest against a missionary who takes an ungenerous and unsuspected advantage of his opportunity. How? By acting as a sort of *spy*, and, under the mask of a missionary, retailing to the Diocesan all the possible defects and shortcomings of the stated ministry, all the local gossip and tittle-tattle of the parish. I have known such. I have even taken it upon myself to warn a Diocesan of the harm his missionary was doing with his evil tongue, and have seen the indignation which, when discovered, it excited. ‘Never again shall he enter my doors or church,’ have I more than once heard said.

If a mission is to be the occasion of ‘espionage,’ and the ‘missioner,’ under guise of a missionary, forgets his mission, it needs no prophet to predict the discontinuance of parochial missions. A missionary is received on the footing of an invited guest. To have to entertain a missionary for ten days is often a tax, willingly borne by an already impoverished Vicar and



his wife. He cannot recoup himself out of offertories. He does his best to supply his missionary's wants. It is a gross abuse of the first laws of hospitality, it is a betraying ‘with a kiss,’ if, instead of being a fellow-helper in Christ, it becomes known that the Vicar has been entertaining a Judas, and not ‘an angel unawares.’

I cannot close this chapter without quoting the words of an experienced missionary, the late Bishop Thorold :

‘The echo of the teaching ; the tenderness of the joy ; the thrill of the renewed repentance ; the sense of holy nearness to the Lord and His people, must presently leave the surface of the soul, and become absorbed into its general life and consciousness ; but it will still be there, only, as with the joy of a long past conversion, and the first wonder of the forgiven heart, deeper down, neither forgotten nor lost.’

Such, from long experience, I earnestly believe is the blessing of a mission begun, continued, and ended in God, to whom be all the praise.

The following books will be found helpful :

- Parochial Missions : Bishop of Rochester (Dalby, Isbister and Co.).
- Practical Hints for Parochial Missions (Longhurst).
- Handbook of Special Mission Services : Money (Hunt and Co.).
- Handbook for Mission Workers : Caudwell (Longhurst).
- Suggestions as to the Conduct of a Mission : Cowley Fathers.
- Suggestions for Lay Workers in a Mission (Longhurst).

## CHAPTER VI

### CATHEDRALS AND CATHEDRAL LIFE

CATHEDRALS and cathedral life; this is a large and comprehensive subject. I cannot attempt within the limits of this chapter to do more than confine myself to my own experience, writing from that experience rather than from what Bishop Butler would include amongst 'fine sketches of virtue.' There are those who have written on this subject, not from actual experience, but whose name and reputation are of great value—*e.g.*, the late Mr. Beresford Hope, in his work,\* 'The English Cathedrals of the Nineteenth Century.' The work, dedicated to the Cambridge Architectural Society, has more to do with the architectural features of our English cathedrals than with a Dean's experience. The opening sentence is this: 'A cathedral is, as everyone knows who has thought ever so little upon the matter, both a building and an institution'; and while the greater part of this book is devoted to the building, there are not a few valuable suggestions from a cultivated layman's point of view as to the use or uses to which our cathedrals both may and should be put.

I imagine that few Deans, if indeed any, have not

\* 'English Cathedrals.' (John Murray.)

read with interest and profit 'Essays on Cathedrals,'\* edited by one who took the deepest interest in the Cathedral of Chester, and was instrumental in restoring a considerable portion of it. Perhaps this is the most comprehensive and valuable book extant. All the contributors to it have had to do with cathedrals and cathedral life, and may be said to have treated both exhaustively. These are the subjects dealt with : Cathedral Canons and their Work ; Cathedrals in their Missionary Aspect ; Cathedral Foundations in Relation to Religious Thought ; Cathedral Churches of the Old Foundation ; Cathedral Reform, Past, Present, Future ; the Education of Choristers in Cathedrals ; the Relation of the Chapter to the Bishop ; Cathedral Schools ; the Architecture of the English Cathedrals considered Historically. The names of the writers of the essays on these different subjects are : Dean Howson, Bishop Goodwin, Archdeacon Norris, Beresford Hope, Bishop Westcott, Sir Frederick Caseley, Archbishop Benson, Canon Durham, Canon Venables. It would be difficult to name or imagine any men more fitted to write on the subject. The late Archbishop Benson has also contributed a small volume, which he wrote when Bishop of Truro, where he held the unique position of Bishop of the Diocese and Dean of the Cathedral.

It will be seen at once that essays such as these cover almost, yet not altogether, the whole ground. Bishops have their private conferences and meet *in camera*. We Deans have thought it good to have our conference, and we discuss subjects which are marked 'private.' I can imagine the Canons and Minor Canons outside this 'charmed circle' curious to know

\* 'Essays on Cathedrals by Various Writers.' (John Murray.)

what we meet for, what we discuss, for much is left to conjecture and imagination. I have heard it whispered that Precentors propose to have a conference; Organists have already held more than one. Probably we shall hear of Vicars Choral and Minor Canons having a 'quiet day.' It is possible that it may occur to Vergers and those associated with cathedrals to meet together for the same purpose. One such was held when I first came to Bristol. Some alarm was excited in view of many additional services which I proposed to hold. It oozed out and reached my ears that the question was put from the chair: 'If this sort of thing goes on, when shall we get our dinners on Sunday?' The resolution was put and carried *nem. con.* 'that it should be eaten on Saturdays.'

There is an idea abroad that only grievances are discussed and ventilated in our secret conclaves: that Bishops seriously consider their relation to Deans; that Deans seriously consider their relation to Bishops; that Deans put their heads together as to their relation to the Canons; and that all sorts of *gravamina* are discussed, and very determined resolutions passed. So far as I know, we have very pleasant *réunions* in different centres. We preface them with prayer for 'godly concord.' We discuss subjects with which these essays to which I have alluded deal, and some few not touched upon in them, occasioned by the very remarkable difference of 'use' in our cathedrals and the varied interpretations of Statutes. We discuss in what direction our cathedrals may be made more and more useful, more and more as the Mother Church should be, and would be but for the jealousy on the part of some

of the parochial clergy—viz., the core and centre of the spiritual life of the diocese. That such feeling does exist towards the cathedral is an unhappy fact too notorious to be doubted or disputed. On my appointment to Chichester, one of the local clergy, no longer there, took the opportunity of saying to me on returning his call: ‘If I had my way I would pull the cathedral down; “down with it, down with it, even to the ground.”’ It is the same sort of spirit which exists on the part of district churches towards the mother parish. Her children lift up their heel against her. Many years ago a Vicar of a district church in one of our large towns, afterwards promoted to be Vicar of the old parish church, said to me: ‘I could not have believed that such jealousy existed towards the old parish church until I was made Vicar of it.’ That every cathedral, represented by its Dean and Chapter, should justify its existence in every way possible, with their special opportunities, making them useful and popular, is the great, I might say simple, object of our annual conference.

I have elsewhere said how in my boyhood days I had always imagined and pictured to myself a deanery of one of our English cathedrals as the *beau idéal* of a sphere of quiet ministerial usefulness, something *per se*, not a sort of paddock into which to turn out the worn-out parish priest to graze at his leisure. It was a too long prevalent notion that a Dean lived for the rest of his days on a sofa or sat in easy armchair *en luxe*, chewing the cud of past experience, enjoying to the full the *otium cum dignitate*, not regarding the cathedral as a great trust and great centre of varied activity. I do not know if the phrase *otium cum*

*dignitate* was originally applied to and predicated of Deans. It is not impossible, when we compare the activity of modern cathedral life with the past, when Deans were aged and Canons not far behind them in years, that the general soporific atmosphere of a cathedral suggested the phrase. Dean Hole once gravely assured me that the expression '*Dash my buttons!*' must have originated with a Dean fastening his gaiters, on hearing the cathedral bell ringing down, when there was a hitch with the buttons. Under these most irritating and trying circumstances, I am certain that 'the more hurry the less speed.' But whatever or whoever originated the expression could not truthfully apply it now. Except for increasing infirmities, which are inseparable from increase of years, which do not allow of the same activity as in younger days, I venture to say that the Deans of cathedrals are amongst the most active and hard-working of our clergy; only the *venue* is changed. If certain physical infirmities beset them, these do not lessen the deep interest which Deans continue to take in their great trust. If boys have their hero-worship, many of them have their 'ideals.' I have never been ambitious to be a Bishop, though I might have been one had I said 'Yes' when I was about thirty-two years of age. In my childhood it seemed a 'climbing to dizzy heights'; for as a child I somehow fancied that the Church of England was an enormous sugar-loaf, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury, after much 'toil and trouble,' sat astride at the top. I know now that it is not so.

But a deanery, despite apron, gaiters, and troublesome 'buttons,' fascinated me. To be Dean of one of

those stately historic piles, monuments as they stand, of the piety, devotion, zeal, munificence, labours of past generations ; to be set free from the strain and anxieties of parochial work—its ‘serving tables,’ its demands on your time, which do not allow of much for reading, the foregoing of domesticity because of work that can only be done at the cost of evening home-life—to exchange all this for what cathedral life and its possibilities offered, could not but have its attractions. How many of the hundreds of our hard-working parochial clergy find themselves sometimes saying in their hearts, ‘I should like to be a Dean!’ They visit a cathedral on a summer’s day ; they bring their choir or workmen to some festival within its time-honoured walls. They notice the orderliness and stateliness of procession and service. Their ears are regaled with the singing of picked voices, accompanied by a skilled organist. They are conscious of certain influences which are not, cannot be, even in a noble parish church. Their choir and workers are sensible of the same. They return to their parishes with higher conceptions of worship, with an inspiration which the very fabric and its associations inspire. It has been to them a ‘time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.’ They say to themselves, ‘It is good to be here,’ before they return to their everyday and less inspiring sphere of labour. To be Dean of a cathedral, associated with Canons of like mind and common desire, is not only a sacred trust, but a great privilege.

It has pleased God to ‘fulfil my heart’s desire,’ with no conscious laying myself out for it. It came to me as other things have come. I think I am correct in

saying that, without exception, I am the only living clergyman who has been transferred from one deanery to another, and have been Dean of a cathedral both on the Old and New Foundation, so that I have had experience of both, one for three, the other for now twelve years. Papers at Church Congresses are sometimes read by men who theorize. I do not say that very often the fruit of their meditations is not useful by way of suggestion, but they are not Deans. Looking over a précis of subjects discussed at Church Congresses for the past twenty years, I find that papers on cathedrals for the most part range themselves under these heads, and ring these changes on the familiar theme, *e.g.*: 'Cathedrals and Cathedral Institutions'; 'Use of Music in Cathedrals'; 'Cathedrals'; 'Our Cathedrals'; 'The Cathedral System.' However good the papers, they are not always written by those who have that knowledge which only experience can give. I am not quite sure if a Dean has ever been invited to give his views from personal experience. There must be in this, as in other matters, a great difference between writing from theory and writing from experience, *experientia docet*.

If there be anything which a Dean feels, and in putting off the harness of a parish priest and putting on the less arduous yoke of a Dean he misses, it is that he is at once not only excluded from ministrations which were his for a large part of his previous life, but all his past experience seems to be forgotten or ignored by others with whom he has to do. He misses especially those opportunities of visiting the sick



and dying, from which he has as often learned as he has sought to impart some lesson. This is not to say he never has an opportunity. The parochial clergy are always ready to give him permission to visit a sick person who is an habitual worshipper at the cathedral, and to administer Holy Communion in their parish. This, however, he does, not of right, but by permission.

We have no parishioners in our cathedrals except in particular cases. For instance, Ripon, Bangor, Manchester, Wakefield, Newcastle, and one or two more are *parish churches*. I was Vicar of the Close at Chichester. Marriages can therefore be solemnized in such cathedrals without the expense of a 'special license.' The fees, inclusive of a special license, amount in our cathedral to about £100. All this is doubtless arranged in order to protect parochial rights, and to preclude the possibility, in the great majority of cases, of alienating fees from the parochial clergy. People would naturally wish to be married in the cathedral, which so lends itself to a wedding, but they think more than twice about paying £100 for the privilege!

All this conduces to accentuate what a Dean is in many other ways made aware of. He is disassociated from parochial work. This he, of course, understands. But what he can *not* understand is that at once, as it were, all his large, varied, and accumulated experience as a parish priest is ignored. It might for all practical purposes never have been. He may have held more important trusts and had really larger general experience than anyone else in the diocese, but he finds it is not utilized. Rarely, if ever, does the Bishop of the diocese take counsel with him or invite him to

speak at meetings on subjects with which he is familiar. I suppose that one explanation of this is that parochial work and matters of diocesan organization are no longer considered his *métier*. I write from experience. Shortly after my appointment to Chichester, I was in every way encouraged to believe that the students of the Theological College anticipated my coming with interest and pleasure, because of my long and varied parochial experience, and of the frequency with which I had conducted 'Retreats for Clergy.' Acting gladly on this assurance, we had a few very happy evenings in their rooms, which we mutually enjoyed. It was not long before I was made aware of influences at work which put a stop to our gatherings. Practically, 'it was not the Dean's business.' With the exception of occasionally preaching an Ordination Sermon since I have been here, I, who have given the addresses to ordinees in the days past, preliminary to their ordination, at the request of many Diocesans, have never been asked to do so since I became a Dean. By degrees there comes over you a sense of *isolation* from what at one time was part and parcel of your ministerial life. You do not complain of it, but what you do feel is that all past experience goes for nothing, and you say to yourself, as do many Deans: 'What can be the reason why a Diocesan does not care to utilize the experience of years?'

Take yet another instance of what I mean. Because of long and large experience of conducting missions, shortly after my appointment here two city clergymen called on me, with, as I assumed, authority to do so, to ask me if I would set on foot a 'General Mission' for Bristol. Of course, as we had at that time no

Bishop of Bristol, I at once said how gladly I would do so, and how readily I would place the cathedral, as far as I could, at the disposal of the mission. I was very soon made aware of the stir that such a request made : that it should have been made to the Rural Dean, etc., etc., and it was all nipped in the bud. Here, again, all past experience was ignored. I asked a brother Dean of large parochial experience if my case was singular. He replied : ' No, mine is precisely the same, and the result is I never go to diocesan meetings, as it is evident I am not wanted.' It reminds me of the man who was asked why he was not at a particular dinner-party. ' For the very simple reason,' he replied, ' that I was not invited.'

One is so liable to be misunderstood, or a construction is so often put on what you may think or say which never entered your mind, that I can only repeat that, apropos of ' cathedral life,' this is not said from ' pique,' or from any unworthy spirit, but simply as a matter of fact, which one may regret, and the *raison d'être* for which one fails to fathom. It is also very curious that a Dean is not ignored or allowed to feel that he has ' no part nor lot ' in the diocese when subscriptions for diocesan purposes are solicited. If, therefore, a Diocesan cares to look elsewhere for what a Dean could and would gladly render of service, he must not be surprised if, as one Dean said to me, ' I retire like a snail into my shell.' As a set-off to much that makes a deanery a sphere of happiness is that isolation from parochial or diocesan interest which, as far as I have had opportunities of noticing, is the fate of a Dean, as unexpected as it is inexplicable.

It may not be of interest to the general reader to

enter upon the difference between a cathedral on the Old Foundation and one on the New. Cathedrals on the Old Foundation are York, London, Lichfield, Hereford, Wells, Salisbury, Exeter, Lincoln, Chichester, St. David's, Llandaff, Bangor, and St. Asaph. The rest are on the New. The cathedrals on the Old Foundation are those churches which, being *ecclesia cathedralis*, have a Bishop and Chapter attached whose foundation is older than the changes made under Henry VIII. Those of the New Foundation are those whose Chapters in their present form date from the time of Henry VIII. They are as follows: Canterbury, Durham, Winchester, Norwich, Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol, Peterborough, Carlisle, Rochester, Oxford, Ely, Manchester, Chester.

The constitution of churches of the Old Foundation has not been essentially changed since the thirteenth century. 'By that time,' says Freeman, 'all the Old Foundations seem to have assumed that peculiar constitution which has since been altered only in detail.' Every English cathedral, with the exception of Truro, has the Dean as the general head of the whole Capitular Body. He is the 'Ordinary.' The Dean is universally the one whose special office, unquestioned, is to attend to all that concerns the cathedral, and without whose sanction and permission nothing can be done. The Bishop is the *Visitor*. By degrees, too many to be considered here, the Bishop's authority in the cathedral was undermined. You cannot have two 'Ordinaries' or two heads; it would be a sort of Siamese Twins, or a bicephalous child, both of which are phenomenal and unworkable. Someone must be responsible for all which con-

cerns a cathedral. The Bishop's province is his diocese, a very wise arrangement; the Dean's province is the cathedral, a very wise arrangement also. In the Old Foundation, next in rank to the Dean comes the Precentor. In Chichester Cathedral his stall faces that of the Dean. Next in order is the Canon-in-Residence, who cannot do anything *mero motu*; next comes the Chancellor, then the Treasurer, whose special care is the vessels, furniture, and ornaments of the cathedral, receiving and distributing moneys, etc. These four seem always to have been looked upon as absolutely essential to the discipline of a fully-ordered cathedral. The high rank given to the Precentor in all the Old Foundations is not accorded in the New. This important post is held by a Minor Canon. On the Old Foundation the Minor Canons are *Vicars Choral* and separate corporations. What are called Minor Canons in the New Foundation are called Prebendaries in the Old. They have their preaching turns. It is needless to say that an Archdeacon—*quâ* Archdeacon—is not a cathedral officer. I doubt if he is entitled to a stall as Archdeacon. Generally, the Archdeacon is also a Residentiary Canon. Later Foundations, as with Bristol, have a sub-Dean and a Sacrist, not essential, but convenient. *Sub-Dean*, by the way, is liable to be misunderstood. In one of our cathedrals, where a procession was being formed for some function, the Dean's daughter said: '*I saw, father, the sardine coming.*' But whether on the Old or the New, the position of a Dean is a 'limited monarchy.' He is not so absolute as that he can always act independent of the Chapter. His office is more or less restricted. It is more restricted in the

Old than in the New Foundation. But whether of Old or New Foundation, his position and rights are unquestioned. The appointment to a deanery rests with the Crown absolutely. On the Old Foundation the Canons Residentiary are in, I think, every case appointed by the Bishop. In the case of the New they are appointed by the Lord Chancellor. On the whole, I should say I prefer the latter. It is quite true that the effect of the last class of appointments has been to make the New Foundation Chapters much less closely connected with the several dioceses than the older bodies are, but where the Residentiary Canons, who make up the governing body of a cathedral, are appointed by the Diocesan it is easy to see that, as appointed by the Diocesan, supposing any question to arise which affects the cathedral, or supposing that a Bishop was disposed to interfere, it might put a Dean into a difficult position. Personally, from experience of both, I should say that, while the Diocesan has a considerable patronage both in the Old and New Foundation in the appointment of Prebendaries and Honorary Canons, it works generally better that appointments to the Residentiary Canon should rest with the Lord Chancellor.

This leads me to say something on the relation of the Dean to the Diocesan. To some it seems an anomaly that a Bishop should have less authority in 'his cathedral,' as it is always worded, than a parson is supposed to have in a parish church in his diocese. The Bishop is the *Visitor*, to whom appeals may be made by anyone officially connected with the cathedral in the event of any serious dispute either between the Dean and the Chapter or any official—*e.g.*, a Minor

Canon, organist, or anyone on the Foundation. This gives a Bishop certain power of, I think, an invidious nature. He might by his decision accentuate a dispute whichever side he espoused, and make confusion worse confounded. Again, his decision is not absolute and decisive. The aggrieved may appeal to the House of Lords. The recent case at Chester where the Bishop decided against the Chapter shows this. The Dean and Chapter appealed against the Visitor's judgment, and the House of Lords decided against the Visitor. All this is very undesirable. I am well aware—every Dean is more or less so—that Bishops chafe under their position. They feel they are 'tolerated.' They fret like caged birds under the restrictions of which they are keenly conscious. It is no use denying this. I am not sure—I may be mistaken—but, speaking from the experience of a Vicar of such parishes, *e.g.*, as Doncaster and Halifax, I do not think that Diocesans have more power in the direction they seek in a parish church than they have in a cathedral. I very much doubt that a Diocesan can override the rights in his own church of a Rector or Vicar. I very much doubt that a Diocesan can, as Diocesan, uninvited, claim a right to occupy the pulpit, or the right to celebrate Holy Communion, because he is the Diocesan. I think the majority of beneficed clergy will bear me out in this. I cannot recall a single occasion, whether in my London or after days, when the Bishop of the diocese ever wrote to me to the effect that he was coming to St. Philip's or Doncaster or Halifax, and wished to preach or celebrate.

The 'use' in cathedrals differs as much as the architecture itself. Perhaps no one more than I has

had occasion to find out the 'use' in our different cathedrals as regards rights and privileges. The cathedrals are very few in which provision, *e.g.*, is made for the Bishop to preach. Speaking from my own twofold experience, the Bishop of Chichester had no 'preaching turn' in his cathedral, but I always invited him to preach on the afternoon of Easter Day. We had two Celebrations every Sunday. Observing that the late aged Bishop always came to the early Celebration, I asked him if he would like to take that Celebration. He did not come as a right. He courteously thanked me for my permission to take the Celebration. He could not have preached whenever he liked, because the Prebendaries are bound by Statute to preach in turn, but they could, of course, invite the Bishop to take their place. The Bishop of this diocese has no 'preaching turn.' The Canons-in-Residence are bound by statute to preach twelve sermons, and I agreed to assign them the morning pulpit. So long as I do not interfere with these statutory obligations, I have, as Dean, power to preach whenever I like. This could only, therefore, be, as regards the Canons, on the thirteenth Sunday of their residence. We have no sermon in the afternoon. The Diocesan has not the power to order one. The nave service is non-statutory, so that it will be seen the question of power is a question of 'statute,' which a Diocesan cannot override.

Out of all this, people outside, ignorant of facts, either speak of the anomalous position of a Bishop or fancy that there is always more or less 'friction,' strained relations between a Diocesan and a Dean or a Diocesan and the Chapter. It is really not so. More



than this, it ought never to be. The appointment of twenty-four honorary Canons is, to a certain extent, a recognition of the Bishop's power in his cathedral. He can command a Sunday morning or week-day for his Ordination, and the ordinary service is altered to suit it. He cannot command the services of the choir, but he can appoint the preacher, courteously informing the Dean of his selection. He has the cathedral at his disposal for his Confirmations, or occasional retreats for his clergy. What else would he have or do? Surely the supervision, organization, innumerable calls on a Diocesan are sufficient for any one man in these breaking-down days, without desiring more? Think of public meetings in endless variety; the claims of the parochial clergy on their Diocesan's presence and help on Sundays and at other times. Then there is correspondence, a very weariness to the flesh, often unnecessary, yet which must be in courtesy acknowledged.\* There is Convocation; a seat in the House of Lords; a life lived more or less on the railway; the hurrying to and from every part of a diocese. With the very laudable desire of every Diocesan to visit separately each parish, what more can a Bishop desire both of opportunity and

\* The chaplain of Archbishop Benson told me that the average number of letters received every day was about 500. Answers provoke letters. Canon Lonsdale told me that his father was overwhelmed with letters, and always courteously replied to them. He received a letter from a vicar whom he had recently appointed to a living to the effect that he and his wife could not decide what *paper would suit the walls of their dining-room*. They decided to consult the Bishop, and sent down one or more of those massive and bewildering samples furnished by upholsterers. The Bishop selected one which he thought suitable to a modest country vicarage.

power? Does he, in addition to labour, under which the strongest are breaking down and becoming prematurely old, desire also to order and control all the details of a cathedral, and reduce the Dean to a kind, not of suffragan, but senior curate? No man who has held independent trusts, as those of a Rector or Vicar, would submit in his later years to such a subordinate position. Surely the State acted wisely in practically limiting a Diocesan's power and province to the exigencies of a diocese, and a Dean's to those of a cathedral. A Bishop would be the first to take exception to a Dean obtruding himself in the diocese, and a Dean and Chapter would take exception to a Diocesan attempting to exceed his powers in a cathedral. It is perfectly possible to live together happily, not on the conditions of what we see huddled together in a cage and represented as a 'happy family,' but by mutual recognition of each other's rights by the law of Christian courtesy. Of one thing I am quite certain, that if a Diocesan at any time expressed a wish to preach, the pulpit would readily be placed at his disposal. If he desires the use of the Chapter-room, it is at once lent. If there be any object which he has much at heart, he has only to express it to the Dean. So that he is really not 'tolerated,' but welcomed; and, so far as my experience goes, if the Dean remembers what is due to his Diocesan of respect for his office, and behaves as one gentleman to another, there cannot be 'friction,' there cannot be strained relations where rights are mutually recognised, and on neither side infringed or questioned.

From the relation of the Bishop to the Dean, and *vice versâ*, where a mutual recognition of respective

rights is a safeguard against 'friction,' one is led to consider the relation of a Dean to the Residentiary Canon. It is practically much the same, both on Old and New Foundations. Let no one think that to enter on a deanery is the same thing as to enter on another parish. It took me fully two months to find out where I was when I was appointed to Chichester. In view of the whole cathedral body, including Canons, Prebendaries, Precentor, Vicars Choral, Organist, lay clerks, and even vergers, after paying each their due, I had to consider how much was left for the Dean. With other rights recognised, what rag of authority was left to him? Everyone seemed to me to have a bite of the apple. That the Dean was the head was, of course, recognised, but there are 'many members of the same body,' and all members have not the same office.

Here, again, especially with those with whom you are more intimately brought in contact, as the governing body, relations may be strained. There is room for 'friction.' There is a notion prevalent that 'strained relations' are the normal condition of Dean and Chapter, that a 'Chapter' is rarely held without internecine squabbles. My experience is all to the contrary. I cannot recall in fourteen years a single instance where there has not been what we pray in our opening prayer may animate us—a 'spirit of godly concord.' If a Dean were an autocrat, intent on having everything his own way, regardless of the wishes or opinions of the Canons, friction could not but arise and touch the bloom of 'godly concord.' I suppose that practically no one always stands on his rights; I have some which I think I have hardly ever had occasion to

assert and insist on. If you 'can drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament,' so in relation to the Canon Residentiary.

It does not do to allow no room for yielding in deference to reasonable suggestions. The real truth is that it is with Dean and Chapter 'give and take' if you wish to work harmoniously. There must be mutual concession where no great principle is involved by it. A Dean has always to remember that the Canons are not his curates. They are all men of experience, advanced in years, who have themselves held independent positions in the Church, and in many cases have considerable reputation as scholars, preachers, and authorities. They are, as a rule, appointed, not from nepotism or any personal relationship to the patron, or through private influence, but because they are more or less distinguished for their attainments or other qualifications for which a sphere of usefulness will be found in cathedral work and cathedral life. I do not say that the element of—shall I say jealousy of the Dean's headship?—never creeps into the mind and attitude of a Canon Residentiary. From having for some years enjoyed independence, it is perhaps only poor human nature if they should sometimes feel their position is no longer quite the same. In individual cases the tendency would be less to support the Dean than to minimize his place and authority. It has to be patiently borne with, as you would bear with any other infirmity of our poorer selves, and if possible 'lived down.' 'As much as lieth in *you*,' so says the Apostle, 'live peaceably with all men.' In proportion as we pray that we may all be of one mind and of one heart in the discharge of the responsibilities

connected with our great trust, we shall find the best correction of anything that may savour of jealousy.

There is an 'ideal' of a cathedral body and of cathedral life, such as, though originally contemplated in the constitution of a cathedral body, is certainly not universally realized. Until and unless it be realized a cathedral is only in part, and imperfectly carrying out the intention of a cathedral, as distinct from a parish church. Certainly 'the fierce light that beats upon a throne' is being turned on our cathedrals, with their prominent positions as the mother church of the diocese, their endowments, instrumentalities, and resources. What is the 'ideal'? The ideal, it would seem, of the Church for many ages is that she has need of a twofold ministry, a pastorate, a cure of souls, and schools for preaching theology, music, daily choral worship, diligent preaching, lectures on divinity, ministering to the poor. To sustain the spiritual tone of a preacher it was originally intended that there should be some amount of ministration amongst the sick and dying. A cathedral was to be also a college of devoted men, more or less skilled in music, with their well-stocked library of sacred literature, going forth not only in the cathedral itself, but throughout the diocese where desired, to preach Christ far and wide, returning to their cloister, and, by communion one with another, maintaining and preaching 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' The charters and statutes of our ancient cathedrals are all framed on this ideal. The members of it were not scattered like the parochial clergy, but gathered together, living within touch of each other in the 'Close,' and forming a sacred brotherhood whose *devoir* should be to see

that choristers were carefully trained, the Word of God duly preached, lectures in theology delivered to the younger clergy specially, though open to all. The cathedral was to be a *strong centre*. The pastoral parochial clergy did not suffice to meet all the needs of the Church. There was need of 'religious houses' in the land, and though the monasteries were dissolved, the cathedral would represent the dissolved religious houses. To carry out the idea, the days of absence of the Dean or Residentiary Canon were both provided and restricted. There was to be a common religious life, daily service, frequent Chapters held, and intercourse of families one with another within the precincts. There was to be what I might call departmental work. Freed from parochial work, the Stalls were to represent some special work, and endowed to enable qualified men to devote themselves entirely to that work. One should be for lecturing on theology by a professor of divinity; another for a Canon, who should devote his time and energy to education; another for a 'Canon Missioner,' so that a cathedral should be a modern 'school of the prophets.' Stalls, endowed in some cases far beyond the stipends of hundreds of hard-worked parish priests, were not to be sinecures; good, hard, conscientious work was to justify the appointment and larger stipends of Canons Residentiary. Non-residence for nine months in the year cannot but affect the integrity and oneness of cathedral work and cathedral life. So strongly is this being felt that a Lord Chancellor, in appointing to a Canonry, makes it a *sine quâ non* that, save under very exceptional circumstances, the one appointed agrees to give up all parochial work. It is not conducive to real

cathedral life that some of the Canons should be non-resident, keeping their statutory three months, living far from the cathedral, and not, as it were, 'within call' when something occurs, when the Dean would not act on his own responsibility, and wished to take counsel with his brethren. The same applies to the Precentor, whose important position is not really represented by a deputy.

Our cathedral of Bristol is very far from being an *ideal* cathedral. In some respects I regard it as an ideal cathedral, situate in the very heart of the city, with its spacious nave, its enlarged and restored choir and chancel, its two chapels for special and occasional services. I do not see where in these respects, as a 'workable' cathedral, lending itself to all conceivable occasions, it could be improved upon. In this respect it is an ideal cathedral. At the same time, I doubt if there is any other cathedral which falls in some respects so short of the *ideal*. We have no 'Close'; our members are scattered abroad, disjointed. The purpose still lives in name: 'College Green,' 'College Street.' These remind us of a collegiate life we were meant to live, and collegiate work we were meant to perform. Will that ever be here?

Listening as I do from year to year to the morning preacher, one cannot but be struck with the variety of teaching. I have always maintained that neither a cathedral nor a parish church should represent or be the exponent of a particular 'school of thought.' Let a district church be this, but not a cathedral. Its foundation should be laid not on narrow, but on broad lines. As the mother church she should eschew all 'party,' and know no shibboleths. She should no more

seek to represent one party in particular than a mother would expect or even wish that all her children should be exactly and in every respect alike. Dull uniformity is not the prevailing, unbending law of Nature. If I study Nature aright, variety is consistent with, nay, is essential to, unity. I think that in the matter of ritual there should be but one 'use.' I have always asked a newly-appointed Canon kindly to conform to our 'use.' In such matters as eastward Celebration or the Invocation before the sermon, it would never do if one Canon celebrated at the north end, and another adopted the eastward position. It would never do if one used a Collect instead of the Invocation. This is evident. In details such as these I think uniformity and not variety is desirable; but there should be variety in teaching so long as 'Christ and Him crucified' is the message. Hence we may have, as in the Old Foundation, great variety at the lips of some forty different preachers throughout the year, differing in manner, style, and subject. On the New Foundation we may have for three months in succession a literary essay rather than, strictly speaking, a sermon; sermons on social questions and problems; sermons on the more definite teaching suggested by the Church's seasons, or from some portion of Scripture selected from the 'lessons,' Epistle and Gospel. Perhaps in no one way is the unity of the Church, her oneness, more expressed and illustrated than in the varied preaching to be heard within cathedral walls, and in the fact that, especially in the great evening nave service, all schools of thought are probably to be found. In all this lies, not the Church's weakness, but the Church's strength, as the differing hues of the prismatic beam blend in



white. It were fatal to the influence of a cathedral, it were prejudicial to her spiritual force, if she sought to represent but one 'party.' But it will also be an evil day for our cathedrals if evangelistic preaching come to be discounted ; if the conversion of souls be little aimed at ; if the 'turning men from darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God' be so depreciated that she should lay herself open to a remark made by a verger of a well-known missionary, whose ministry God has greatly blessed, who came on a visit to a cathedral city. Someone asked the verger if the missionary was to preach in the cathedral : '*No,*' replied the verger, '*not he. He do go in for soul saving, he do. He wouldn't do here, he wouldn't.*'

They who frequent and by preference worship in our cathedrals are as other men and women ; they move in the same sphere of life as do they who frequent parish churches. They have much the same habits of life, do much the same things, are not an eclectic set of people. There is not one kind of preaching for them, another for an ordinary parishioner ; there is not a 'cathedral sermon' and a 'parish church sermon.' I have heard a Canon say : 'I find it rather difficult to preach to the people who come to the cathedral.'

If you invite a 'strange preacher,' and no longer draw the line between cathedral and parochial clergy by requiring of the latter that they should wear a black gown, one invited somehow fancies there must be some very special effort, a very special preparation, for a cathedral pulpit. But why should this be so ? They who come to our cathedrals have souls to be saved as other men. Do they not need awakening,

conviction of sin, repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ? Some need a true conversion; some what may bring their erring feet back into the fold; some have forgotten their first love; some are 'neither hot nor cold,' but lukewarm, apathetic, dilatory; some are what Rowland Hill called '*Rocking-horse* Christians'—*i.e.*, they go backwards and forwards, but make no progress in the Christian life; some are 'sick and some are sad.' There are darkened lives and careworn hearts in cathedrals as elsewhere. Some are 'faint yet pursuing'; they need building up in 'their most holy faith.' Is it because this is forgotten by preachers, or thought to be outside the province of a cathedral pulpit, that the smaller cathedral cities are so 'dead alive,' that the service in a cathedral often lacks *life*, that a peculiar deadening influence seems to prevail? Has the daily service, with its necessity and rigidity, anything to do with the drowsiness which seems to steal over a cathedral city? Is it because everything is sacrificed to the musical service, and the pulpit, with its opportunities, must on no account be occupied for more than a few and carefully-timed minutes? The long-drawn-out 'service' must not be shortened; the anthem, however long, must not be tampered with, and the preacher finds he has, in comparison, but little time for exhortation. If preaching be one of the chief functions of a Canon-in-Residence,\* if it was the hope and prayerful purpose of the single-hearted Cranmer that the cathedrals of the Reformed Church should fulfil this function, it must with sorrow be admitted that it is only in part realized. Diligent preaching is

\* Professor Blunt's '*Reformation in England*.'

without doubt, and notwithstanding a growing undervaluing of sermons, a very important part of cathedral work: 'Ut sanctum Christi Evangelium assidue et pure per doctos et graves viros prædicari possit.' If a cathedral service be supposed and expected to be something special, of a particular brand, or in some way or other superexcellent, it is not because the congregation is of a particular brand, order, or superexcellent, but because, and not wrongly, the hearers presume that the preacher has more leisure than the parochial clergy for study and preparation. If the opportunity be great, all the more need that our people should be able to turn what they hear into some prayer, that hearts should be reached through intellect, and all that is best in us be brought to the surface by faithful, incisive, earnest appeal to conscience. Can we truthfully say that every sermon preached in cathedrals suggests some prayer before we leave? If not 'sent empty away,' yet they go, do hear, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, that by patience and comfort of God's Holy Word, read or preached, our people embrace and ever hold the blessed hope of everlasting life given us by our Saviour Jesus Christ. May I not again quote George Herbert?

'Resort to preaching, but to prayer most:  
Prayer is the end of preaching.'

From considering the relation of a Dean to the Residentiary Canons, one is naturally led to consider his relations to others intimately associated with a cathedral and cathedral life, all and each of whom have their recognised positions, privileges, and rights to be safeguarded and respected. I have in view the

Precentor, Minor Canons, organist, lay clerks, and even choir-boys. I will take these in detail.

The principal feature of a cathedral is the maintenance of a daily service on a grand scale. That a cathedral should be a school of music, theoretically and practically, is part of the *raison d'être* of its existence. 'We have to thank,' writes the late Harvey Goodwin, some time Dean of Ely, 'the cathedral for much of the tradition concerning the use of the Church of England with respect to daily service. The cathedral service has shown great power of vitality.' To some the daily service is thought in some mysterious manner to induce what St. Paul describes as 'the spirit of slumber'; that it is soporific in its tendencies; that 'Protestant worship rattles in our cathedrals like dry bones in a coffin.' I do not say it may not have, and yet not necessarily, this effect or tendency. The frequency of this service, twice daily, does not necessarily mean devotion. Many years ago, not under the present *régime*, I sat in one of the stalls in St. Paul's Cathedral immediately behind the choir-men. I distinctly heard two of them setting their conversation, not the Psalms, to the chant they were singing. We all know how watchful we have to be ourselves against what is bred of monotony. We are all painfully aware of want at times of reverence and of habits which are expressive of it, of 'the tricks' which seem to be a sort of tradition and in the blood of song-men. The same, however, may be said of worshippers as well as of those who lead the worship in cathedral or parish church. We can thank God that, while there is still room for what has been called the 'largest room in the world,' the

room for improvement, a great change for the better has come over cathedral service and worship. If there remains anything faulty or defective in cathedral service, it is not on that ground to be condemned, but rather corrected.

It is part and parcel of the purpose of a cathedral that it should set forth and maintain, at considerable expenditure of musical talent and money, a high standard of musical rendering of Divine service, not to be feebly imitated in every parish church, and certainly not, with the slender resources both of musical talent and £ s. d., in village churches. But in the mother church of the diocese the best, the very best, of composition, and skill, and voice should find its home and expression. Matins\* and Evensong should be the occasion for the best services composed by musicians of past and present repute. To my mind the service should never be less good. It should be always good, evidencing uniform painstaking. We want the very best anthems, A. and M. We ought to have the very best setting for a choral celebration. We should have from time to time what our cathedrals specially lend themselves to, oratorios and the masterpieces of our great composers, one advantage being that there can be no interruption of applause of particular vocalists, and no clamour for *encores*. Our late eminent architect, Mr. Pearson, was considered expensive, but then, as he said to me : ‘I am of opinion that everything that is best should be consecrated to God’s service.’

\* I do not know whether to write ‘Matins’ or ‘Mattins’—both are used. A verger of a northern parish said one day to my wife : ‘You will be pleased, ma’am, to know that since you were here last we have “Muttons” every morning now.’

If, therefore, a cathedral—whether many attend or few—and the cathedral body represent the ‘two or three gathered together’ with the promise which anticipated small gatherings—if a cathedral is, *inter alia*, to be a school of music, there, if anywhere, so far as concerns Divine worship, it should represent and voice a standard of consecrated music and of musical rendering of it. The grand historic pile is a symbol of worship on a large scale. Every circumstance of devotion, beauty, and artistic skill should be carried on there by those who are associated with it, and give all their life, gifts, and power to this great and holy work.

This being so, we look to the *Precentor*, with whom rests, though I do not think it should do so absolutely, the selection of the music. It is not his business to direct the organist how to play, but what to play. In some cathedrals the Precentor’s selection of music is not without some supervision. At Chichester the ‘scheme’ is submitted to the Dean and Canon-in-Residence, before finally put into the organist’s hands. I know we had at Chichester the power to erase, but I do not think we had the power to put down something in the place of what we erased. There are occasions when I think the Dean—certainly if he has had experience of Church choirs—should be free to suggest and even request that certain suitable hymns should be selected. My experience is that Precentors may have a considerable knowledge of cathedral music under the heads elsewhere mentioned, but, as not having had parochial charges, they know very little of hymnology. Some Deans know something of hymnology. We have devoted considerable attention to it. We have read papers on it at Church congresses, and from experience

we know better than comparatively younger men can know in what the congregation can and cannot join. Let the Precentor select 'services' and anthems, which are not in the true sense congregational; but we are not always secure against a 'corkscrew' tune, which, however good it may be musically, is not within the compass of an ordinary congregation. With the Precentor rests undoubtedly the selection of the music for 'statutory,' but not for '*non*-statutory,' services, special services, parade services, bands of hope, or any one of many extra services. Here, again, he cannot, if he be of a wise and conciliatory spirit, always and invariably stand upon his rights, etc. He does well if he take counsel with the organist, who, as a professional musician, and selected for so high a trust as that of a cathedral organist, has, with very rare exceptions, a much larger and more scientific acquaintance with music. Precentor and organist should amicably 'put their heads together,' and mutually consult and agree about the 'scheme.' A Precentor should not only have a good voice, but he should himself have such a knowledge of music that a lay clerk should never doubt it. If he saw his way to taking a Mus. Bac., it would greatly strengthen his influence and authority, in the same sense in which an organist who is a Mus. Doc. has greater weight and influence. In his relations to the Minor Canons—of which he is *primus inter pares*, while firm in the exercise of his authority, he should remember an old saying: 'Manners are something with everyone, and everything with some.' You can, in the long-run, get what you wish and maintain what you have to maintain less by assertion of authority than by courtesy and a conciliatory spirit. As having also

the supposed authority over the choir-boys, he would do well to win their affection by associating himself with them outside as well as within cathedral walls, letting them feel he is less Precentor than *amicus*.

To my mind, a Precentor ought to be more constant in his attendance at the cathedral than the rest of the Minor Canons. He receives a higher stipend and has larger responsibility. How very careful he should be in drawing up his 'scheme,' and in revising it before it is irrevocably printed! It is ludicrous to see in print the confusion caused by want of punctuation in the case of secular songs—*e.g.*, 'The cry of the feeble Bacon. When your hair was Dank. Sent to Heaven by Duggan. Who knows Jackson. Away, my lyre Bennett. The name of my life is Abt. O'er the bounding Gibbons. O! never call thy heart Rossi. I would not be Thirlwall. O! chide me not for loving Marriott.' These are *bonâ fide* specimens of what appeared in print. Bristol Cathedral is credited with the following: 'Thy mercy Ouseley. If we believe Goss. Lord, for Thy tender Farrant. Rejoice in the Lord Humphrey. Great and marvellous Monk. Lift up your heads Gibbons. Blessed be Thou Kent. Holy, Holy, Holy Crotch. I will lift up C. Whitfield. This is the day Green.' The names of the composers might with advantage have been left out. Ludicrous annotations may occur, from which a sense of humour might have saved the annotator. On Colston Day it is *de rigueur* that we have at the state service Handel's rather long anthem, 'When the Eye saw Him,' etc. It concludes with, '*His body is buried in peace.*' In arranging the books for the service, one of the Minor Canons discovered that a part for tenor and alto was missing.



Under the words 'his body is buried in peace,' he wrote, '*two parts missing.*' A Precentor is continually receiving compositions from different musicians in the hope that they may be sung in the cathedral. Our Precentor received a letter from a distinguished musician, who shall be nameless, to the effect that, as there had recently been an *eclipse*, he had composed a suitable anthem. It seemed to me that there was practically no limit to 'suitable occasions.' We had recently been visited by a comet; why not compose an anthem on a comet's tail? Not long ago a meteoric stone fell in our neighbourhood. Would that suggest a suitable anthem? What might not Sir Robert Ball suggest? I received a letter from one who wrote: 'My husband has composed a really beautiful anthem, and I can assure you, Mr. Dean, it is not on celestial phenomena.' This was in consequence of what I said, as President of the Guild of Church Musicians, at our Annual Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant. So the reader will see that a Precentor must not only have a good knowledge of music, a good voice, etc., but must know what to smile upon and what to 'decline, with many thanks.'

Apropos of the 'scheme,' I may mention a remarkable and amusing coincidence. A recent organist at our cathedral appealed to the 'Visitor' against an 'order' of the Dean and Chapter. He engaged the present Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, at that time Sir Richard Webster, whom I am privileged to count amongst my friends. Our acquaintance began when he was one of the choir at Holy Trinity, Paddington, where I conducted the mission. As Sir Richard was 'counsel for plaintiff,' it was not etiquette

that he should robe in our vestry. He robed in the lay clerk's vestry. One of our lay clerks had heard that Sir Richard's fee for the first day was £300, not to speak of a 'refresher.' He showed the 'scheme' to Sir Richard, and said: 'Is it not curious, sir, that the anthem for to-day is, "*How dear are Thy counsels*"? Not a little 'dirty linen' was washed in public on the first day, into which I need not enter. On the following day Sir Richard looked at the scheme, and remarked to the lay clerk: 'I notice that the anthem for to-day is, "*Oh! where shall wisdom be found?*"—that is what you all seem to want.'

Such a coincidence could hardly happen twice. And apropos of coincidences, two lately occurred which it would be difficult to repeat. Our cathedral is lighted, and very successfully, with the electric light. I believe that Bristol Cathedral was the first to adopt this system of lighting. Our organ is also blown by electricity. At daily Evensong we generally, for economy's sake, confine the light to the choir. Something went wrong with it; there was not absolute darkness, but there was a faint glow of light. It happened exactly at the moment I was reading the second lesson, in which was the verse: 'The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not' (John i. 5). A curious coincidence happened at a church in Bournemouth. The church was, of a sudden, enveloped in total darkness. As soon as things were set right and 'the darkness was past,' the hymn, as set down, was given out: 'Hail! gladdening light!' (A. and M. 18). I have heard—I do not know how far it is true—that W. G. Grace made an indifferent score in some county match. He attended church on

the following Sunday, and in one of the hymns the words occurred: 'The scanty triumphs Grace hath won.' The other coincidence was very, very trying to me. I was reading the first lesson. Numbers x., verse 4, runs: 'And if they blow with one trumpet.' At this juncture someone in the cathedral, I am certain unintentionally, blew an awful blast with his nose. It sounded all through the cathedral. Some people cough and sneeze *very* loudly; some blow their noses with trumpet blast. If the gentleman in question had gone on blasting with his nasal trumpet, I think I should have said abruptly, 'Here endeth the first lesson,' as a choir-boy did when he saw his Vicar's first attempts at cycling and his coming to grief.

Of Minor Canons or Vicars Choral it must be remembered that they also have their well-defined *status*, duties to be safeguarded on their part, and respected by the Dean and Canon-in-Residence on their part. My experience, happy concerning them, is that they are invariably ready to assist at 'non-statutory' services—*e.g.*, an early Celebration and occasional services, always provided that they be *invited* to do so. Though such assistance may naturally be looked for at their hands, it is not statutory, and not in any sense compulsory. They are not curates. No little murmuring on their part, no little irritation, is occasioned by regarding a Minor Canon as a curate. I think that, if they have time to spare, that time should be given to the cathedral rather than elsewhere, but it cannot be enforced nor required of them. It is best to leave them to themselves in arranging for weeks of duty, holidays, etc., so long as such arrangements insure what statutory services require of them. They

should be allowed to assist—not as licensed curates—in parochial work, not only because of some possible pecuniary augmentation of their stipend, but because a Minor Canon—*quâ* Minor Canon—is not making ‘full proof of his ministry.’ He should be relieved of what many Minor Canons feel, the monotony of daily services, by the exercise of the ministry in visiting sick and poor, and by occasionally preaching. In Bristol Cathedral no provision is made by statute for a Minor Canon preaching. A Minor Canon could even refuse to do so if a Dean required it of him. On one memorable occasion—not in my time—they did protest, not because they did not value the opportunity, but because, regardless of statute, a Residentiary Canon required it of them. Here is yet another opportunity of cultivating the most friendly and courteous relations with Minor Canons, and in many ways—too trifling, perhaps, to mention—helping them to realize ‘holy fellowship.’ I have no other but grateful thoughts of help rendered by Minor Canons.

I come now to consider not so much the musical qualifications of the organist as certain general considerations. The former are assumed by his selection out of many candidates, by his testimonials, and by the opinion of experts who ‘put him through his paces.’ Everyone who has had experience of a parish church or cathedral knows how bewildering it is to come to a decision where many of equal reputation and talent apply, and, as is the case sometimes of equally good Minor Canons, you would like to secure them all! Of course, when the coveted post of a cathedral organist is vacant, you are inundated with applications, from one who can play on small har-

moniums up to the man who has already a fine organ and good choir elsewhere. We do not want a tyro to gain experience in our cathedral; we want one who comes with considerable experience. I find myself becoming more and more cautious than I used to be. I know how far a word of encouragement goes. Often where a service has been carefully rendered, and there is evidence of much painstaking in a church in which I have been preaching, I have complimented organist and choir after service, and have spoken the word of commendation. A vacancy occurs, say, in the cathedral. I at once receive letters to much the same effect: 'Dear sir, I am applying for your vacancy. You will doubtless remember, on the occasion of your preaching in our church, that you praised our service,' etc. A word of commendation, which goes a long way, and which organist and song-men appreciate, does not necessarily imply that the organist is qualified for the same position in a cathedral. You cannot be entirely guided by testimonials. Who, in writing a 'testimonial,' would 'black-ball' his friend? Here is an application on the part of a father for his son's appointment as organist to our cathedral. I do not know whether to admire most the father's opinion of his son or the son's rare and special qualifications:

'I know something of the kind of man you want in Bristol Cathedral, so I will put the following questions to you: If you want a good organist, that is a good player and good accompanist, I may say my son is both. If you want a man who can train cathedral boys' voices, he can do that also. If you want a man, a gentleman, loved by all he has anything to do with or

work with, my son is one of that kind. In fact, if you want a good all-round (!) musician and a thorough Churchman, he, I am sure, will not disappoint you. But if you want a *musical crank*, with A, B, D, E, F, G, or half the alphabet, after his name, then my son is not in it. Give him three, six, or twelve months' trial, and if he does not suit you send him back upon his business. This is as it ought to be in all cathedrals, to my way of thinking. Apologizing for *trowbling* you so much,' etc.

My trouble is thinking what were we all about that we have not given at least twelve months' trial, or even more, to one in every respect so admirably qualified?

Even the 'exercises' given by an expert to be performed in an empty cathedral are not as satisfactory as that the applicant should take a service throughout on Sunday. I wonder if applicants consider it quite fair that a 'trap' should be set? I remember at a competition for our vacancy at Halifax, when our excellent organist, Dr. Roberts, was appointed to Magdalen College, Oxford, that Sir Frederick Ouseley set a trap. In a figured bass he put a 'sharp,' which ought not to have been there, to see if the candidate, playing at sight, would play the correct chord. Was this fair or not? Sir F. Ouseley defended to me what he had done by way of a test. Of one thing I am satisfied, that too great pains cannot be taken in the selection of an organist, not only as to his musical qualifications, but as to his personal character; how far he is conciliatory, and likely to 'get on with the authorities' and the choir. Few consider how absolutely you are at the mercy of an organist. With the

exception of the lessons and sermons, all the service is musically rendered. Up in that loft, not always easy of access unless you establish telephonic communication, he, as it were, presides over the service. He, as well as a Precentor, should be free from fads and eccentricities. He ought to be good-tempered and considerate. When I am asked why musicians quarrel, my reply is that, theoretically, *discord is essential to harmony*. That is the redeeming feature. He ought not to take advantage of his position, and in accompanying show his dislike or disapprobation of what is set before him, as I have known some organists do. He should be careful not to 'drown' the choir by too loud accompaniment, and should eschew what are called 'fireworks.' I have heard that a decision was come to that 'fireworks' should be boycotted ever since an organist attempted to imitate a dog in the verse, 'They grin like a dog and run about the city.' He should never vent his spite against a particular lay clerk, if so be that he has quarrelled with him, by so playing as to 'put him out' when he is singing a solo part. Such things do happen. He should not show, as I have known, his disapproval of a choral celebration by such accompaniment throughout that, but for discipline's sake, you would discontinue a choral celebration. He should not be impatient and even insolent towards those whose servant he is. He should not be constantly composing, and forcing his compositions on a congregation with all the *éclat* of a good choir to render it well. He should be devout as well as skilful, a communicant as well as organist, and all throughout mindful how it is in his power to render the service beautiful or otherwise.

For a large part of my life I have had to do with organists—*e.g.*, the brothers Binfield in Paris; Joseph Goss and Mr. White at St. Philip's; Jeremiah Rogers at Doncaster; Dr. Roberts, Mr. Liddle, and Mr. Garland at Halifax; Dr. Reed at Chichester; Mr. Riseley, Dr. Buck, and our present organist, Mr. Hunt. It were invidious to do more than name these, each and all skilled musicians, but I could wish nothing better in any cathedral than our present organist, Mr. Hunt, who seems to me to fulfil all the conditions above-named. Oh, how restful it is to feel all throughout Divine service the utmost confidence in the presiding organist, and that his one desire and aim is not self-glorification, but the glory of God, to which all else, talent, skill, and accompaniment, should be subordinate! Organists were once very angry with me because I said: 'I should like to conduct a mission for organists.' Why should they have been angry? One wrote to me and said: 'Reading your remark about a mission for organists, nothing would induce me to be organist in your church.' All I meant was I should like them to be brought under the special influence of what has proved of such blessing to thousands, if, perchance, inspired of the Holy Ghost, they truly consecrated their talent. I have known an organist, after some earnest address, the people remaining on their knees in silent prayer, startle them off their knees with an utterly inappropriate 'concluding voluntary.' I have known, as when conducting the mission in Daniel Moore's time at Holy Trinity, Paddington, an organist who keyed his voluntary to the subject of my address, and softly played 'O



rest in the Lord,' or some familiar air in keeping with the occasion. This was as helpful as the other was bewildering. I sometimes wish that the following verse could be placed conspicuously over the keyboard of our organs, as the devout aspiration of the organist :

' If well I know the tuneful art  
To captivate the human heart,  
The glory, Lord, be Thine.  
A servant of Thy blessed will,  
I here devote my utmost skill  
To sound the praise divine.'

From Organists I pass on to *Lay Clerks*, varying in number, from St. Paul's Cathedral, where I have been told £7,000 a year is spent one way and another on the music, down to the cathedrals which cannot afford to have more than six or nine lay clerks. There is as great a desire to be a lay clerk as there is to be an organist in a cathedral. It gives a man at once a local *status*, and brings with it possibilities of engagements outside the cathedral. Lay clerks are rightly looked upon as 'picked voices'; they often form amongst themselves a brotherhood for singing glees and madrigals at public entertainments or at 'at homes.' But here, if anywhere, the utmost care should be exercised in their selection and appointment, not only for their musical qualifications, which are tested, but for their moral character. A private inquiry is worth a bushel of testimonials. On them the daily services press the most heavily. The Dean or Canon-in-Residence may be frequently absent, and without question. Personally, I do not think it is possible for the Dean to be present at every service if he live in a large city. I am not sure that by statute it is

required of him. There are, I have heard, one or two Deans who never miss daily Matins and Evensong, but they are exceptions. The attendance of the lay clerks is absolutely necessary and the most continuous. Their office is laborious and technical, and, generally speaking, they are drawn from a class whose education does not give them the advantage of appreciating the value of the work in which they are engaged equal to that possessed by the clergy of the cathedral. The excellence of their voice is too often the first requisite, yet many would sometimes prefer a less good voice and a lay clerk who is more reverent and devout.

The lay clerk side of our cathedral system has been considered the weak side in times past; it cannot truthfully be said that it is not fraught with difficulties and problems yet unsolved in our own day. You take a man whose bringing up, perhaps whose daily environment, is not the most favourable to personal piety, and you suddenly import that life and personality into the duties and atmosphere of cathedral life. Such a new setting does not create a new man; he has to accommodate himself to the unaccustomed. I fully allow that there are many lay clerks who appreciate being 'counted worthy' to consecrate their talent to the service of God, and that there are those who take a deep interest in their duty; but while we take every pains to satisfy ourselves as to the previous past of every applicant, we must make large allowance for them. If with even the most devout frequent services may become perfunctory, if the Dean, Canons, or Minor Canons may, if not watchful, become listless or indevout, must we be surprised if lay clerks become

so? I have known the case of a Minor Canon falling into a serious condition of depression; he told me it was partly due to the monotony of constantly singing the service. We cannot be surprised if our lay clerks fall into listless ways, irreverent postures, and careless rendering of the service. For the most part, they are practically precluded from the distraction of some work by which they might augment their stipends and occupy spare hours. If a Dean or Canon finds that Matins, say, as a rule, at 10 a.m., and Evensong at 4 p.m., all the year round, breaks into his day, 'cuts it up,' as it were, though he has something to fall back upon and to fill up the intervals, what must it be for some lay clerks, whom few will employ unless they command their whole time? Such are at a loss to know what to do for want of occupation. Some lay clerks have a business already. Some are teachers of music; some employ their time in pianoforte-tuning; but a great many come to us as strangers, sore handicapped in the 'struggle for existence,' to find that they with difficulty eke out a livelihood on their stipend, and that nothing is open to them in the cathedral city. Our lay clerks, though they come knowing to what they come, leaving no stone unturned to get the appointment, often make all this a ground of complaint, and naturally they are always on the look-out for 'something better.' It is a great difficulty, especially in cases where no provision is made for them of a permanent nature, and where there is no pension, perhaps not even a 'bonus,' on leaving.

Not a few 'suggestions' have been made, more or less impracticable. One is that they should be admitted as *lay readers*, and that their work outside

the cathedral should be in intimate connection with their work inside it. There are obvious objections to this. Our prime consideration, if cathedrals are to set a high standard of musical services, is that our lay clerks should be men of musical gifts and skill, and, apart from the constant use of the voice as a lay reader, a cathedral is not intended to supply an unordained ministry for the diocese. We ought to be able to secure godly men without possibly imperilling the lay clerk's first and immediate duty. At the same time, I very strongly feel that we should do our best to assist our lay clerks in finding some employment, to save them from a desultory life, and from all that comes from 'having nothing to do.' It is an old story: 'Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do.' Every Dean knows too well, and without telling tales, to what lay clerks are not only exposed, but what also makes it necessary for the discipline and *morale* of a cathedral that their services should be no longer required.

The 'ideal,' of course, is that every lay clerk should be a communicant, not only for his own spiritual life's sake, but for example's sake. But every worshipper is not a communicant. I doubt that, however desirable that every lay clerk be a communicant, it were wise to make this a *sine qua non*. I grant that it is not what you would wish, that it cannot fail to attract surprised attention, that on the occasion of a *choral Communion* all the lay clerks do not communicate. Personally, I would rather it were so than that anyone should come because he is a lay clerk, and not because he is seeking some spiritual blessing. I would rather have the reality of a non-communicating lay clerk than the approaching 'unworthily' of one on whom Dean and

Chapter have imposed an unwelcome condition. On the other hand, I admire and respect those, even be they three or four, who, true to and having the courage of their convictions, communicate in full view of those who remain in their stalls. This 'witnessing,' as every communicant does witness, may do more in the direction of rebuke or suggestion than any enforced requirements would do.

The question of behaviour during Divine service is as difficult as it is serious. A Dean or Canon cannot be a spiritual policeman. If he is to set an example of devotion and reverence, he cannot be watching lay clerks and choir-boys throughout Divine service. Divine service must not degenerate into a system of espionage: it is fatal to personal devotion; and yet who that has had experience does not deeply feel how we have to encourage, and I will even say insist, on reverent behaviour, posture, ways. There are certain 'tricks,' as I call them, which seem to be in the blood of choir-men and choristers, not in cathedrals only, but in our parish churches. If Jubal was the father of all who handle the harp and the organ, I wonder if he is responsible for inventing and initiating these tricks? Are there not certain tricks which seem to 'run in the blood.' Servants, *e.g.*, do much the same sort of thing. They wreak their vengeance on certain protuberances, attributing the 'accident' to the 'scape-cat,' on whose devoted head they lay all breakages, taking comfort in the proverbial saying that 'accidents will happen in the best regulated families'—*e.g.*, the chipping of the spout of a china tea-pot, the summary disposal of a small knob on a lid, the amputation of the handle from cup or jug. Years ago I bought a large glass jug for use

in the vestry at St. Philip's. Within a day or two the handle disappeared. I called together the 'pew openers,' and begged of them not to say a cat was guilty—cats do *not* do these things. I did not ask who was 'guilty'; I only said I was not going to buy another. Though years have elapsed, I have every reason to believe that that jug is there to this day. It fulfils the end for which I purchased it—*i.e.*, to hold water. Lay clerks have tricks, not to speak of whispering and unnecessary communication with each other; there are sadly listless attitudes; singing with folded arms; not kneeling when they ought to kneel; not bowing the head when they should bow it; not reciting the Creed; looking over music during the reading of the lessons, studying the anthem when presumably joining in prayer, and divers sundry and other 'tricks.' I could sometimes wish that a *sine quâ non* should be that a lay clerk should not wear a moustache, or at least that he dispense with it on Sundays! All who are thus decorated do not offend in this particular, but exercise self-restraint; but oh! what an instrument of unrighteousness a moustache is in some cases! How it lends itself to 'twiddling' and perpetually feeling if it is there! Such details as these may appear insignificant, not worth being noticed, but I sometimes think if a 'snapshot' could be taken of a choir during Divine service it would show, when 'developed,' that they are by no means insignificant details and such as might be discontinued.

In the case of any grievous scandal, happily rare, there is but one thing—dismissal; but in lesser offences, such as want of reverence, it does not do to find fault or expostulate with the offender before all the rest.

Far better invite him to come and see you, and then, in your study, ask him kindly to do his best to encourage reverence, and to discontinue on his part anything that is objectionable. Before you treat a lay clerk as not amenable to kindly remonstrance, as a heathen man and a publican, better far go and see him, or let him come and see you. Treat him, in your relation with him, not as a child, but as a man. 'Tell him his faults between him and thee,' and in the great majority of cases the result will be 'that thou hast gained thy brother.' Do not be too severe or requiring. Take things sometimes good-humouredly, or as if they had not been said. I once had occasion to insist on a lay clerk taking the solo part in an anthem in the absence of the one to whom it was assigned. This was a matter of discipline. He sung it well, did not 'sulk,' but sang it as if it was his 'turn.' After service, the choir having heard me express my wish, I thought I would in their presence compliment him on his singing. Addressing him, I said: 'You sang that solo very well; thank you.' 'And pray,' said he, 'Mr. Dean, why shouldn't I?'

I do not wish to identify the lay clerk, but on my telling this to one of our Canons he capped it by saying that it reminded him of a man meeting his friend and saying to him, '*And how is your wife?*' Pulling himself together, glaring fiercely at him, and with considerable vehemence, he replied: '*If it comes to that, sir, pray how is yours?*'

One story suggests another illustrative of quick repartee. A gentleman, accosting my sister's partner at a ball, said: 'I beg your pardon, are you the waiter?' to which he replied: 'I beg your pardon, are you?'

I recently heard of a lady who lost her temper with a gentleman with whom she was travelling. He persisted in smoking. It was a smoking-carriage. At last she screamed : ' If you were my husband I would poison you ! ' To which he replied : ' Madam, if you were my wife I would gladly take the poison.'

It does not do to wash dirty linen in public. There is nothing gained by telling on house-tops all that comes to your knowledge. Scandals are, as I have already said, happily rare. I have, of course, known some. As a body, I should say our lay clerks are men who conscientiously do their appointed work. In the majority of cases they are well known in the city, respected by those who know them best, and are in every way deserving of it. Black sheep are found in all communities. If we are aware of jealousies, and the necessity of avoiding the occasion of them, of squabbles or outbursts of temper, who is altogether free from the corrosive poison? Medical men are very jealous. We all know that clergy are very jealous. In them jealousy is worse. Lay clerks may at times be irreverent, but what are we to say of those who are always watching, not only them, but who, from their stalls or seats, survey the congregation, and come home to tell what and whom they saw? The late Max O'Rell told us, in a lecture, of someone who was deploring the desecration of Sunday on the Continent. He failed to notice how the churches were thronged for early Mass or morning service, and enlarged on what went on on Sunday evenings. ' Where were you on that Sunday evening?' was the natural question.

So it is that the very people who complain of the irreverence of lay clerks or choir-boys are they who



occupy themselves with watching what they would not see were they themselves more devout. 'Where were you during Divine service?' might be asked of them. Order is Heaven's first law. There must be order, there must be discipline; but we must remember we are not angels that sin not, and you may win by kindness where you fail by fault-finding. We should in every way cultivate friendly relations with our lay clerks. 'We can visit them when they or their belongings are in sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity.' We can ask them in for a cup of tea and a friendly chat. We can go so far as not to despise their counsel when a candidate is being put through his paces. We can join them in a pleasant outing on a summer's day. We can invite them, on the footing not of lay clerks, but of friends, to an annual dinner, where we discover how much talent exists in our choir, as vocalists or instrumentalists. We can in many ways help them to realize a 'holy fellowship,' and make them feel we are, from a cathedral point of view, members of one body. I trust more to this than I do to lecturing, fault-finding, hectoring. I trust more to general consideration for one another's faults and kindly sympathy than to what often estranges and embitters for bringing about that *entente cordiale*, which a school-boy rendered into English, with a very free translation, 'an entire cordial.'

From the consideration of the lay clerks one naturally thinks of our choir-boys, who in their way and degree are as essential to the life of a cathedral and to the efficiency of its services as Precentor, organist, and lay clerks. Vested in surplice and cassock, parents are proud to have a son a choir-boy, and choir-boys

ought to be taught *ab initio* how great is their privilege in being thus early enlisted into the service of the sanctuary. As it is, I fear in most cases they fall far short of our ideal. An old apple-woman used to sit at some steps facing our cathedral. It is not at all improbable that our choir-boys more than once upset her basket of apples and oranges. 'Ah!' she said, '*they thinks you cherubims and seraphims over there, but I knows better.*' It had never occurred to any of us so to regard our boys. Choir-boys are proverbially troublesome. I have never yet discovered why they should be. They have tricks which seem also to have come down from the first chorister, illustrations of 'heredity.' One great point and difficulty is to secure entire control over them. They may be spoiled by making too much of them. If to lads of their age an ordinary service is sometimes wearisome, let us, who know too well what we had to endure as children, make all allowance that we can, not for 'tricks'—*e.g.*, talking to each other during Divine service, passing notes, tearing up pieces of paper, surreptitiously sucking 'lollipops,' and other evil doings—but for restlessness, fidgets, and, in a boy, unintentional irreverence. There ought not to be the difficulty there seems to be in exercising discipline and to have them under control. My ideal is that our choir-boys should be the sons of our poorer clergy, who would come from homes which have already habituated their minds to the service of the sanctuary, and have been brought up from their childhood in the atmosphere of religion. The clergy who have sons who give promise of musical gifts would be freed for some years from the expense of education, and it would form a bond of interest and union between the

mother church and the parochial clergy. I would have them lodged and boarded in a married Minor Canon's house, and would thus endeavour to solve the difficulty of their having too many masters, of securing good meals, necessary rest and shelter during the intervals between the hours of service.

Every Dean to whom I have written—and I have written, I think, to all—agrees with me in this as the *beau idéal*, but it is made impossible because of the expense, which must be put down at not less than £500 a year. For my part, I am unable to see why—at least, in a large city—a considerable sum should not be annually set apart from and charged to the weekly offertory. I introduced the offertory at every service on Sundays both in Chichester and Bristol Cathedral. The result is a considerable addition to our ordinary resources. Why should our people be any more exempted from ‘giving’ in our cathedrals than in our parish churches? Have we not to teach that to be ‘ready to give and glad to distribute’ is part of worship? I am persuaded that habitual worshippers, and even others, would readily contribute to what would go far to carry out this ideal. Living under one and the same roof, our choir-boys insure good musical, physical, intellectual, and religious training—four great and important requisites. As things are, these four requisites cannot be secured.

A suggestion somewhat similar to that, that lay clerks should be trained for lay readers, has been made respecting our choristers. It is thought to be more than probable that those who were intended for holy orders were trained from their childhood as choristers first, with a special view to their future vocation. At

any rate, it is certain that the office of a chorister was held in high estimation, and their education was of a high order. A good commercial education was not considered sufficient. They were trained for Holy Orders, and if not always that, yet for some liberal profession, and their musical training bore its part in promoting this good end. It certainly is not so now, though if my ideal could be carried out our choir-boys might eventually take Holy Orders. As it is, we have recourse to the sons of tradesmen and of people in comparatively humble circumstances, who do not contemplate more than that their child should have for a certain number of years what a cathedral school in part supplies. Our cathedral schools have, through the force of circumstances, long departed from their original intention. It may have its advantage, but a cathedral school is not without its disadvantage. In the first place, the choristers are looked upon as something 'apart' from the school. They are exempt, as a rule, except on 'dumb days' and holidays, from the ordinary course in a public school. The time-table is altered to allow of their attendance at the cathedral. The headmaster is at some disadvantage, for their non-attendance reduces his average. Unless some special arrangement be made when school is over, the boys have to find shelter somewhere, to partake of a meal hurriedly or uncomfortably, the distance of home from school being often considerable. They are exposed to inclement weather. If parents give them money for a meal, they generally expend this in some savoury meal such as their soul loveth—*e.g.*, pastry, indigestible sweets which do not nourish, doubtful ginger-beer, etc. There is no supervision in the

intervals of leisure ; there is no 'mothering.' This is a serious difficulty in connection with a cathedral school. Then they are not really kept *apart*, so necessary in a mixed school, where there are all sorts and conditions of boyhood, whose example and conversation may not be of the best. This is not to say that our choir-boys are angels, but, in view of their place and position in our cathedrals, we want, as well as vocal talent, the best lad, from a moral and religious point of view, that we can get.

It seems superfluous to say that great and special care should be taken of our young choristers. They should have regular exercise, and be encouraged in boyhood games. Special care, without making them 'molly-coddles,' should be taken that their vocal organs are not damaged by catching colds and coughs. They should have a good, sound, classical, mathematical, and liberal education to equip them for their future life. Their moral training must be not less careful. Leave to sing at private or public concerts, public dinners, should, in my opinion, be most rarely granted. It is sometimes on these occasions, on which their voice alone is thought of, that temptation comes, and what they are asked to sing is not always wedded to purest thought and word. We must discourage in them every tendency to become conceited, mercenary, spoiled, and 'cocky.' We cannot exaggerate the importance of their religious training, both in knowledge and practice. This is in part, but in part only, in the cathedral school. What may not be possible in the cathedral school may be supplemented by someone making the boys their special care by a class on Sunday ; by painstaking and prayerful preparation for Confirmation ; by

encouraging them to join a communicants' guild or union, and a club for week-evening recreation. With us, the Archdeacon has from year to year prepared our choristers for Confirmation, and my daughter holds her Sunday class, and the boys are kept together in a communicants' guild and a successful club. A chorister should be formally admitted with a short, suitable office, immediately before Divine service. This may, under God, produce a deep impression on the child, and help him to realize the solemnity of his work. Practice should be held in a convenient room and not in the cathedral. To hold the practice in the cathedral is a fruitful source of irreverence, and engenders a familiarity with place and words in every way to be discouraged. To encourage both discipline and obedience we still have to deal with the multiplicity of masters. If 'no man can serve two masters,' how difficult for a boy to know whom he is to obey of four or five. There is the Dean; in his absence the Canon-in-Residence; there is the Precentor, who requires obedience as the head of the musical department; there is the organist, who is their master; there is the head-master of the cathedral school. If all these should be of one mind, it is plain sailing for the boys; should they be of different views, how bewildering for them! How shall they parcel out or distribute their obedience? How obey one and disobey others? This is a problem yet awaiting solution. He will do a good work who solves it. And yet here, again, more will be done with choristers by kindness than by fault-finding, scolding, and threats. In all our cathedrals there is marked improvement in the training, care, and behaviour of our choristers, even if they do some-

times upset an old woman's apples and oranges, and disabuse her mind of their being anywhere 'angels.' Make concessions where you can make them: give half-holidays when they can be spared, happy outings in the summer, pleasant evenings in autumn and winter, anything that wins their affection and makes them feel you are their friends, ready to speak a good word for them after cathedral days and when they are seeking positions of trust. All these will go a long way to promote reverent behaviour in the House of God, and all that feeling of a chorister towards you, which is to be neither unsought nor undervalued. We who are brought into such daily and necessary relations with our choristers will do well to remember the Master's words: 'See that ye despise not one of these little ones.'

*Teri*

Bringing this chapter on Cathedrals and Cathedral Life to a close, I must not overlook the *verger*, or *virgers*. The word is variously spelt. I suppose it was because in a particular cathedral they were styled *virgers* that this is reported to have occurred:

A visitor coming to a cathedral and accosting, evidently, an official, said: 'Are you in any way connected with the cathedral, as I wish to be shown over it.' 'Yes, sir, I am what they calls a virgin.' 'Bless my heart! are you a Virgin?' 'So they calls me, sir, here, but not outside the cathedral.' 'Well, then, Mr. Virgin, show me over the cathedral.'

I can only imagine that he had misread *er* for *in*. We have, besides our intelligent sub-sacrist, five *vergers*. We do not call them *virgins*. We are required to appoint men who have served either in the navy or army. Hence the sense of discipline with

them; it is also one reason why our cathedral strikes the casual visitor as so clean and tidy. Speaking from my experience of vergers here and elsewhere, I have found them invariably faithful, honest, and obliging. It is something to say that, in the course of eleven years here, I have not once had to find fault with any one of them, and I look on them as 'friends.' How much there is in our Lord's words, 'Henceforth I call you not servants, I have called you friends.' In many little ways, 'easy to do,' you may foster that feeling with your employées—*e.g.*, giving them an occasional 'off-day,' tickets for a concert or lecture, etc. We have our vergers in at the Deanery on Sundays for their tea, so that they may not have to return home in the interval between 5 p.m. and our nave service at 7 p.m. These 'little things' they appreciate, and they are 'willing servants.' Amongst them are 'characters.' We were giving them their customary Christmas-box last Christmas, and one of the vergers said: 'Mr. Dean, ask "How about the pudding?"' The story of the pudding was given by the maker of it, an old 'tar.'

'Well, Mr. Dean, some of my mates had gone ashore, so I thought I would have a little treat for them when they came back, and as I had nothing handy at hand, I made them a plum-pudding *in a pair of ducks*.' This is the story of the impromptu pudding.

It will be seen from this that vergers are not without a sense of humour. As a class, in connection with our cathedrals, they are regarded by visitors as a nuisance. 'Why must we have a verger to show us the cathedral?' 'Why can we not go where we like, and roam about without let or hindrance?' etc. 'How very mean it is



of the Dean and Chapter! How pitiful, with their endowments, to make us pay sixpence!' When I was Dean of Chichester we received an anonymous letter from 'Indignant Visitor,' threatening us that, if we continued in our evil and corrupt ways, a small band had bound themselves together by an oath either to blow up or set the cathedral on fire. Notwithstanding this awful threat, the graceful spire of Chichester Cathedral is still a landmark to sailors far out at sea. People forget the trouble it involves to show visitors over a cathedral, how inconvenient it is to call subsacrist or vergers from their proper work. Why should they be required to do this without remuneration any more than in some public building, where some parts have more especially to be guarded? Few would believe what occasionally takes place in our parish churches and cathedrals, acts and abuses which I doubt ever occur in Roman Catholic churches. Englishmen are for the most part the great offenders abroad. I, who had charge of one of our churches in Paris, know well how indignant priest and people feel at the irreverent ways of Tom, Dick, and Harry, when they stare at those who are kneeling in prayer, walk about with an air of contemptuous disapproval of what they see, and sometimes make their unseemly comments aloud.

I remember on one occasion, when visiting Notre Dame Cathedral, an 'Edwin and Angelina'—and these honeymoon folk are the worst offenders—walking up the aisle arm in arm. Instantly a vergers pounced upon them. '*Laissez les bras, laissez les bras, monsieur et madame!*' And quite right, the vergers or sacristan was rebuking them as they deserved. Vergers have

not only to take care that no one secretes himself for sacrilege or some nefarious purpose, but that none misbehave in other ways. Acts of positive indecency have been committed ; but, apart from these, I had occasion not long ago to expostulate with a gentleman who was deliberately reading the newspaper, so making the House of God a 'lounge.' It is not infrequent to find people drying their umbrellas on wet days in the hot air which comes through our gratings. I found a clergyman writing his letters and postcards, which were strewn about over convenient chairs. I remonstrated with him. He said : ' Don't you think, Mr. Dean, that writing letters here makes them *sacred* ?' I could not help asking : ' In what light do you regard your letters written outside the cathedral ?' It is really surprising how thoughtlessly and indecorously well-to-do people will behave in our cathedrals and churches. It is this which makes it in some cases impossible to keep them open all day unless there be someone in charge. Not long ago a van full of holiday-makers stopped at a village church, and the Vicar found a mock wedding going on in his church ! One of the party had put on the Vicar's surplice. I remember going into Westminster Abbey one day, years ago now, when I lived in the Cloisters. The vergers were showing visitors over the enclosed portion of it. A respectable-looking woman and her daughter seated themselves in the choir stalls, produced their luncheon basket, and were about to draw the cork of a bottle of stout, when I called the attention of the verger to this irreverence in the Abbey. They must have mistaken it for a restaurant. I found one, for whom allowance had, of course, to be made as not

being 'all there,' arranging her bonnet in front of the highly-polished lectern, which she was using as a looking-glass. A lady was one day reading a book. I saw at a glance that it was not Bible or Prayer-Book ; it did not look like a book of devotion. I said to her : ' I am sure you will not mind my asking you if you are reading a devotional book.' ' Well,' she replied, ' I cannot say it is a devotional book, but it is Tennyson ; do you mind my reading that here ?' I could not but reply that there would practically be no limit to what people might wish thus leisurely to read. Did she read it in the hope that she might get some inspiration to understand some portion of it more clearly ?

So, not to multiply illustrations, the reader will see that the presence and vigilance of vergers is absolutely necessary in our cathedrals to safeguard ourselves against such doings, and that to call them off from their proper work is not always convenient nor desirable. To pay a sixpence for taking up a considerable portion of a verger's time is not a very ruinous or exorbitant demand. We have adopted a plan by which the system of 'tipping' is, to a very large extent, prevented. This is not to say that our vergers should not receive a Christmas present, if people are kindly so 'disposed,' but to tip the vergers habitually is to defraud the Dean and Chapter. Visitors enter their names in a book kept for the purpose. Their contributions go to our general fund for the fabric or improvement fund of the cathedral, helpful to us, as we have no '*Domus fund.*' A former verger acknowledged to me that he received about £100 a year in tips ! The system prevailed largely in my church in Regent

Street. Club-men were the chief sinners. One of my vergers had two pockets on one side conveniently arranged for the reception of 'tips.' Canon Repton made him disgorge its contents. I forget how much on a particular Sunday was disgorged.

This story is too good not to be told. In the days gone by a verger in a cathedral was always on the look-out for 'tips.' Anyone who did not offer one was left out in the cold, unnoticed. A gentleman came, and the verger, by some instinct, felt that he was not the 'right sort,' and took no notice of him. On the visitor putting his finger in his waistcoat pocket, the verger at once, knowing what that meant, offered him a seat in one of the stalls. The visitor bestowed on him, with 'thank you much,' the munificent and astounding '*pourboire*' of *one halfpenny*! After service, the verger came up to him and said: 'I hope, sir, you enjoyed the service?' 'Oh, very much, thank you; the music is very sweet.' 'I hope, sir, you will come again?' 'Yes, I hope to do so should I find myself again passing through the city.' 'I don't know, sir, if you are aware that you gave me only one halfpenny.' 'Oh yes, I was perfectly, thank you, aware of what I was doing, as I have made it a rule in life never, on any consideration, to give fellows like you *less than one halfpenny*.'

Sad things are told of vergers, but it is sad to think that vergers should have any cause to say what has been told of them; that they should even say them shows that constant attendance at daily services has not the effect we could desire, but sometimes the contrary. Their necessary duties do not allow, I fear, of devotion—*e.g.*: 'How long have you been a

verger here?' 'Nigh upon twenty years, sir, and I am thankful to say I am, notwithstanding, still a Christian.'

Another, well authenticated: 'How great your privilege, verger, to be always here in this stately building, to hear the beautiful music!' 'Yes, sir; but the worst of it is I have no place of worship to go to.'

I heard lately of a man who never went to a place of worship, and, being remonstrated with by the curate, replied: 'I sits at home, curate, and consider myself a buttress supporting the church outside.'

What stories *ex abundanti* we could tell of vergers! I select one or two, not 'old chestnuts.'

A countryman, wandering about a churchyard, came upon a stone having the inscription: 'Sic transit gloria mundi.' 'What does it mean?' he asked of the verger, who, not wishing to show his ignorance, replied: 'Well, it means this, that he was sick transiently, and went to glory Monday morning.'

At a village church the verger acted as organ-blower. The people had a particular liking for the Hallelujah Chorus. The 'organette' consisted of one manual, four or six stops, and pedals corresponding. The organist was taken ill. The Vicar had a friend staying with him for a 'week-end,' a well-known organist in a leading London church. On his arrival, the Vicar told his friend that he was in great straits about Sunday, that he hardly liked to ask such a 'swell,' but 'would he play on the following Sunday?' to which he at once consented.

'Is there anything your people particularly like?' 'Well, as you ask me, they are very partial to the

Hallelujah Chorus.' 'Oh, all right, they shall have it!' *He had not seen the organ.*

Sunday came; the organist seated himself at this magnificent instrument, and did his best to fill in all the chords. He enjoyed some reputation for his pedal-playing. In a shorter time than it takes to record this, the 'organette' gasped and became short of wind. After service he expostulated with the blower, and said: 'Why did you not go on blowing?' 'Do you think, sir,' replied the blower, 'that I have been a-blowing that 'ere organ all these twenty years, and don't know by this time how much wind the 'Allelujah Chorus wants?'

One more. Our Guild of Church Musicians, of which I am president, meets once a year at the Holborn Restaurant for dinner. I have heard there some rare stories at the lips of organists, some of which have escaped my memory. This one I do not think I could forget. At one of our cathedrals the Minor Canon was ill, and could not sing. A Suffragan Bishop had a good voice, and volunteered to sing the Litany. 'Go,' he said to the verger, 'and tell the organist that I will sing the Litany, and ask him to give me the reciting note.' 'Please, sir,' said the verger, 'the Bishop of — has sent me to you to say he will sing the Litany.' 'All right,' said the organist. Seeing the verger remain, he said: 'You need not stay.' 'Please, sir, the Bishop asked me to ask you if you would give him a something—I didn't quite catch—note.' 'You mean the reciting note.' 'That's it, sir—that's it.' Seeing the verger still remaining, he said: 'You need not stay.' To which the verger said: '*Please, sir, shall I take it to his lordship?*'

Fancy G sharp or A flat wrapped up in an envelope and handed in at the Litany desk !

One more of many. It is told of a verger, when a Bishop asked him when he was to make his appearance : ' First, I take the choir-people to their places, and then, after they are seated, I return for you, and conduct you to the halter.'

As a body, they are for the most part faithful, obedient, and willing. They have their temptations, like other men. They appreciate kindness and consideration, like other men. If service be monotonous, it is so at times to others. If worshippers are at times indevout, or show no obligation of attending daily service, we will not be hard on our officials, but make every reasonable allowance for them, calling them to remembrance if need be, and encouraging them to set, so far as they may, a good example both in life and conversation.

So if a cathedral be a great trust, its position as the mother church commanding opportunities large and varied, we who are trusted with them should show that we recognise and fully appreciate the trust committed to us. We may not attain to the ideal. Who does in anything pertaining to this life ? There may be something still wanting to the fabric to make it complete in every detail. Our preaching may be more soul-stirring and more edifying ; our music more carefully rendered at every service ; our lay clerks regular communicants and possible lay readers ; our choristers examples of reverence and possible clergy ; our vergers not open to tips, better informed as to reciting notes, and more disposed to feel that the cathedral in which they serve may be, as it ought to be,

a place in which they feel they can worship. We can only 'go on to perfection.' If we think of a cathedral as a legacy bequeathed to us of the piety and devotion of days gone by ; a triumph of art ; beautiful to look upon ; interesting in its antiquarian, architectural, or historical aspects, this must be a secondary conception of a cathedral. A cathedral must not be looked upon as a building for sightseers, picnic parties, a museum of curiosities, the verger the showman at so much a head. It should not be regarded only from an antiquarian point of view, interesting and attractive as that is. Beyond all question our cathedrals are amongst the most interesting records of an age gone by. Everyone who has to do with a cathedral is aware of the large proportion of Americans who visit, admire, and envy our cathedrals. All this cannot but be. Is it not desirable it should be? What we of this generation should feel is that a cathedral should be handed down to the generations 'yet unborn' in many ways better and not worse for our having had charge of it. The fabric should not be allowed to deteriorate or to show signs of carelessness or niggardly expenditure. We have to think how they may more and more adapt themselves to modern requirements. A cathedral should be a living thing ; its power and usefulness should make itself felt throughout the diocese ; its daily services available where other churches keep doors closed, and those services made as attractive and devotional as possible. Candidates for Ordination should not only desire by preference to be ordained in the cathedral, but their Ordination day should be ever memorable because of the special solemnity of its surroundings and service. No unpleasing remembrance



of slovenliness, want of dignity, or lack of preparation should be left in their minds. The same may be said when the Bishop of the diocese holds his Confirmation in 'his cathedral.'

In every way possible, besides statutory services, Ordinations, and Confirmations, our cathedrals should be utilized as ours, I may with truth say, is at Bristol. Since my appointment in 1891 some £24,000 has been raised by the voluntary subscriptions of the citizens for the restoration of the cathedral and the preservation of the fabric generally. I hold Bristol Cathedral to be for all working purposes a model—indeed, almost an ideal—cathedral. We have our spacious choir, in which, if occasion require, we can accommodate a considerable number of singers for oratorios or choral festivals. We have two restored chapels, the easternmost Lady Chapel and the elder Lady Chapel, the one holding 200, the other 100, all fitted up for short or occasional service—*e.g.*, for use when the service is 'said' for early Celebration, for special Advent or Lent lectures, for guilds. We have a spacious nave, in which our worshippers assemble at all statutory services, and which is filled to repletion at the non-statutory evening service on Sundays, a bright, popular service, where the singing is thoroughly congregational, tunes well known, preaching *ad populum*. The preacher is not limited to ten or twenty minutes. The Chapter-room is available for diocesan meetings, diocesan conferences, rural-decanal Chapters, and I lend it for gatherings for other purposes. I doubt that any cathedral in England is more used for large gatherings—*e.g.*, parade services, friendly societies, or associations which have in view the spiritual or social welfare of our people. Our gates

are open from ten to five daily. Our side-chapels are no longer—as I found our elder Lady Chapel in particular—boarded off, with huge timbers inside supporting the roof, and into which anything for which there was no use was thrown, desecrated, uncared for, unused, but hallowed by use and by special devotional exercises. Such are the demands of our age for multiplied and more varied services that it has been said that ‘if we had not cathedrals it would be necessary to found them.’

The reproach, probably at one time deserved, is rapidly passing away from the Church of England that she has inherited buildings too vast for modern use, and that she has opportunities of far-spreading influence, of which she does not know how to avail herself. If parish churches in her immediate vicinity suffer sometimes by people feeling at liberty to go to ‘Jerusalem, Mother of us all,’ and some would even say, ‘Down with it, down with it, even to the ground,’ I am quite persuaded that the revived life of our cathedrals is quickening the life of neighbouring parishes, and the possible loss of a few of a congregation and diminished offertory is fully compensated for by the increased efforts of the parochial clergy to make their own services more bright, more attractive, so that their people have less and less excuse for wandering from the fold.

To those who complain of their parishioners coming occasionally to the cathedral I often say: ‘What can you do? You cannot lay an embargo on people that they shall go nowhere but to their own parish church; you cannot dictate in these matters. You cannot put up boards outside your cathedral, as you

see in private grounds or field or wood, '*Trespassers will be prosecuted.*'

With reference to a 'daily Celebration' in our cathedrals, there is much to say in favour of it; but very few outside cathedrals realize the difficulty of carrying into practice what in theory is right and desirable. A cathedral is not a parish church. We have, as a rule, no parishioners. Where, as in our case, we are surrounded with parish churches, the Vicar would expect his people to communicate in their own parish church. When we see more avail themselves of a Thursday or Saint's Day Celebration, we may begin to think of a daily Celebration. I will not say that it involves added duty to our vergers, and places us under added obligation to our Minor Canons, whose statutory duties are fixed, but whose assistance at an early Celebration is entirely voluntary on their part. We must not, in our cathedrals, set the example of violation or disregard of the rubric, which provides that 'there shall be no Communion except four (or three at the least) communicate with the Priest. . . .' The reason for this rubric is well understood. It is practically to safeguard against the Mass and the priest communicating alone. Personally, I do not like to put pressure on anyone to communicate. We have a Communicants' Guild, and may take occasion to express the hope that its members would attend Thursdays and Saints' Days, but I do not like persons being *asked* to communicate in order that they might 'make up' the necessary number. I am not aware of any statutory provision which requires us to have a daily Celebration in our cathedrals. This being so, it must be left to

the decision of the Dean whether or not he will have one.

In bringing this chapter to a close I cannot do better than quote the words of one well known in the Church, whose memory I cherish as that of a valued friend, the late Canon Venables, Canon and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral :

‘ Each year as it passes manifests with increasing power that Deans and Chapters are fully awake to the fact that cathedrals have as true and as necessary a place in the Church system of the nineteenth century as in that of the thirteenth, and that they are resolved that the cathedral shall once more become the religious centre of the diocese, the warm heart throbbing with religious life, and diffusing strength, hope, and vitality to every parish within it, as well as the sacred house whose doors are ever left open to receive all her children who may desire to come and worship within her walls, and join in the services of prayer and praise which have gone up thence unceasingly year after year and century after century, with all the stateliness and magnificence that dignified ceremonial and music in the brightest form and its most skilful execution can produce. A new and glorious future is now opening before our cathedrals. May all their rulers and guardians have wisdom to perceive their opportunities, and avail themselves of them before it be too late! Then will our cathedrals be seen to be the source and channels of advantage so great to the Church and religion of England that the mouth of the enemy will be stopped, the hand of the spoiler stayed, and the voice will go up through the length and breadth of our land, “ Destroy them not, for a blessing is in them.” ’

It may be of interest to musicians to know what were the exercises set by Sir T. Ouseley :

EXAMINATION  
FOR THE  
APPOINTMENT OF ORGANIST  
TO THE  
HALIFAX PARISH CHURCH,

*Friday, November 24, 1882.*

- ART. I.—An organ composition to be played by each candidate.  
(The selection left to the performer.)
- ART. II.—A chorus or overture by Handel. (The selection left to the performer.)
- ART. III.—An organ movement to be played at first sight.
- ART. IV.—A chant from a figured bass and a Psalm tune in vocal score to be played at sight.
- ART. V.—A short extemporaneous prelude in any key appointed by the judge.

## CHAPTER VII

### A PROBLEM IN MORALS—THE RELATION OF DISEASE TO CRIME\*

INVITED to read a paper on the occasion of one of these pleasant gatherings, and before men 'of light and leading,' with whom I feel it a privilege to be thus associated, I must honestly confess that I am haunted with the fear that I have selected a subject not only difficult and intricate, but one with which so many present are, on every ground, more qualified to deal. You will, however, deal as tenderly with me as I should with you were you to read a paper on a subject more strictly theological.

My plea for taking such a subject must be that I have for many years taken a deep interest in it, and have been brought into contact with institutions and persons more or less identified with it.

Our blessed Lord did not in His ministry ignore the relation of sin to sickness, and of bodily ailment to some form of spiritual disease. The subject, *e.g.*, of demoniacal possession is one of peculiar interest. Apart from the view broached and very ably argued by Mr. Woodward, that it was in every case an imitation by Satan of the Incarnation, a last and supreme

\* Paper read at a meeting of the Bristol Scientific Club.

device of the Evil One, there have been men in our own day who, sometimes amongst their latest utterances on the scaffold, have said that the only explanation they could give of their crime is that they were 'possessed.' Neander, in his 'Life of Christ,' remarks that the coming of our Lord into the world was characterized, as it was accompanied, by strange forms of psychical maladies, and certainly a visit to the Salpêtrière proves that these have not ceased to be. I doubt that we are in a position to affirm that 'possession' is impossible or unimaginable. A sin which by force of habit and frequency of indulgence becomes 'besetting'—*i.e.*, part of a man's self, woven into the very texture of his being—may become, by the weakening of his personal will and absence of self-control, so all-possessing as that he can scarcely be held responsible for what at last 'has dominion' over him. The homicidal mania, kleptomania, dipsomania, and other manias, such as unchastity or particular forms of dishonesty, jealousy, and many more, are assuredly diseases, partly mental, partly physical. There are those who teach and maintain that all sin is insanity. In the great majority of cases of suicide a merciful and intelligent jury pronounces the verdict, not of *felo-de-se*, which forfeits Christian burial, but of 'temporary insanity.' Charcot's theory is that what is styled 'hypnotism' is really *suggestion*. 'Hypnotism,' like many other words, no more explains the phenomena of hypnotism than 'electricity' explains the phenomena of a force which no one yet is able fully to explain. There are those who will not trust themselves to a great height; the impulse or suggestion comes to throw themselves down. A train rushes through a platform; there comes the suggestion

to throw yourself under the wheels. If the will be weak, the suggestion is too strong for it. If the will be strong, nothing more comes of the suggestion. These are facts within the experience of many, and much more might be said to the same effect.

A fuller knowledge of our complex nature, a more intelligent study of its possible states and conditions, shows that there is some mysterious, subtle, abstruse relation of mind to matter, each affecting the other, as, for instance, under the influence of a narcotic. The result, for we are but on the threshold of the inquiry, with the special opportunities which prisons, hospitals, asylums, penitentiaries afford, is shown in the treatment of criminals and of insane persons. In how many cases the temporary insanity may be so diagnosed as to refer its immediate cause to an overwrought mind, or sudden shock, or a great sorrow; in how many cases to an unguessed physical malady! Why subject those already so sore afflicted to treatment which can only enhance their misery? Is it not time to remind judges that a man may be guilty because he is partly insane, and that it may be better to take care of a criminal rather than severely punish him for what he cannot in every case be considered responsible? Have we not to persuade judges and juries that there are crimes which can be proved to be the outcome of some affection of the brain, that perhaps there is no crime or even misdemeanour that may not be a form of 'dementia' at the time of its conception? The opinion is gaining ground that disease, mental or physical, must be taken into account in connection with crime. Punishment must be less vindictive and more deterrent. This consideration will not make crime less crime, but



it will tend to lessen crime, because of more lenient penalties and less harsh judgments.

Preaching a short time ago before the Judges of Assize, and taking for my text 'Mercy rejoiceth against judgment,' one of the judges, while thanking me for the sermon, said: 'I suppose, Dean, we are to infer from your sermon that we are to let off every prisoner brought before us?' My answer was, 'No;' but I sent him Shakespeare's anticipation of the more humane light in which to look on wrong-doing:

'The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
It is an attribute to God Himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.'

If there be a physical 'squint,' may there not also be a mental or moral squint? The whole penal code will assuredly be modified or readjusted when heredity is taken, far more than even at present it is, into account. Reform rather than suffering will be the aim of criminal jurisprudence. Nature is vindictive. Violation of her laws is never unattended with penalty. The consequence of a momentary forgetfulness, the disregard of the conditions of safety, are inexorable, un pitying. But Nature is unintelligent. Matter does

not think. Law does not reason. It makes no allowance for violations. Is it possible, we might ask, that the contemplation of what follows on the infringement of Nature's laws has so far affected and influenced the human mind that we have transferred to moral delinquency the same severity by way of justification of punishment, or has Christianity interposed, and, while not abrogating Sinai, punishment is more influenced by the cross of Christ? The age in which we live could not, would not, happily, tolerate a second Jeffreys. Its sympathies are more with the late and beloved London magistrate, Mr. Williams. Time was when society fought savagely against crime. The earlier annals of Newgate abundantly prove this. Reprisals were both cruel and vindictive. Riddance, not reform, was the governing thought until our colonies rose up against it with the protest, 'No rubbish shot here!'

We stand aghast at the record of our prisons until a Howard and a Fry visited them and called public attention to their iniquities. We read with amazement, in the light of more humane views, of barbarous torture, mutilation, splitting of nostrils, heavy weights on the chest, flaying alive, wholesale execution, disembowelling, the slow and exquisite agony of impalement,—brutal, fiendish methods which England at one time pressed into her service to extort confession or to vindicate justice! '*Nous avons changé tout cela.*' Every civilized nation is nowadays, thanks be to God! bent on improving her penal system—thinking, discussing, planning how it can best protect society against transgression, and at the same time reform and reclaim the transgressor. Now, with this somewhat

lengthy preface, and yet apropos, we will address ourselves more directly to the subject before us.

Disease and crime,\* physical disorders and misconduct, bodily ailments and offences against society—are these in any way related to each other? Are they concomitants, or is one a stimulant to the other? Would the one be if the other were not? If men and women were never ill, would they never sin? If angels be incorporeal, is that one reason why they are incapable of transgression? You say at once, ‘But healthy men and women sin, and invalids are often saints.’ But can it be predicated with truth of any man, who as soon as he is born begins to die, that he is at all times in perfect health, or that anyone on this side of the grave, however saintly, is absolutely sinless? Taking men and women as they commonly, and not exceptionally, are; having regard to their complex organization and duality of being; knowing, as we do, how mind affects matter, how intimately and subtilely these are by some mysterious *nexus* connected, is it unreasonable to assume that matter equally affects mind? I use these words mind and matter because no amount of scientific knowledge will ever do away with these time-honoured phrases by which we distinguish the one from the other. The action of mind and matter, of matter and mind, is mutual. Are therefore, disease and crime, apparently so distinct and having nothing in common, as cause and effect? Are, they co-ordinate terms? Are they modifications or different phenomenal developments of one and the same thing, as from a Leyden jar or Voltaic battery

\* Crime has been defined as ‘a failure to live up to the standard recognised as binding by the community.’

you can have light, heat, or motion? I am well aware that to hold such a view would lay one open to the charge of being a materialist; for if tenable and true, it would reduce crime to a 'necessity' in particular vicious beings, and would favour the theory, so affected by some who are studying social problems, that, given a certain number of people out of health, you can approximately forecast the amount of crime that will be committed. A recent contributor to the International Scientific Series reduces suicide, on this principle, to average. Given certain outward conditions of parentage, food, climate, sex, country, and the number of suicides in a given area of population may be as nicely calculated as the average offertories in our churches on a given Sunday. You are all aware how you may prove anything by statistics. I have to bear in mind that the law of average strikes at the root of moral responsibility, and of all that is understood by individual liberty to say 'Yes' or 'No.' It furnishes the criminal class with an excuse or plea which to their mind would fully justify wrong-doing, or would at least palliate crime. Would it do to say, 'I cannot help doing ill,' or 'I cannot help doing good'? I can understand a man treating my subject from a strictly scientific point of view, without regard to any practical results, for theorists do not always contemplate the practical consequences of their theories. But one who habitually, and with full conviction of the truth, teaches that there is no sin a man *need* commit, that sin is not a necessity of our being, that freewill, involving moral responsibility, is our birthright, cannot consistently endorse what would seem to discount all this, and sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. I have to see

that I do not think otherwise in approaching and dealing with this subject. One may, however, for discussion's sake, propose such a theme to you as a problem in morals, in much the same spirit as Archbishop Whately wrote a *brochure* to show that we have no reason to believe our parents were our parents except on testimony, and, in no frivolous but serious spirit, he applied this to the historical fact of the birth of the Founder of Christianity. We have no reason to believe that Napoleon lived except on concurrent testimony. And thus certain subjects may, I think, be mooted and discussed in a spirit which provokes discussion and encourages investigation. I am struck with the fact that the relation, or possible relation, of physical disease to crime is rarely, if ever, treated of. I can recall no one book written definitely and distinctly on the subject. If you casually mention it, it is looked on as a novel idea, or reference is at once made to the irresponsible acts of violence or the misdoings of the epileptic and insane. All are ready to recognise the evils which follow on intemperance, impurity, ungoverned temper. But this is not to the point. It is not the diseases which are in some cases the Nemesis of sin, or the social offences which may be traced to want of self-control, of which I am now thinking ; but, *vice versâ*, the relation of disease, from a purely physical point of view, to crime.

Consistently with the commonly-received doctrine of the Fall, by which, so far as the human race is concerned, 'death came upon all men for that all have sinned,' death, as we know it, is the result of various diseases, which stand, therefore, in some relation to transgression. Sin and death came hand-in-hand on our fallen race.

That death, and in violent form, existed before the creation of our first parents few, if any, would nowadays seriously question. The teeth of extinct carnivorous animals abundantly prove that death was no new experience with the Fall. We do not, however, associate sin with the mastodon, ichthyosaurus, or megatherium. We do not associate transgression with antediluvian carnivorous animals, or crime with the slow formation of coal strata through decaying sigillaria and tropical forest growths. That some exit from this world was always intended the translation of Enoch proves to one who believes his Bible. To one who sits loosely to the Word of God not only would an immortality of this present mode of existence be no boon, but place must somehow be given for that succession of beings, to secure which is one of the prime laws of our being. It is in the *manner* of dying, not in death itself, that the penalty of disobedience is paid, because 'sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.' How much more, perhaps, than is generally understood underlies the passionate exclamation, 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

That disease and crime, if not *correlative* terms, have some subtle relation which would not be with incorporate beings—if such can be imagined—is not inconsistent with, but is rather confirmed by, and tallies with, the orthodox account of the Fall. The question, of course, occurs, Had man retained his pristine state in paradise of a *physique* perfect in every detail of its organization, would he have ever committed crime? From the merely human aspect, and not from the Divine, the only one sinless Being that has trod this

earth was surely also without physical blemish or deformity, 'Perfect God and perfect Man.'

But whence are we to get our data and statistics in connection with our problem? Shall they be from hospitals or from prisons, from medical men or clergy, from nurses or gaolers, from chemists or evangelists from those who by their professional life are brought daily into close contact with disease, or from those who by their judicial functions or religious ministrations are brought daily into close contact with crime? The physician, whether in private practice or in the wider practice of our hospitals, well knows how important it is to make careful inquiry into the antecedents of a patient, how far a particular disease is hereditary or contracted, and such inquiry has not a little to do with both diagnosis and treatment of the individual case. Like inquiry is made by police and magistrate into the antecedents of a prisoner, and has much to do with the punishment, longer or shorter, severe or lenient, meted out. The law of heredity, one of the most potent factors of our common life, the predisposition wrapped up in our organization and transmitted by inheritance, is taken into account alike by physician and judge. The process, reaching back to atavism, if not further, which renders possible the persistence, not only of organic structure, whether in animal or vegetable life, but also of dispositions, inclinations, tendencies, even of character, perplexed as the whole subject may be by the multiplicity of its manifestations, is still sufficiently understood as to be *reckoned* with. Acquired character would seem to be as capable of transmission as disease; a predisposition to crime as much as a deformity or mutilation. If you can

have congenital malformation, instances of which are plentiful as blackberries, may you not have congenital vice? This hereditary transmission of acquired character, and of all the phenomena associated with it, while not necessarily endorsing the theory of the materialist, may be only intelligible as certain organs are consciously used or abused. There may be a careful cultivation or culpable neglect of a talent—*e.g.*, a gift for music, painting, or mathematics; and whatever the inborn, predisposing influence of heredity, it is not so omnipotent or overpowering as to leave anyone without excuse who does not cultivate his native endowment. Heredity and habit cannot be dissociated, and may have much to do, not by necessary law, but by accidental environment, with formation of character, but I cannot bring myself to believe that there is any such potency in either heredity or habit as to override or interfere with freewill and with the power of inhibition.

If a physical malformation can be manipulated, why may not an inherited vicious tendency be rectified. And this brings me somewhat nearer to what I am submitting for your consideration. I am not thinking of *mental* disease: of the influence of the mind, in morbid conditions, on the body, on which so much has been ably written, which is a separate department of psychical research, and which finds abundant material in our asylums, and more particularly at the Salpêtrière. It is in asylums and in *maisons de santé*, as well as in private practice, that mental disease is to be seen and studied, from the milder form of hysteria to the more aggravated and acute of hopeless, incurable dementia. The influence of the intellect, the emotions, the will, on



sensation, on the voluntary and involuntary muscles, on organic functions; the influence of mental states on all the above named—all this is well understood. Medical science has invented the word *psycho-therapeutics* to express the methods by which this mysterious power can be controlled and subdued. Every physician is aware of the beneficial results of more intelligent and humane treatment of the insane: of the effect of temporary removal from exciting circumstances, of timely and enforced rest for overwrought brain, of seclusion from corrosive anxieties, and of all the remedial effects of music, dancing, and varied amusement. The reply to Shakespeare's well-known challenge which he puts into the lips of Macbeth would be very different in the lips of a physician of our own times:

“Not so sick, my lord,” says the physician,  
 “As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
 That keeps her from her rest.”

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
 Purge the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
 Which weighs upon the heart?’

A Tuke, Charcot, Brown-Séquard, Russell Reynolds, would not reply to such a challenge:

‘Herein the patient must minister to himself.’

Nor, again, am I thinking of the effect, equally well known, of the imagination on the body, of which we have so many illustrations, some eminently ludicrous, others eminently interesting. Who cannot recall ludicrous instances of the effect of imagination? I

knew personally a patient in a hydropathic establishment who was suffering from some affection of the *duodenum*. He would have it that the mischief was with his *rhododendron*. To inquire after the condition of his duodenum gave him no comfort, but he seemed better when you made tender inquiries about his rhododendron! You may have heard the story of the doctor who left his prescription on the table for a lady who suffered from sciatica. 'Put this to your side' was, by the patient, interpreted *literally*. Instead of obtaining the plaster prescribed, she applied the prescription itself, with sensible benefit! A parallel case is mentioned by the genial author of 'Rab and his Friends.' He ordered a labouring man some medicine, and, giving him the prescription, said, 'Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight and you will be well!' He came back at the time specified, hearty and well, with clean tongue and good appetite. Dr. John Brown was proud of the wonders his prescription had so quickly effected, and said: 'Let me see what I gave you.' 'Oh,' said the patient, 'I took it!' 'Yes,' said Dr. Brown; 'but the prescription?' 'I took it as you bade me. You said "Take *that*," and I swallowed the paper at once.'

An action not long ago was brought against a chemist for doing what he had some excuse for doing. A well-known physician in London was attending a lady suffering from some chronic and incurable disease; as he left the room, he said: 'Well, madam, there is only one thing for you. *Tempus edax rerum*.' When he had left the room—history does not tell if he received a fee for this safe prescription—she said to her maid: 'What did he say would be the thing for me?' 'Well,

ma'am, I did not quite catch what the gentleman said, but I *think* he said "edax rerum" would do you good.' She sent to her chemist to have a bottle of 'edax rerum' made up. He sent some harmless mixture of bromide and orange water, and it did her so much good that she persevered in this *elixir vitæ*. A friend happening to call, she, in answer to his inquiries, told him what had done her so much good. It was regarded as a fraud on the part of the chemist, who was prosecuted and fined.

I was myself present at a medical man's house in Paris, who had discovered, or thought he had discovered, some wonderful cure. It consisted in inhaling some gas—*not explosive*. In order that the patient might inhale this gas, it was necessary to keep the mouth open with a piece of wood. The patient had not yet inhaled any gas; the medical man was about to readjust the piece of wood, when I heard her say: 'Oh, do not remove it; I already feel so much better!'

Enough, you will say, of these ludicrous illustrations. We will think of others, not ludicrous but interesting. I briefly specify them. How toothache ceases as you approach the dentist's door, and think twice if, after all, you need his file or forceps. Think how disease may almost be brought about by mental attention focussed on some one particular organ. Think of the influence of hope and expectation: how the sick sink or rally as words of encouragement are spoken by the bedside, and how ominous looks discourage. Vomiting is excited by thought. An old, blind fiddler on board a steamer did his best to alleviate the victims of *mal de mer*. This instrument became so associated in the

mind of one of the passengers that he never afterwards could hear a violin without the sensation of nausea. So with the sense of taste. 'Hold your tongue!' exclaimed an irascible Frenchman; 'I cannot taste my dinner for your talking.'

Are there not hysterical affections of joints? Do not medical men sometimes themselves die of the very disease to which they have devoted special attention? Is not syncope brought about by certain mental states? The most pure-minded have shocked the ears of friends by their impure utterances when in delirium. Recall the effect of imagination on the secretion from glands, of which tears or perspiration are familiar instances. You have heard of the loss of a sense through fright, and how 'hope deferred maketh the heart *sick*'; the rush of blood to the cheek through affront or shame; the power of fear in sustaining *rigor* or cold; joy exciting the whole muscular system; fear paralyzing; grief blanching the hair in a single night; an unlooked-for reprieve turning one expecting execution into a drivelling idiot; yawning making others yawn; hydrophobia; waking at will; all the phenomena described in familiar parlance by such expressions as 'the mind's eye,' 'heartrending,' 'burning shame,' not to speak of hypochondriacs.

Now what do all these facts exhaustively prove, if it be not that matter is and can be thus acted on by mind, and that our bodily organism is being constantly subjected to its viewless operations? Is it not at least natural to ask the question, Can the body act in a similar manner on the mind? May disease be so treated as that crime shall be lessened? The dyspeptic is, as a rule, irritable. One suffering

from suppressed gout has fault to find with everything. There are instances of severe bodily injury altering character. I have in my mind one suffering for years from some inscrutable malady who made devoted wife and children miserable by his querulousness. Why should a good dinner make a churl more kindly disposed and even more charitable, while a badly-cooked meal makes him petulant? Lazarus, wanting the very necessities of life, has more temptation to steal than Dives, who fared sumptuously every day. The milliner stitching all day long in an ill-ventilated work-room has more temptation of its kind than her sister for whom she is making the costly wedding garment. The bootmaker is notoriously more liable to disaffection than one who wears the boots in the excitements of the hunt. The dipsomaniac, with heart and liver disease, commits acts of violence which the temperate never commit. One in whose blood is the taint of impurity commits criminal assaults which the purer thinks not of. I have heard that scrofula in a family may manifest itself in phthisis or immorality. Are not dwarfs often 'bumptious'? The special sin of the mute is sensuality. As a rule, where there is some serious loss of a sense or some physical defect, there is some moral defect which corresponds to it. Have not the labours of Humboldt, Guyot, and others given to the science of geography a more philosophical character than it had once received? Is not one of the most interesting fields of speculation the inquiry how far external physical conditions, the configuration of the earth's surface, the distribution, outline, and relative position of land and water, have influenced the social life and social progress of mankind? Do

unhealthy surroundings, unsavoury drains, overcrowded rooms, stimulate vicious habits? Is dirt of body favourable or unfavourable to godly living? Can a good bath, flannel, and Pears' soap in any degree improve a man's conduct? Is illegitimacy any result of the environment of the illegitimate? Do vice and a lowered condition of vitality go hand in hand? Why should some sedentary occupation and contracted energies dispose a girl to prostitution, and a man to unbelief? Why do professional burglars find congenial companions in slums? Why do men covered with vermin consort with thieves? Is it true or not that seasons of the year have their influence on crime; that popular insurrections, riots, apparently, are more apt to occur in the spring and summer months; suicides with the unfolding or fall of the leaf; the predatory instinct in winter? Can it be established that periods of prolonged epidemics have been periods of increased crime?

That thoughts such as these have flitted through other minds, and are not as *outré* as might at first sight appear, is shown in the pages of a book entitled 'Erewhon; or, Over the Range,' by Samuel Butler. The subject of this interesting book finds himself transported to another world, the inhabitants of which regard him as we regard some antediluvian curiosity. He finds opinions current there the very opposite to those which obtain amongst ourselves. There, if a man fall into ill-health, contracts any disease, or fails physically before he is seventy, he is tried before a jury of his countrymen, and, if convicted, is more or less severely punished. There are divisions and subdivisions of illnesses into crimes and misdemeanours

as there are with offences amongst ourselves. If a man forges, commits arson or perjury, robs with violence, or does anything regarded by us as criminal, he is not sent to prison, but he is at once sent to a hospital to be made well; he is carefully nursed at the public expense, and his friends are allowed freely to visit and coddle him. Suffering from some severe fit of immorality, he is tended with the utmost solicitude and generously dieted.\* Greetings in the streets as amongst ourselves, 'How do you do?' 'How are you to-day?' would be considered a sign of gross ill-breeding; to make the complimentary remark, 'How well you are looking!' is in Erewhon a positive insult. The greeting there is, 'I hope you are good this morning,' not 'Have you used Pears' soap?' 'I hope you have recovered from the snappishness and ill-temper from which I was sorry to see you suffering yesterday.' If the person so accosted has not been good, or is still snappish, he says so at once, and is condoled with accordingly. If a person ruin his health by excessive indulgence of appetite, by overeating or immoderate drinking, they count this a part of mental disease, pre-natal or post-natal, which brought it about,

\* In the Elmira Reformatory of New York State persons convicted of crime have the comforts of a first-class boarding-school, ample diet, military music, the study of Plato (!), and instruction in interesting handicrafts, all being utilized in the process of amendment. The prison becomes a moral hospital, every individual a 'case' whose cure is to be attempted, and when *convalescence* is assured, discharged. In other words, it is not the crime which is attacked, but the criminal. 'According to American views, reformation, rightly understood, is the physical as well as moral regeneration of the prisoner.'—ARTHUR GRIFFITHS: *Secrets of the Prison House*.

and so it goes for little ; but they have no mercy on such illnesses as fever, small-pox, lung disease, and colds. He was present at a trial of a man who was accused of pulmonary consumption, an offence punishable with death, viewed as a capital crime. The case was a very aggravated one. The accused had caught cold upon cold, had had more than one attack of influenza ; his hacking cough was incessant throughout the trial, and every cough only the more established his guilt. The prisoner seemed during the trial to be at the point of death, and the wonder was that he had not been convicted long ago for nearly dying. The summing-up of the judge was admirable. He pointed out with much indignation how the prisoner's whole career was one of crime ; he regretted that one so young should more than once have been committed for aggravated bronchitis, and had already spent the larger part of his sinful life in a gaol. The sentence of death was by an act of mercy commuted to one of imprisonment with hard labour for the rest of his miserable existence, and during his confinement he was to be kept on low diet, and to receive daily two table-spoonfuls of castor oil. The Erewhons have, instead of our medical men, a class whom they call 'Straighteners,' which means one who 'bendeth back the crooked.' They practise as medical men practise here ; they have no scruples about receiving fees. They are treated with the same unreserve and obeyed as readily as our own doctors, because people know that it is their interest to get well as soon as they can, lest they should be scouted by friends and sent to prison. If a man unhappily fall ill, the straightener orders him flogging once a week, and a diet of bread and water for two or



six months, as the case may be. For they believe illness curable as moral disease, and that the more violent forms of it should be treated with the cat-o'-nine-tails or death. Death by natural causes is a heinous offence, but when a man dies he is felt to be beyond the arm of the law.

Such views transferred to ourselves would revolutionize our remedial system. Our hospitals would be converted into prisons, with cells for solitary confinement, and gaolers in place of nurses. Our prisons would be converted into hospitals, with clean beds, good diet, unremitting care, flowers in window-sills, birds in cages, and everything that could soothe and comfort. Suspended over the forger's bed for the nurse's guidance would be what we place over the bed of the sick, and suspended over the bed of the sick would be directions as to poor diet, periodical castigation, and doses of castor oil. The profession of the medical man would no more cease than would its necessity. He would have inscribed on his door, 'Dr. So-and-so, Straightener,' at home between such hours as he may think fit for the administering of cat-o'-nine-tails or birch-rod, as the case might be. Fees would still be received, only for other advice and different treatment. The pharmacopœia for the sick would be altered from what we see in chemists' shops: in place of the jars and bottles familiar to us, containing all known and approved medicines, we should see set out the gaoler's paraphernalia of cat-o'-nine-tails, birch-rods, and handcuffs, and in some convenient place the ghastly apparatus of the common hangman.

But now, seriously, what underlies this view of the relation of disease to crime in this imagined other

world of Erewhon? It is that to a large extent men are responsible for disease, and through it commit crimes, and that, instead of punishing the result, you go further back and punish the cause; that rather than condemn the consequent deed you imprison the dyspeptic. The theory is that there is no fear of any increase of disease if you severely punish it; that in loss of liberty within prison walls, constant surveillance, sparing use of stimulants, carefully regulated diet, occasional doses of castor oil, you have ample safeguards to society against criminal acts.

That some close and near relation does exist between disease and crime all will admit. May not some light be thrown on this subject by the *physiognomy* of criminals? Have they not some physical characteristics on which is based the science of 'criminal anthropology,' as carried out in France, where exact and detailed measurements are taken of prisoners, and which we have some thought, at the suggestion of Mr. Galton, of adopting in our own prisons? There is a criminal type of man. The criminal head, as a rule, is either large or small, seldom of *medium* size; it is wanting in cranial symmetry, and the cranial capacity is small. The jaw is generally sharp, square, and prognathous, the chin receding, the forehead also. Less common features are prominent cheek-bones or twisted nose, the beard and whiskers are scanty, the hair of the head of vigorous growth. The large ear predominates. Pallor of skin has been remarked as a common trait, and wrinkles, even in the youthful criminal, are seen about the more material and less contemplative parts of the face. It is asserted that beautiful, handsome faces, those even that are pleasing

and well formed, are seldom seen among the 'instinctive' class of criminals, who have a peculiar manner, cringing and timid ways, mobility and cunning in their looks, a something feline, cowardly, humble, suppliant, crushed, about them. There is frequent evidence of *physical* insensibility to pain, which may have its counterpart in *moral* insensibility. This latter has been shown by criminals when brought face to face with their victims. 'I kill a man,' said Lacenaise, 'as I would drink a glass of wine.' Mr. and Mrs. Manning, after killing O'Connor, ate a hearty meal of roast goose over the spot where they had buried his body. Wainwright, all night before his execution, kept telling the warders in charge of him of the crimes he had perpetrated, and without remorse. Does not Mr. Galton associate physical characteristics and crime with the impressions on wax of our finger ends? How far the prevention of disease may lessen crime is a question worth considering. I have studiously endeavoured to look upon this question from, as far as possible, a physical point of view as regards disease and its effects. Knowing well how medical science traces back ultimately to the brain and its functions almost everything that has to do with conduct, and would even reduce criminal acts to its deterioration, culminating in senility, or to a less acute stage in lack of the power of inhibition, I have not attempted to touch on the effect of religious training and distinct religious influences. The case of the effect of paralysis altering character seems to me to show, if it does not prove, how subtle and real is the connection of which I have been speaking. Of course, the effect of illness is not always and invariably

wrong-doing. On how many sick-beds do we meet with the triumph of mind over matter, of suffering heroically borne, of crushed leaves giving us the fragrance of saintliness ! Is this a *result* of disease, or is it in *spite* of disease ? ‘The more the outward man decayeth, the inward is renewed day by day.’ Is this because the lets and hindrances to saintliness which a diseased condition involves are one by one removed, and freer scope is given for the actings of our spiritual life, or is it because pain purifies ? I dare not say it is not so ; but may it not be open to question how far acute physical suffering ministers to devout feeling ? In the refiner’s fire all of dross is separated from gold and silver, but the silver and the gold are with the dross in the crucible. The fire does not create them. Surely the effect of some prolonged illness or of some agonizing malady is less the creation than the purifying of what is already good.

I quite allow that I am prepared for not a little criticism ; I should be disappointed if that did not follow which is evidently invited. I may myself in your eyes stand in immediate need of a *straightener*. One may put down thoughts more for discussion than for the purpose of establishing a theory. One is not necessarily committed to a belief in what might turn out fallacious or untenable. It would, to my mind, put an end to all the gain that comes of free discussions such as these if you felt you must not apparently run a-tilt of generally held opinions without being necessarily committed to what may seem untenable conclusions.

But if what I say have even a *soupeçon* of truth in

it, it might have some place in the thoughts of county councils, parish councils, civic authorities, in all questions of sanitation, of well-flushed drains, improved dwellings for the poor, pure air, open spaces for recreation, public baths, isolation of the diseased, especial fumigation of microbe-harboursing clothes, mortuaries into which at once to remove the dead. It might influence magistrates in their decisions, juries in their verdicts, judges in their sentences, if they bore in mind what predisposing physical disorder, inherited or contracted, may possibly have had to do with an offence, and, without really lessening human responsibility, may allow for a loss of the power of inhibition. It might make all of us less censorious in our judgments, more charitable in our censure on those who sin, if we habitually looked on suffering and sinning humanity through His eyes who 'Himself took our sicknesses and bare our infirmities.' And if in this present state it were as Utopian as an ideal city of Hygeia to expect that either disease or crime shall wholly disappear, might not the one be minimized by bringing all that medical science, with its available resources, can bring to bear upon the healing of the other?\*

In this light, not Utopian or visionary, perhaps not impossible, might not medical science, noble as is its mission, be nobler still, and put mankind under a still deeper obligation, if the relation of disease to crime were intelligently and practically considered both by the profession itself and by those who practise the art of healing?

\* It cannot be denied that if Elmira sends out a large percentage of its pupils so far cured of their evil propensities that they will no more sin against society, it has accomplished a good deal.

The following books are referred to above :

Weissman on Heredity.

Lectures on Mental Disease, by Sankey.

Tuke on the Influence of the Mind on the Body.

Mason on Physical Geography Modified by Human Action.

Erewhon, by Samuel Butler.

Illegitimacy, and the Influence of the Seasons upon Conduct, by

Albert Leffingwell, M.D.

Secrets of the Prison House, by Arthur Griffiths.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CLUB LIFE

THIS sermon on Club Life is the one alluded to in my 'Phases of My Life.' Having often been asked to reprint it, I have obtained the permission of the Committee of the S.P.C.K. to do so. It excited no little interest at the time, and I hope it may still be of interest, though preached some thirty years ago.

'Now while Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him. Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoicks, encountered him. And some said, What will this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection.'—ACTS xvii. 16-18.

About the year of our Lord 54, a vessel sailing over the Ægean Sea drops her anchor in the deep waters of the Piræus and disembarks a solitary Jew. Unnoticed and unknown, he makes his way straight from its harbour to the heart and capital of classic Greece. St. Paul, fresh from the baptism of the Holy Ghost, scales newly fallen from his eyes, the voice divine still ringing in his ears, fired with holy zeal in his Master's cause, soul all on flame with 'constraining love of

Christ,' enters Athens. Athens, the university of Greece and Rome! Athens, core and centre of the intellectual, political, social, worldly, luxurious life of the day! Athens, in which art and science pre-eminently flourished! Athens, in which philosophy, culture, civilization, and the varied products of highly-trained minds found their congenial sphere and exercise. In what other centre of the world of those far-off times was a larger treasure of intellectual wealth to be met with than in the metropolis of Greece? Waiting for Silas and Timotheus, fellow-helpers in the Lord's work, St. Paul has leisure to explore the city and to make his mental comments on what on all sides invited attention. In no fanatic or indiscriminating spirit—not, I venture to think, in that which would be called Puritan, ascetic, or austere—does he condemn the achievements of genius, the masterpieces of art, the supreme efforts of gifts given to be cultivated; still less does he refuse to recognise certain phases of social life which are perhaps inseparable from, and the outcome of, man's gregarious and consorting inclinations. He looks on all he sees with the sober estimate of a Christian, and with the tempered judgment of a converted man. All that is glorious in architecture, beautiful in art, graceful in conception, finished in design, is not for sweeping and unsparing denunciation. Of cultivated mind himself, of refined taste and no ordinary power of perception, we are not to say that what he beheld afforded him no æsthetic enjoyment. We have no reason to think that he contemplated a crusade against certain conditions of social life, as if these were radically and intrinsically evil, and must be plucked up root and branch. He was not enchained



or ensnared by the sight of what artist and sculptor sought to embody. The temper and tone of his discourse on Mars' Hill is a very model of judicious and loving appeal to a higher and nobler life. He who, in one hour cut adrift from the past, and with eyes opened on a world unseen, lifted into a new sphere of consciousness, counted 'all things but dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord,' looked henceforward on the world in its true light. He was no iconoclast who would shatter in pieces the noblest productions of the sculptor's chisel. He would not teach that Christianity and art are antagonistic and irreconcilable, but he makes art itself pass through the strait gate of a judgment and criticism based on the same fundamental principles. The Spirit of Christ applied to the creations of art, with which Athens abounded, neither recognises nor allows an exclusively æsthetic or purely artistic impression derived from them. Divorced from, as it is capable of, deep religious or moral sentiment, there is no abyss of degradation into which art might not fall. It may be made the vehicle, in subtle and refined guise, of all that stimulates passion and ministers to what is purely sensual, or it may elevate and ennoble sentiment. In his way of thinking—and who would say St. Paul was wrong?—he cannot dis sever art from that of which it may be made the expression. In the masterpieces of a Phidias or Praxiteles he sees the creations of paganism, embodying passion, sustaining polytheism. That city, so adorned, so magnificent, so rich in all that made a Lucian, on his first visit to it, exclaim, 'I gaze with wonder and rapture on all the glory,' was to the judgment of St. Paul and to his saddened contemplation

κατείδωλον, 'full of idols'; and when the religion of Christ, as represented in the servant of Christ, came in contact with all that made Athens world-famed, it did not so much condemn as apply a standard to it. When the great Apostle looked upon it, in the expressive language of the more literal rendering of the Greek, 'it set his spirit on edge.'

What gave this servant of the Lord a moral shock and 'set his spirit on edge'? What was the impression made upon his mind, and deepened by residence in Athens? In the midst of apparent 'religiousness,' outward veneration for what was sacred, a superstitious reverence, and multiplied places, as well as objects, of devotion, they knew not, and therefore did not acknowledge, the one only and true God. There is in every heart, I believe, a profound conviction of the existence of God in some or other form. The human mind, in its groping after the unknown, surrounds itself with idols. So it ever will, each man having his own God, until the soul's truest, deepest want be met and satisfied.

Rising up on high, crowning Sunium's promontory with its white columns, stood the temple of Minerva, her spear and shield flashing forth the sunshine, dear and familiar landmark to sailors nearing the shores of home. Hard-by, at the very gate of Athens, stood the image of Neptune holding his trident. You pass the temple of Ceres, and quickly the eye is arrested by the statues of Jupiter, Apollo, Mercury, the Muses, Bacchus, god of revelry. Passing these, St. Paul finds himself in the midst of an animated scene. Temples, altars, statues, surround him. Streets and public squares abound. Colonnades and cloisters, decorated

with lavish art, invite the news-loving and gossiping Athenian to seek shelter amid broad-spreading plane-trees and cool, delicious fountains from burning rays of summer suns or icy blasts of winter. The greater part of the heart and centre of Athens was covered with, occupied by, the *Agora*, corresponding in many particulars and in its object to our modern *clubs*. The *Agora*, translated '*market*,' was really the centre of Athenian life. Here statesmen and orators, Conservatives and reformers, naval and military, artists and poets, travelled and recluse, wits and authors, the country gentleman and man of leisure, the Epicurean and Stoic, the gourmand and gamester, the celibate and married, literati and pleasure-seekers, met and enjoyed the society they sought. No sum was thought too great to make the *Agora* the perfection of comfort. The walls were decorated with paintings of exquisite finish. Every niche was filled with a statue. A Solon, Conon, Demosthenes, represented lawgivers, warriors, orators. The Muses personified art and science. Apollo, Venus, and Bacchus were divinities, not without ardent and devoted worshippers. Every taste was gratified, every want immediately supplied, every whim respectfully humoured. Every god on Olympus answering to some idol in the Athenian heart so found its representative in the *Agora* that the satirist remarked, 'It was easier to find a god than a man in Athens.' Proud of their buildings, the Athenians vied one with another to compass and command within them all that was luxurious, in forms gross or refined. For the more learned and studious there was the '*Athenæum*' of Epicurus, with its plot of quiet garden and air of seclusion, where the *summum bonum* of

human existence might in faint degree be realized, in the consciousness of select and tranquil pleasure. In painted cloisters, frescoed with stirring scenes of wars, with portraits of heroes of many a glorious battle and victories renowned, others found a congenial resort. Delicate dishes and perfection of culinary art gave other nooks of the Agora their recommendation. A Pausanias, fifty years later, scrutinized all he saw in the dry spirit of an antiquarian. The mind of the philosophic Cicero rested on and revelled in the Agora with the satisfaction of gratified taste. The spectacle filled the mind of the Christian convert with pain and sadness. He saw self-indulgence encouraged, tastes pampered, life lived out for this world, as if there were no life to come. He saw in increasing luxury—the product of increased civilization—a prophecy and monitor of national decay. His eye was not blinded to the reality of things. Forms of earthly beauty, words of human wisdom, a life intent on softness, ease, and comfort; oblivion of the outer world and the claims of fellow-creatures; a narrowing up of expansive sympathies and giving *congé* to conscience—for him this had no charm, no attraction, no reality. In all this ‘The Unknown God’ was not honoured. It was itself the reason why that God was unknown. The symbol of the cross was not there. There was both the use of what God so freely gives to cultivate and enjoy, and there was the abuse in the multiplication of idols. The conviction forced upon his mind, the overpowering thought which filled his soul, was one of sorrow mingled with pity, of indignation tempered with regret. It seemed to be a worldliness unqualified; enjoyment of life unsanctified; taste, habit of thought

unleavened---the use and the abuse, and he yearned to lift the world-loving, pleasure-seeking, idol-worshipping Athenian into the consciousness of a nobler life, a more consecrate spirit and grander destinies.

Bear with me whilst, strictly in connection with the delicate and difficult subject assigned to me, I proceed to show how certain schools of thought took their rise amid such a state of society, and found in Athens a natural and congenial soil for growth and fruit. The religious life of a people cannot but take its tone from prevailing conditions of its social life, as a stream is stained with the soil of the banks through which its current glides. It is in the heated atmosphere of great centres, in collision of mind with mind, thought with thought, that you look for the origin of sects, for founders of schools of philosophy. The solitary thinker in some spot far removed from intercourse with the world of men attracts but little attention, inspires but few disciples. It is in the great world-centres of mental and intellectual activity that impulse is given to questions which cannot but have a commanding interest. How often it is the life that suggests the creed, not the creed that governs the life. How often men believe what they *wish* to believe, not what they are bidden accept. How often their belief is the product of their *habits* and the justification of their life. How readily they embrace and acquiesce in views which harmonize with their natural tendencies, and seem to insure them against possible retribution. It is not so remarkable as it is natural that two great schools of philosophy which largely influenced the religion of Greece should have been cradled and fostered in Athens. Foremost of these, with which St. Paul was brought immediately

into contact, was that distinguished by the title of Epicurean. Ordinarily, and ignorantly, the word 'epicurean' is associated with, and limited to, the voluptuary—to the man of pampered appetite and indulged sense, as opposed to what is frugal, temperate, and sparing. But this was the exaggeration—or, rather, the possible perversion—of what Epicurus himself did not practise nor intentionally encourage. The pernicious teaching, as opposed to the Gospel of Christ, has its roots deeper down in those views which, carried out to their legitimate consequence, would encourage what is commonly understood by Epicureanism. For the Epicureans were virtually atheists; they were practically unbelievers of the refined, intellectual type. Their philosophy was a full-blown system of materialism. Epicurus adopted, if he did not originate, the atomic theory, which we have lived to see revived and again enunciated. Matter is from all eternity. This world was not created by a Creator: it was the result of the fortuitous concourse of atoms, held in suspense in infinite vacuum, and forming by their concretion and colliding the different bodies of the material universe. Cosmos was a grand accident, and sufficiently explained itself without reference to any higher or creative power. The gods of Greece were happy delusions, having no objective reality. The philosophic mind recoiled from the popular mythology, and formed a more satisfactory creed out of its own brain. The Epicurean deity, whose existence was at least doubtful, dwelt serenely apart from all things sublunary. The thought of a ruling and superintending Providence was simply ridiculed. There being no moral governor, and, possibly, no Creator, all notions of future judg-

ment found no place in this creed. Inasmuch as all forms of existence would be ultimately resolved into their original atoms, death is practically annihilation. Soul and body, mere modifications of the same atoms, find a common grave. Material and immaterial are figments of the imagination. There is no distinction in reality. 'Let us eat and drink,' says the disciple of Epicurus, 'for to-morrow we die.' As death is annihilation, it is folly to live haunted with the thought and prospect of another world and of a life beyond the grave. Make, therefore, the most of the present while you can enjoy it. Express for yourself all its possible perfume and fragrance. It is natural to seek pleasure and to avoid pain. The great object of life is, as far as possible, to imitate the being who, on the summit of Olympus, knows no fret or care. Avoid anything that can disturb your mind or forbid tranquillity of spirit. Elysium is here if you know how to make your own paradise. Surround yourself with all that can minister to softness, ease, and comfort. *Pleasure* is that at which you must aim; to secure that everything must be sacrificed. The man of refined taste will find it in the productions of art, in literary pursuits, in brilliant society, or, if he prefer, in the leisurely and peaceful retirement from more exciting scenes. For men of coarser mould and more vitiated tastes that teaching stimulated and encouraged sensuality in its grosser forms. The ægis of Epicurus was thrown over all who found the happiness they sought in dissipation, indolence, effeminacy, voluptuousness. The creed justified the life, as the life explained the creed. How must the simple message of the Gospel have grated, as a keel on a sunken rock, in the ears of the Epicurean!

When the providence of God, as the active, creative energy, the ruling, ordaining principle, was declared ; when the atomic theory and a government of blind chance was disclaimed ; when the life of self-denial, 'crucifixion of the flesh with its affections and lusts,' was, without shadow of compromise, insisted on, and instead of a hopeless annihilation and practical extinction of soul and body, *Jesus and the Resurrection* was preached, can we not well understand one Epicurean saying to another in the Agora, 'He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods'?

But this was not the only school leavening society with its teaching which also throve and brought forth fruit at Athens. It was an age of restless inquiry. Groping, unconsciously to themselves, after 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' professors and idlers were not unwilling listeners to anything that even a 'babbler' might let fall. It might afford seed for intellectual disquisition, scoffing scorn, or justification for a life ill at ease with itself in its best and truest moods. *Stoicism* was not without attraction. In the high tone of the school of Zeno it approached the truth in acknowledgment of a supreme governor of the universe, and contravened it in the pantheism which it anticipated. To the Stoic God was merely the spirit or reason of the universe, the informing mind—what the soul is to the body. He was everywhere, and yet He was nowhere. The universe is God. Matter is inseparable from Him. All souls are direct emanations from Him, and would finally be absorbed in Him, as rivers mingle their waters with the ocean, as rays are recalled at eventide unto a sinking sun. God Himself was only another name for Kismet, Fate, Destiny. Reason was



the noblest part of Nature. All must be submitted to its test and crucible. To the wise all outward things are alike. Pleasure is no good ; pain is no evil. He who lives according to reason cannot but live well. He has and is all. Stern and strict in their view of morality, they needed, as they looked for, nothing more. Akin to their Jewish representative, the Pharisee, they were gods to themselves in their boasted self-sufficiency. No high motive was set before the Stoic, for life ended on this side the grave ; it had not for him the promise or hope of immortality. The proud ideal of humanity was a magnanimous self-denial, austere apathy, sympathies 'cribbed, cabined, and confined.' All revolved round self. What can we imagine more contrary to the genius and spirit of Christianity? The morality of the Stoic was founded on pride ; the morality of Christianity on humility. The one system maintained individual independence, the other absolute dependence on another. The one found consolation in the thought of inevitable destiny, the other in a living, loving Saviour. The one had no recipe for sin save sharp austerities, the other found a remedy in the cleansing blood of One who died for sinners. The stern indifference of the Stoic is set in contrast with the large and loving sympathy of One who 'sticketh closer than a brother.' The sublime egotism which looks on human weakness with contempt is compared with the creed that bids us 'bear one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' How must the simple message of the Gospel have grated also on the ears of a Stoic, and directly contradicted his boasted philosophy ! Instead of a pantheistic, vague diffusion of power and order, a loving,

personal God of love was preached. Instead of iron destiny, in which men might find a plea for anything in faith or practice, a watchful Providence was declared. Instead of that self-righteousness which looks for nothing beyond, godly sorrow for sin, and lively faith in Him who alone can save ; and when in the general chaos of thought, product of unaided reason, and medley of unenlightened cogitation on the future, and crude speculation concerning the hereafter without revelation's light, life was limited by periods of cosmical change or ruin, as against the annihilation theory of the Epicurean and the absorption theory of the Stoic, can we not well understand that when St. Paul preached that name *Jesus*, name above every name, in which, as we believe in it, all our eternal welfare centres, and the personal *Resurrection*, in which is implied personal identity retained, and a personal arraignment on the day appointed before the great white throne, to be adjudged for all things done in the body. whether good or bad, one Stoic would nudge another and say, as they listened in the Agora, ' He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods.'

I have taken this more general view of the social and quasi-religious life of Athens as introductory to the special subject of which I have to treat, because it seems to me impossible to view the two apart. The social and religious life of a people act and react the one upon the other. The estimate a man takes of life and of the habits which grow out of that estimate cannot but give colour and complexion to his creed in dogmatic and practical aspects. It does really matter in what god a man believes, for his character must bear traces of, must hold, as it were, his faith in solution.

And history repeats itself. The habits of mankind do not, in civilized countries, materially differ. Human thought revolves round much the same questions, and given certain conditions of outward life, we look for much the same results as affects belief and practice. It is not difficult to bridge over the gulf of years, and for the metropolis of Greece to substitute the metropolis of England. If not her equal in grace and beauty, London is not behind Athens in material and intellectual wealth and in the familiar evidences of a high degree of civilization. We, too, have our temples, altars, shrines—all that to outward eye bespeaks veneration for religion. Here in the centre of the world's life, and in this immediate neighbourhood, within which this parish church is situate, have we not a faithful transcript of the *Agora* of days gone by? This parish is the special habitat of—it may almost be said to be monopolized by—clubs. Nine-tenths of these institutions have gravitated here. So, great, also is the increase within the last few years, even since my own ministry in this parish, that a well-known weekly periodical, in a valuable and thoughtful article on the subject, speaks of this increase of clubs as a 'curious epidemic' whose irresistible contagion is now threatening the East of London. On all sides we find traces of the 'mania.' Scarcely a month passes but some new club is announced. Family mansions, houses of artistic or historic interest, are transformed into what some call 'gigantic hotels.' I use the word advisedly, for there is little doubt that the quondam character and old notion of a club is fast undergoing a radical change. Modern clubs are described as 'a slightly modified form of the public-house,' the 'miscellaneous mob of

an overcrowded caravanserai.' This description may be true or false, it may even savour of vindictive feeling, yet such are the epithets applied. The change in character, from the exclusiveness which some of the older clubs still preserve to the almost unquestioning facilities afforded for membership, may have its root in a growing democratic spirit and in the fact that clubs are now set on foot and managed by companies. If they are becoming proprietary and of profitable speculation, then there is practically no limit which can be assigned to their increase. At first sight it may seem a strange and incongruous topic for a Christian pulpit; but anyone on reflection must see that club life, so largely on the increase, the outcome of our social, cannot well be viewed apart from its relation to the religious life of a people. It is the world in one form, which doubtless has its use, which doubtless may be abused. Some think a club the perfection of civilized life; some think it the reverse. To consider clubs as an unmixed evil, essentially mischievous, were grave folly. To speak of them as unmixed good, essentially beneficial, were equal folly. In treating the subject it will be my endeavour to look upon them as liable to excess in things lawful.

It were difficult to assign the origin of clubs, and to say when they first took their rise. If the derivation of the word be correct, from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning to *cleave*, *club* expresses the inborn tendency of man to associate and form into communities. The essayist may be slightly satirical who says 'that all celebrated clubs'—he speaks of the earlier—'were founded on eating and drinking, which are points where most men agree, and in which the learned and

unlearned, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all bear a part.' We may, I suppose, affirm that clubs are, if not positively necessary, yet so convenient for political and social purposes that we can hardly conceive society without them. They are, in their different objects, so worked up into the habits, tastes, and comforts of our educated and refined classes, that whoever denounced and indiscriminately abused them could not but be looked upon as insane or malevolent. Political clubs are a necessity of the present day. Scientific clubs with kindred affiliation could not be dispensed with. Travellers may naturally seek a common terminus. Men of the same profession will seek one another's society. The older institutions will have their children, and the parent tree will send out the sprouts and offshoots of junior clubs. One club in particular, rightly or wrongly called the 'Chartered Libertine,' meets the wants of a large class who would have no claim to, or ground of, admission elsewhere. A club is a real comfort and advantage to a large section of society. It presents a combination of all classes, opinions, pursuits, professions, quite unprecedented. It gives opportunities of intercourse with men most famed in all walks of life. It is Epicurus' quiet nook, a leisurely lounge, a grateful rest from the strain of active life, accorded even to the more exalted in station or privileged in qualification of clergy, who as a rule are not warmly welcomed in clubs. And who will deny the great attraction of a club? To be brought thus in contact with the best-informed or most cultivated, to have access to all the refinements of life and facilities of intercourse with what is of admiration and interest—who by circumstances excluded from this

does not chafe under the privation ? And though it be true that we do not live for these things, yet they have their charm ; they give, in their way, a zest to life, and lift it out of its commonplaces and even its monotony. All, again, are agreed that clubs have their value in attracting our young men from questionable society and coarser pleasures. The tone, as a rule, of a club is higher than in the days gone by. There is a certain recognised discipline and consensus of restraint. To belong to a club is a guarantee in itself against anything, outwardly at least, that is inconsistent with the conduct of an English gentleman ; any offence against good-breeding or accepted rules of society would be promptly resented with expulsion. All this is undoubtedly to be said in favour of clubs and their advantages. Some would go farther. They would say it is very natural for one of comparatively limited means that he should seek to command all that a club brings within the compass of his income. The society is certain ; the club offers every form of variety at all hours, and without the vexation of restraint. All tastes are gratified. The collegiate, the literary, find journals, periodicals, publications without stint. The sensuous is not overlooked, for the buildings are palatial, carpets are soft, chairs and sofas invite repose ; liveried servants are numerous, sharp, and attentive ; eatables and drinkables are of the best quality and at a low price ; and oh ! earthly paradise, all this may be enjoyed for a small annual payment by one brought up as a child amongst very different circumstances, and with a certainty which men of large income could not assure. Is there no advantage, says the man of three or five hundred a year, in all this ? Compare

such advantages, such luxuries, such conveniences, with life passed in a dingy, dreary, scantily furnished lodging, with meals indifferently prepared and slovenly served, in the total absence of all pleasure, unless a man have a mine of resources in himself and is, what is rarely to be found, independent of others for giving life interest and charm!

For the bachelor a club is home. Even for the married, if his wife should happen to turn out dull or unamiable, querulous and nagging, of no real companionship in the great interests of life, unpractical, and a bad manager, the temptation is great to take refuge from dulness in social intercourse, from querulousness in cheerfulness, from the fret of home in the serene atmosphere of obsequious attention, from meals indifferent and uninviting in a table delicately and invitingly prepared. A club is a question in which women, married and unmarried, are concerned. If home, which should be the one spot on earth *to* which a man fondly turns, be that *from* which he fondly turns, then there must be something radically wrong in our social life. Who can doubt that club life largely and materially affects *domestic* life? It affects what are called the 'preliminaries of married life.' Marriage ranks only second to the ordinance of the Sabbath. It is the natural state of manhood and womanhood. The celibate life on either side is unnatural. It may be that young men are scared from the thought of marriage by the extravagances of fashion, and by a wholesome dread of incurring expenses they cannot meet. They know how to live with their present means; they do not know what marriage may entail. If parents make up their minds that a certain income

is hopelessly necessary. and that happiness is only secured by a certain style of living, the blame rests with themselves if men of moderate wishes shrink from what would be honourably incompatible with their means. If, again, mothers are of opinion that there is something menial, if not degrading, in the thought that their daughters should be good housewives, if they will not believe that, instead of bestowing so much attention on the cultivation of accomplishments and devotion to follies, it were better a little more attention were paid to the simple details of housekeeping, they must not wonder if men stand aloof from a state of life which, when its halcyon days are over, may eventuate in one of trouble, anxiety, and care. And who would say that this is altogether and purely a selfish view of life? At least, let us give it credit for what it is worth. It may sound reasonable or plausible when it is urged that club life is to be credited with preventing early and improvident matrimonial engagements; still, is there no danger in the fact that such a life encourages and stimulates, on the part of our young men, luxurious tastes and selfish habits, which, if they do not make them dainty and effeminate, tend to that fastidiousness and self-indulgence which will make it hard for them to reconcile or submit themselves to the privation, as they may come to think it, of a future and permanent home? Luxury, splendour, the high society of clubs is a great temptation, as it is not calculated to qualify a man for the plainness, simplicity, and monotony of married life, and for that self-denial and contentment with the state in which God has placed us, on which our own and the happiness of others so largely and so simply depends. Husbands, also, are exposed to the



same temptation of forgetting the dignities, sanctities, and obligations of that married life which a wife, be she amiable or unamiable, cheerful or dull, has a right to expect, that he should remember to whom she gave her hand. Not one of the least of the evils, or, if you will, what may be called the abuse of club life, consists in a selfish habit of life engendered, and a style of living contracted, in many cases not in keeping with our private means, and unfitting for the comparative privations of home. We will not call this a minor evil, though it be the first touched upon.

Is it not a fact that clubs afford great and peculiar facilities for gambling and for drinking? There are, of course, exceptions. Is it not notorious that in some large sums of money are staked, lost, and won? Is not this a vice too serious, too fraught with all the evils you can imagine, not to be discouraged? Is it not within control and of even positive prohibition? May not clubs be held responsible for the marked and deplorable increase in gambling? Are not fatal facilities, together with an air of semi-respectability, given to that refined habit of wine-bibbing which, unchecked, prepares the way for a ruinous habit of intemperance? Is this uncontrollable by law or rule? Is it not true that clubs profess to have no conscience? The aggregate, co-operative principle has destroyed all sense of individual responsibility. It is not simply shaken off: it has never been felt. There is a practical isolation from all charitable and religious efforts on the plausible, but I venture to suggest flimsy, ground that the income of a club does not admit of disposal to objects extraneous to itself; and this notwithstanding

ing the fact, as I know from the eleven years' experience of my own district in this immediate neighbourhood, that a large and particular portion of our poorer classes are attracted by the clubs to St. James's parish, and thus a burden is thrown on the resources of a particular parish, unrecognised and unlightened by the very agency by which the burden has been largely created. Club life is an aspect of society which naturally suggests itself as one topic to be dealt with in connection with such a theme as 'the use and abuse of the world.' I am speaking from the observation of eleven years, having had not a few opportunities, St. Philip's Chapel being an offshoot of this mother parish church, and from an earnest conviction that the position taken up by clubs in this matter is practically indefensible. Why should a large society of men agree to live in a particular part of London, and complacently acquiesce in ignoring the claim that the very fact of their presence palpably and fairly establishes? Are the rules which forbid subscription to parochial charities in the name and on behalf of a club really like the laws of the Medes and Persians? Is it so that no pressure can be brought to bear upon standing committees of clubs by members who are of different and more healthy opinion, or may it not be that secretaries and committees only want the support and countenance of members to do what conscience and every sense of obligation to a neighbourhood tells them is right and reasonable? And as regards the great world outside club walls, of poverty, and privation, and distress, might we not use the *argumentum ad hominem*? Is it creditable, to put it on the lowest grounds, is it calculated to raise the upper in the

estimation of the lower classes, that there should be such centres of luxury, one of whose laws or bye-laws is, 'We recognise as a body no parish and no charities'? Could not facilities be afforded in every club for the voluntary subscriptions of individual members? Is it too much to ask that those opportunities should be placed in the *salons* of the club—nay, throughout them—in the form of boxes and books kept for the entry of names, and care taken that these were always placed where they could readily be found, and where they would not fail to be seen?

Is there not, in the majority of clubs, as a consequence of this irresponsibility, a disregard of, and indifference to, the spiritual interests of those employed in their service? The reply to this may be, 'Not more so than in many private establishments.' Is this therefore a reply? Servants of clubs have souls to be saved, as they have whom they serve. Is it creditable to any large body of men, holding some veneration for religion, that they should be practically indifferent to the spiritual well-being of their fellow-creatures? Is it wild and utterly unreasonable to expect that every reasonable facility should be afforded servants in clubs for attending a place of worship, that rules or bye-laws should be framed which shall at least show that a committee is not oblivious of the spiritual interests of those employed, many of whom, now isolated from home, once enjoyed free access to all means of grace? Is it pre-eminently ridiculous, only what a clergyman would conceive, that a secretary, at an early and convenient hour, should gather together as many as possible of the household for a few still moments of prayer? Facilities were accorded to me for visiting one or two of the

clubs, and for gathering together a few servants for a short Bible-class, and rare as these opportunities were, they were much prized and gratefully embraced. It may even excite a smile when I proceed to say that habitués of clubs, lodging within easy reach of them, should or might devote a portion of Sundays, listlessly and wearily spent, in teaching in a Sunday-school. I almost fancy I hear the laugh such a proposal excites: 'Fancy a habitué of a club a Sunday-school teacher!' Who but a clergyman would gravely suggest it? Yet some of our greatest and noblest, as well as men of most laborious lives, are adorning their walk in life, being found, Sunday after Sunday, teaching the children of the poor. What is ridiculous in suggesting work for God? If the idea be scouted and not for a moment entertained; if instead of a holy observance of God's holy day a club must be a place of resort on Sunday, supremely dull, flat, and insipid as compared with week-day stir and life, is it an impertinence or liberty to suggest that, for the sake of appearances, for very decorum and decency's sake, a stumbling-block be not put in the way of the working classes, for whose observance of the Sabbath we are always legislating, and whose liberty many would restrict; that members of clubs should not be seen by every passer-by leisurely reading their papers during the hours, sometimes, of Divine service, and thus openly desecrating God's holy day? Surely, whatever our own opinions or habits may be, we do owe something to others.

When I recall to mind the wretchedness, misery, want of all kinds, the degradation of thousands of our fellow-men, and that within a stone's-throw even of

this luxurious and wealthy district ; when I think of the many who have not the necessities of life, and are eking out a bare existence, pining for a word of sympathy, grateful for some little act of thoughtful kindness, languishing on sick-beds, with few or no comforts, silently bearing the burden of decent poverty, to whom a friendly word and loving deed of sympathy is as cheering sunshine, I wonder how men with human hearts and with leisure time at command can be content to sit listlessly in easy-chair or lounging window, wasting precious hours which might be so much more profitably, so much more happily, spent ! How can we bring ourselves, immortal beings, endowed with varied gifts, capable of consecration to the highest ends, with wealth, position, time, influence—how can we bring ourselves to call that life well spent thus spent ? How can we call that *life* which finds satisfaction in the routine of laborious pleasure-seeking ? How is it not frittered away in late rising ; mornings occupied with little or no serious occupation ; afternoon elaborate dressing for familiar places of resort ; the intervals between this or that social pleasure filled up with ennui, or meals inordinately prolonged ! Alas ! what a *wasted* life many men and women lead ; and such as these have within themselves, if they care to believe it, and if the heart were quickened by the constraining love of Christ, and the prayer for grace to use them aright, near and golden opportunities, which will never be their own again, of making the world better, hearts lighter, homes sunnier. The ‘ Society for the Relief of Distress ’ was founded on the hope, if not on the assumption, that many members of clubs, with time at their command, would find glad

and grateful employment in visiting the poor, helping in suppressing mendicancy, and bringing men of influence, prospects, and practical knowledge into more immediate contact with the real wants of the lower classes. Has this hope been realized?

To how many does this sound Utopian—shall I say ideal? How many will say, 'It is natural he should, from his standpoint as a minister of Christ, say all this'? How many say, 'He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods'? and that with church spires rising up around us on every side, and the facts of Christianity advertising to the so-called heathen world that we are a religious people—a Christian nation. Has the pulpit no message, no scope, no theme here, not for violent declamation, indiscriminating abuse, rabid tirade, but for calm, sober, faithful appeal? If the avowed unbeliever turns to such account the grave inconsistencies of apparent veneration for religion and apparent disregard of its obligations that 'he strengthens himself thereby in his wickedness'; if the literary cynic brands our 'modern Christianity as a civilized heathendom,' may not a minister of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who shed His life-blood on the cross that we might be saved, lift up a voice of remonstrance or persuasion, as once was lifted up in ears of Pharisee and Sadducee in the streets and synagogues of Jerusalem, as a voice was lifted up in the ears of Epicurean and Stoic in the Agora at Athens? May not he point out and warn against the inevitable tendencies of a life spent in the main as Epicureans spent it? May he not point out and warn against the practical effects of that modernized Stoicism which looks for nothing beyond itself? Are there no Epicureans in our day? In our

deliberations on politics, leading articles of our press, legislation for the people, in our conversation in political clubs and animated discussion, is there an habitual recognition of an *overruling Providence*, of a *superintending God*? Have we no materialists, with their dreary creed? Have we no men of refined tastes who are of the refined type of unbelievers? They are making this world, unsatisfying at best, their all, trying hard to persuade themselves and others that revelation is a pleasing delusion, that supernatural religion is priestly invention, that nothing is real but what we see, their life bounded by sense, making avowedly the most of it while it lasts, spending it as taste or whim inclines, to whom the grave may, for all they care, be annihilation and death extinction, and eternity an awful plunge in the dark, or haply no reality! And yet are not such as these haunted with convictions of which they cannot altogether rid themselves? Is there not the altar to the Unknown God in the secret of their longings or suspicions? But it stands without any fire lighted on it, without any sacrifice offered upon it, because pleasure, fortune, fame, ambition, mere earthly pursuit, is the god they really worship; not the God, the only true God, in whose image they have been created, by whose goodness they are momentarily preserved, by whose love in Christ they have been redeemed, and who, by creation and by redemption, has the first claim on all we have and on all we are—to whom the immortal spirit must one day return, at whose white throne the great account must one day be given, in that awful day ‘in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained.’ Does not the life of

Epicurean pleasure explain the creed, and can you not imagine a man adopting, even against his best and truest convictions, any theory, old or cast in modern mould, if only it seem to excuse and justify his worldly life?

And have we no Stoics in the present day—fatalists, believing in inevitable destiny, content, as they say, to take their perilous chance? Have we none who boast of the powers of reason, rejecting what does not commend itself to it, resting on a morality which makes the cross of Jesus of none effect, practising a self-denial which is not the surrender of the heart, conscious of indwelling sin, yet not looking to the cross for pardon, with enough of belief to make them miserable, and yet not enough to make their faith a power? Have we not men self-satisfied and looking for nothing beyond themselves, with sympathies contracted and generous kindliness frozen in their veins, who disclaim the thought of brotherhood, and who, having never realized their own need of a Saviour, and having never felt His great love, have never made that one grand surrender of the heart to Christ which is the secret of life spent to His glory? Will not such as these acquiesce in, as they welcome, any theory, new or revived, which would hold out the possibility of absorption into Deity, the happy solution of whatever life; which cuts from under us any high motive for an earnest life; which seems, as it rids us of personal responsibility, to justify our ignoring the claims of our fellow-creatures; which helps to persuade us that the ἀνάστασις, the Resurrection, is figurative, judgment to come an idle tale? Oh! if the voice of one who has faced death and almost looked into eternity from the brink of the grave can



persuade ; if the assurance of one who has stood by hundreds of death-beds can prevail ; if what we profess to believe and venerate be, after all, sterling and true—the great verities of revelation no ‘babbler’s’ guess, but stern, awful, all-important reality ; if it be true that life is not bounded by the grave and death is not extinction, and that a life is yet before us, shoreless and endless, for which this is but the probation and vestibule ; if in His infinite mercy God has given His Son to die for us, lost and perishing ; if the sense of accountableness, of which no man can altogether rid himself, be but a perpetual unfulfilled prophecy within us of a judgment-seat, and fight or struggle as we may with convictions, if they point, as needle to the pole, to our truest and eternal interests, shall we not see to it that we so use the world as not abusing it ? Shall we not see to it that we do not seek satisfaction in what can never satisfy ; that we frame not creeds for ourselves, and fit our life to the frame of the creed we wish to be our own ; that we do not make idols of what God gives us temperately and soberly to enjoy ; that we do not pay homage to any god but the one who has a right to our highest homage, and that we be not content to face death without Christ and eternity without hope ? Oh, see to it, for your soul’s sake, that you are not deluding yourself with baseless theories ; with hopes which have no foundation save in secret wishes ; with vague notions which a death-bed and a death-hour will dissipate as a dream when one awaketh ! Pray we that the eyes of our understanding may be enlightened, that we may look on life in its *true* light, on ourselves as God sees us, on death as the gate opening on happiness or misery, on eternity as setting the seal to perdition

or salvation. And, O God, give us by Thy Spirit so to know Him Whom truly to know is everlasting life that all our hopes may be centred in Jesus ; that a love of Thee may constrain to a life in every sphere more dedicate, more consecrate, and give to us such an indwelling of Thy Spirit that, under His guidance and in His help, we may so pass through things temporal that we finally lose not the things eternal !

## CHAPTER IX

### ODD PEOPLE I HAVE MET, AND ODD DOINGS AND SAYINGS

IN this concluding chapter I am recalling odd people I have from time to time met, odd doings and odd sayings. This much I can say, that I can vouch for the absolute truth of what I write, and of instances of 'oddity' within my own actual experience. There are thousands of 'odd' people outside asylums (I do not include 'Odd-Fellows'). They do no harm, but they are odd, exceptional, eccentric in their ways and sayings. They amuse more than they annoy. They have peculiar habits, are known and tolerated as 'oddities.' People say, 'Oh, don't mind them; you know, he' (or she, as the case may be) 'is known to be very odd,' as an excuse for most decided eccentricity.

If you ever find yourself amused by them, it is not laughing *at* them nor making merry, at their expense, of some peculiarity or infirmity of mind, but the humorous side 'tickles you.'

In the course of my ministry I have visited a great many lunatic asylums. In some cases I have had to do so, as in Paris; in other cases never out of curiosity or any morbid desire to see those whom it

has pleased God to afflict with either chronic insanity or temporary lunacy, but in quest of certain problems which have always had a peculiar fascination for me. One of these is whether or not lunatics recover their reason in the supreme hour of life. Such cases are, I believe, few. During my ministry in Paris part of my work was to visit the principal hospitals, prisons, and asylums in which our countrymen were placed. This gave me early in life an insight into the French system of treating sick folk, prisoners, and *aliénés*. I have visited asylums in Germany; I have spent many a day with Dr. Hood of Bethlehem Hospital, and have more than once visited Hanwell. I spent a long day at Morningside Asylum, near Edinburgh, and have been over the leading asylums in New York. The principal asylums in Paris are Charenton, St. Anne, The Hospice de Bicêtre and Hospice de la Veillesse, or La Salpêtrière. Bicêtre is specially interesting as the hospital where Pinet first introduced the more humane treatment of the deranged, which, thank God! now prevails in asylums generally. La Salpêtrière is well known as associated with the late Professor Charcot, the high-priest, as he might be called, of Hypnotism, where this phenomenon is studied not for amusement, but from a scientific point of view. I have spent more than one day there with Charcot. I suppose nowhere could you find a more remarkable concentration of women afflicted with extraordinary psychical maladies. The French humour their lunatics and insane, and to a certain extent indulge them in their eccentricities and delusions. They do not irritate them by contradiction. If a man thinks himself to be, *e.g.*, the Emperor of China, they let him think so. It does no one any

harm! This hospital has nearly 4,000 beds, and its inmates are treated with the utmost kindness and care. It was a curious experience which I had there. I was alone for about ten minutes in an exercising yard, surrounded by some hundred women, all insane! But presence of mind goes a long way under these trying circumstances. Poor souls! they were gibbering and grimacing, and telling me who they were, and each with some different delusion, so that I was greatly relieved when Charcot appeared on the scene!

Presence of mind on another occasion came to my help when visiting, with my friend Sir Thomas Hare, Mr. Villebois' pack of hounds near Sandringham. I was left for a few minutes alone in the paddock. I had a biscuit in my pocket. A splendid specimen of a foxhound scented this, and in a few minutes the whole pack surrounded me. I was perfectly prepared to sacrifice my luncheon to them, as parents have thrown their children to a pack of wolves, but I felt I dare not stir or sound an alarm lest I should provide myself, gratis, as a toothsome luncheon to them. I was, as my dear uncle, Dr. Smith, said when he found himself about to sit down to eat his luncheon on a hornet's nest—'I was in a position of very great danger.'

I have never known any sense of fear in visiting an asylum. I confess a creepy feeling came over me when Dr. Hood took me through the ward at Bethlehem—since done away with—of those who were homicidal maniacs, and who will of a sudden make a frenzied attack on their warders. He asked me to do no more than pass through without noticing them. In New York women who have the homicidal mania have their arms put in large bolsters. It looked rather comic,

but thus 'bolstered' they could do no harm. In Wakefield Asylum a woman raved and screamed when I came in ; she vowed she would do all sorts of awful things if she could only get hold of me. She was seized with an insane dislike to me. She had that peculiar frizzle hair of which Darwin, in his book on the 'Expression of the Emotions,' writes, and of which he gives illustrations. Most of the illustrations in Darwin's book are taken from typical cases in Wakefield Asylum, and my sworn enemy is amongst them. A man who fancied himself a naval commander paced at Hanwell the corridor with a wisp of straw round his waist, and knocked me aside, bidding me not walk on the quarter-deck without saluting him. I at once apologized ; but it is rather difficult to refrain from a smile.

I was co-trustee with Admiral Boyle for a young woman who was at one of the French *asiles*. Her delusion was that she was very beautiful. How filled our asylums might be with women labouring under that delusion ! She lived in a world of flattery. We had occasion to call, and to certify that she was alive. On our way Admiral Boyle reminded me of the French system of *indulging delusions*, and that I must express my unbounded admiration of her. She was prepared for our visit, and had 'put on her best.' She was tall and graceful but not beautiful. She had arrayed herself in a gorgeous garment of bright blue, with very long skirt, and had placed a very bright star on her forehead.

'Now, then, Pigou, begin,' said the Admiral. I was only about twenty-five years of age, and at some disadvantage. Blushingly and tremulously, I said:

‘You are looking very well to-day.’ Brushing me aside, and cutting in like a man of war, he said : ‘Looking well! You are out and out the most lovely, exquisite, heavenly creature I have ever seen!’ Poor soul! she was not at all overcome by this, but evidently much pleased. ‘My dear Pigou,’ said her admirer, ‘you were too ridiculous! When you admire a woman you cannot lay it on too thick.’

The French put people into *maisons de santé* for much less than we do. I know some at present who in France would be temporarily placed in a *maison de santé*. They are, as a rule, paying patients. I was sent for in Paris to see a lady who was afflicted with *désordre*. How many outside *maisons de santé* suffer from the same malady—Anglicè, ‘disorder.’ The form it took with her was very harmless, so far as she herself was concerned, but might be very troublesome *en famille*. She would dress and undress herself several times in the same day; she would do and undo her hair frequently. I baptized her child, and she expressed a very ardent desire to see me. The medical man told me it was only a ‘ruse’ to gain her liberty; that he was sure she would resent to me this unnecessary and irritating restraint, but that, of course, I had nothing to do with that, etc. I went to see her, some distance out of Paris. I was ushered into a luxurious salon. She came in, faultlessly dressed, and her hair *bien coiffé*. She at once began by telling me that she was shamefully treated and illegally confined. I told her that she would kindly understand that I was not responsible for this, and that in wishing to see me I concluded it was as a clergyman that she wished me to come. ‘Oh yes,’ she said; ‘I want very much to go to church

with you.' I at once saw that this was another way of gaining her liberty. I said : ' I am very sorry I cannot let you accompany me, for I am an unmarried man, and there would be no little gossip.' All of a sudden she rushed upon me. ' You are not a married man ! Go, sir, out of this room this very minute !' And, putting her hands on my shoulders, she bundled me out ! Our interview lasted two minutes. It took three good hours out of my day to go and return. I fled *en désordre*, and made a vow, *No, never, never, never again !*

I was once in what I think was a ' position of very great danger.' It was with a parricide at Bethlehem. I think, if my memory serve me right, his name was Dat, a most powerful and formidable man. He occupied much of his time in drawing, which was as eccentric as what I have seen in Earlswood Asylum for Idiots. I was quite alone with him in his small room. I said I had heard he was a great artist—would he show me some of his pictures ? to which he at once consented. He suddenly produced one at which, but for self-restraint, I should have burst out laughing. It was : '*The Pig-faced Lady*.'\* It was a woman with an enormous *snout*. I think Graves, of Pall Mall, bought it as a curiosity. I bit my lips to repress laughter. ' A very original conception,' I said. ' Yes,' towering over and glaring at me, ' I should think it is ; right you are.' I was glad to get out of this Fine Arts Academy. I told Dr. Hood what I had seen and said. He replied : ' I am very glad you

\* I heard a clergyman in a London church in my day read, ' Like as a jewel in a woman's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion.' I wonder if Dat was present, and hence got his inspiration.



admired it. Had you laughed he would have felled you to the ground.' I have sometimes thought Hood ought not to have put me in such a 'position of very great danger.'

A sense of humour, whilst it saves you from much, is, on the other hand, occasionally trying. There was a patient at Bethlehem, the editor of a well-known London paper, who had become temporarily deranged from over brain-work. His delusion was that his stomach was full to repletion of rats; there was no room for anything else. Hood said to me: 'Go and talk to him and lead up to the subject of rats.' I found him, as is very common, perfectly sane on every subject but this. After some conversation I said to him, feigning not to know who he was: 'You seem to be a very well-informed man. Have you given your attention to natural history, because I notice that the question is being discussed as to whether the species of the genus rat called the *Norwegian* still exists?' Instantly he replied, 'Oh, certainly!' and, unbuttoning his dress, said: 'Every known species of rat, Sir, is *here* in my stomach'; and, localizing the rat with his finger, said: 'Here, in this part of my stomach is a Norwegian rat. You can assure your friends that as long as I am alive no species can die.' Under the kind and humane treatment of Bethlehem he was soon at work again, and had, of course, no recollection of his delusion.

I rather wanted to attend Divine service in a lunatic asylum. I have several times been asked to preach in an asylum, but have never done so, through fear of what might happen to 'upset' me. Some years ago a Bishop was persuaded to do so. After the service

one of the inmates said she particularly wished to see the Bishop, and permission was granted. 'Thank you so much, my lord, for coming, but oh, do not, *do* not, I implore you, come again!' Supposing that he had in some way touched her heart or recalled tender memories, the Bishop replied: 'Why, my good woman, do you wish me so earnestly not to come again?' '*Because you cannot preach, and I asked that I might see you to tell you so!*'

This reminds me of a clergyman preaching in a church, and an idiot was in the congregation. All the congregation were either drowsy or inattentive; some fell asleep. The preacher noticed this, but he also noticed that one man seemed unaffected by the general 'spirit of slumber.' Somewhat chagrined, he said to him after service: 'I was glad to see you did not go to sleep.' To which the idiot replied: 'Well, sir, if I were not what they call an "idiot," I should have also fallen asleep.'

Sir Charles Clarke, Bart., an old Paris friend of mine, was Rector of Hanwell, and he arranged that I should be present, taking no part in the service, at Hanwell Asylum. I was forewarned not to notice anything, if I could avoid doing so, on the part of the inmates. I found it extremely difficult to act on my instructions. During the reading of the lesson one man kept his eye fixedly on me, and whenever any passage occurred that we should call 'striking' or impressive, he winked at me. It was most trying, but nothing to be compared with what followed. I was sitting near a man apparently devout and quiet. The chaplain gave out a hymn: 'Let us sing to the praise.' 'All right,' said my neighbour. He then produced from his pocket

one of those programmes of the Lord Mayor's Show which you buy for a penny in the Strand. As the verses were being sung he unfolded this, and, pointing out to me 'Gog and Magog,' or the Lord Mayor's carriage, he whispered: 'Now, what do you think of this—beautiful, isn't it?' As the hymn drew to a close, of which he seemed quite aware, he folded it up and with the concluding 'Amen.' put it back into his pocket. There was a hymn after the third Collect. The same thing happened again. 'All right.' The programme was produced, and he pointed out to me other interesting features in the Show. There was a *third* hymn, and this much-dreaded programme was again produced. I looked to see if escape were possible. Service over, I again made the resolution I made in Paris: 'No, never, never, never again!'

In one of the principal asylums in New York, as I entered the spacious hall, there were two women engaged in arranging the linen, who courteously curtsied to me as I entered. There was nothing in their general demeanour to lead you to believe they were both insane. As I was leaving, the Director said to me: 'Allow me to introduce you to one of these ladies.' I was at this time one of our late Queen's Chaplains. 'Allow me to introduce this gentleman to you; he is one of the Queen of England's Chaplains.' She very nearly knocked me down. 'How dare you, Sir, say you are one of the Queen of England's Chaplains! I am the rightful Queen of England, and I never appointed you.' I asked the Director, as a personal favour, not to consider it necessary to introduce me to any more patients. Apropos of being a Queen's Chaplain, when I was Vicar of Doncaster we

were in want of a housemaid. Two applied, but one, for some reason or other, preferred another situation. Her mother was very irate with her : '*To think,*' she said, '*of our Betsy not going to the Vicar, who is one of the Queen's Chaplains !*' I do not say that the mother was a lunatic. No ; but it was evident she thought that her daughter would be advanced to the position of a 'maid of honour,' perhaps 'Mistress of the Robes' or of the 'Bedchamber,' by entering our service.

It has often been noticed how many more or less slightly deranged people are to be found in our cathedrals both on the Continent and at home. They are very quiet and inoffensive. I suppose they enjoy the quiet, warmth, freedom from molestation, incense and music, the latter having a peculiarly soothing influence, as with Saul, who, when David took a harp and played with his hand, was 'refreshed.' Occasionally they are troublesome and have to be removed, but even this is rare, and, if possible, it is safer to leave them alone. I am not thinking of iconoclasts or of those who, having some 'craze,' make Divine service the opportunity for showing it. I am not thinking of an old woman who came to every 'visitation' because she said it did her much good, but of decidedly eccentric people.

A gentleman called on me here some time ago and asked me if I would take the chair at some meeting he was anxious to have in Bristol. I asked him, naturally, what the object of the meeting was. He replied : 'One in which I am personally much interested.' 'That,' I said, 'may be, but if I am to preside and am to speak, I should wish to know what I am to speak about.' 'Well,' he said, '*I want to get up a*

*meeting on behalf of distressed lunatics in Palestine.* 'We need not,' I replied, 'go so far as Palestine for lunatics: we have some much nearer home.'

The most painful and disturbing case I remember was at Chichester Cathedral. For some reason a young girl had conceived a violent dislike to the late Bishop Durnford; when he administered the bread to her at Holy Communion she threw it back at him. No one could have foreseen it.

At Halifax a man attended the parish church who was deranged. He always called me 'Brother Pigou,' and occasionally when I was preaching would cry out 'Hallelujah!' I saw him and asked him not to do so, but he added: 'If you see me about to cry out "Hallelujah!" put your finger to your lips, and that will stop me.' I was disposed to demur at this request, and reminded him that I could not be on the look-out for 'Hallelujah'; but on one Sunday morning he was sitting near the pulpit, and I fancied I saw 'Hallelujah' coming. I did as he requested, with the desired effect. It was this same man who put a piece of paper into the offertory plate after I had been advocating some particular charity. To the churchwardens it looked like a five-pound note. It did not look so to me. On opening it, this was written: 'Dear Brother Pigou, I quite agree with all you say, but I cannot give you a blessed halfpenny!'

There was a man in Halifax who was always, 'in season and out of season,' bothering me to buy a bottle of some concoction that he called 'his sauce.' It was not 'Worcestershire,' nor 'Lazenby,' nor even 'Yorkshire Relish.' He assured me that it was superior to any other sauce. Again and again, if I met him in the

street or elsewhere, he pressed this sauce upon me, and always got the same discouraging answer: 'I tell you I do not want your sauce.' How he managed to do so unnoticed I know not, but one evening, as I was going into the pulpit, my friend was at the steps. He took a bottle of 'his sauce' out of his pocket, and adjured me: '*Do, Vicar, take it; you will find it excellent for the voice.*' You cannot safeguard yourself from such people; they do no actual harm, but it is *very trying!*

I have elsewhere told how I had at St. Philip's, Regent Street, two or three *aliénés* every Sunday. I do not say the following were *aliénés*, for they were not, but I put them down amongst 'odd people' I have met.

I invited the late Bishop Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's, to preach at St. Philip's. He was in the vestry robed. In came an elderly gentleman, and, regardless of the Bishop's presence, who was not likely to have been invited to read prayers, he came up to me and said: 'Now, Pigou, I know your mother; don't give us a long sermon this morning.' I confess I could not quite see what 'knowing my mother' had to do with it! The Bishop stepped forward, and courteously said: 'I am to preach this morning, and I can promise you I will not preach a long sermon.' 'But I tell you, sir, I know his mother, and he must not give us a long sermon.' Further remonstrance or assurance was in vain.

I must record, even though against myself, a delicious, and perhaps unique, incident. I met in Pall Mall a Colonel —, who attended St. Philip's. Assuming that he knew me, I went up to him and said: 'How are you, Colonel?' 'Oh, very well—very well, thank

you. Why, why do you ask me?' 'Because I have missed you from church lately.' 'Oh yes, St. Philip's.' 'Yes,' I said, 'St. Philip's.' He then took me by the hand, drew me near to him, and considerately, not wishing any bystanders to hear, he said: 'You know, I have left that church.' 'For good?' I said. 'Yes, for good. *You know, I do not very much like Mr. Pigou. Do you know him?*' 'Yes,' I said, 'I have a slight acquaintance with him.' 'Well, what do you think of him?' I did not think it would be fair to draw him on, to tell him who I was, nor ask him why he did not 'very much like Mr. Pigou,' so I said: 'If you ask me how I like him, the more I know of him, the less I like him.' 'Do you attend his church?' he said. 'Yes, I do.' 'Well, then, let us both leave the church. Ha, ha! capital! We will both leave the church, for we neither of us like him. I am so glad to have met you. Good-bye!—good-bye!' He went up the steps of the Army and Navy, bright and happy in the thought that he had persuaded one he did not know to forsake St. Philip's. It is too good to be unrecorded.

Few people, perhaps, have met more odd people and received more odd letters than I have. I know not why. I give only one or two specimens. Here is one:

'It was on St. Thomas's Day, 1859, I returned from Cambridge. I speak of the Rev. Pigou. To him, many months earlier than the above date, I sent a statement, in which I affirmed that the amount of attention, such as it was, which Mr. Pigou gave to my communications, was the sojourn of Elijah with the woman of Zarephath, and there it would last three and

a half years. I wrote the date, I believe—June, 1861. This sojourn began about the time of the marriage of the Princess Royal. There was a death. Since my return from Cambridge, I did not write as formerly to Mr. Pigou. At last, after a silence, I think, of some months, I sent a letter written by another. This Mr. Pigou returned; but while he or his servant was club-lining the address to me, the Duchess of Kent was struck, and died the next morning. Elijah and the woman of Zarephath's son are the same person. When my communication was returned, Elijah died. He came to life again quickly when the Duchess of Kent died, and preached the sermon, *The Scriptures cannot be broken; see, thy son liveth*. On Sunday evening, June 23, after the service, I sent, under the care of a friend, a little child into the vestry to speak to Mr. Pigou. Then ended the sojourn of Elijah with the woman of Zarephath. I informed the late Bishop of Durham, then Bishop of Carlisle, on black-bordered paper, that Mr. Pigou is Elijah. Did he not say that the revelation of the mystery was made known to him in a few words?

*'August 26, 1861.'*

Here is another from a clergyman who was anxious to be nominated to the Crown Living of Halifax, addressed to the churchwardens, and handed on by them to me:

*'GENTLEMEN,*

*'Having seen your advertisement for a curate to take joint duties with another curate at the parish church, I should be disposed, perhaps, to come forward*



*immediately* at your desire, upon the conditions that I had the *entire superintendence of the parish services, etc., and parochial duties* (during the temporary vacancy of the Vicarage), and also *your support in obtaining* from the Crown the vacant *appointment itself* of Vicar of Halifax, if that appointment, with your recommendation to the Premier as representing the Crown (upon my giving you satisfaction, D.V.), is not already disposed of, and you have a good hope that the Premier (for Her Majesty) would be likely to be pleased with your recommendation, *for which would you address the Premier?*

‘Being myself a Doctor of Divinity, I am only able to address you in the manner, and upon the terms, before named. I have recently, in May and July, been taking sole charge of a parish near Exeter, and have the honour to inform you that in performing the various offices of the Church my services have given (as he has been pleased to communicate to me) the highest satisfaction to the incumbent, who is seriously ill, and for whom I was called every Sunday to pray in the “Prayer for all Sorts and Conditions of Men,” “Litany,” etc.

‘I am, Gentlemen,

‘Your very obedient servant.

‘P.S. I enclose my card.’

The writer seems to have had no misgivings as to his ability to take practically sole charge of that great parish of 12,000 souls, and his claim, on the ground that he prayed for his incumbent, must be a great encouragement to curates looking for preferment.

I received a letter at Doncaster asking me to give

a detailed account of all the stained-glass windows. 'An early reply will oblige.' There are *twenty* stained-glass windows in the parish church. I wonder what the writer thought the Vicar of Doncaster had to do.

I received another asking me to give a full and detailed description of the organ. The *renommé* organ has five manuals, ninety-one stops, etc., etc.

I received a letter last year as follows :

'VERY REV. SIR,

'I should esteem it a great favour if you would kindly inform me if the following Bishops of Bristol were married, and if so, how many sons and daughters each had : *Christopher*, 1783 ; *Follicot*, 1797 ; *Browne*, 1897.

'Trusting you will pardon the liberty I am taking in thus trespassing upon your valuable time,

'I remain, etc.'

But that I have the letter before me, it would seem incredible.

Here is a devout aspiration sent me anonymously from one who despaired of the cathedral : 'What would not a patriotic Englishwoman give to worship in some Clifton or Bristol church on *May 24th*, where the National Anthem could be sung kneeling !'

I give, of course, no names. A lady called on me and said : 'You are very fond of poetry, Dean, and you often quote it.' 'Yes,' I said ; 'I think larger use should be made in our services of good poetry.' 'I write poetry,' she said, 'and I have come to ask you to quote some of mine.' 'I should like to read it first.' Said she : 'I knew you would say that, but if

you like it I hope you will quote it at the nave service on Sunday evenings, where there is the largest congregation in the day, and of course you would not quote it without saying who wrote it.'

I had been giving a lecture on some of the phenomena connected with electricity, and in the course of it said that it was not improbable that hail-stones were shaped by electricity, and owed their luminosity to the same source. A lady called who had heard the lecture, and said: 'Dean, I have brought you something which was thrown at my window as I was sitting there during a thunderstorm, and I want to know if you think it could have been formed by electricity.' She dived into her pocket and produced, wrapped up in cotton-wool, nothing more or less than the unscrewed head of a silver pencil-case, with some initials graven upon it. I thought to myself 'is this "chaff"?' I asked her if she was really serious and not poking fun at me. She said she was quite serious. My impression is that some naughty boy, seeing her at the window, 'cock-shied' it at her.

Some time after, Sir Robert Ball gave us one of his interesting lectures on meteoric stones and aerolites. I presided. He told us, *inter alia*, that he had once looked down the crater of Vesuvius, etc. In returning thanks I said that I was deeply interested in his lecture, not only because of all he had told us about aerolites, but also because it threw some light on an inquiry made of me. It was possible that, looking down the crater of Vesuvius, Sir Robert had dropped his pencil-case, and that the scattered fragments were evidently belched forth, the head of it being violently

projected through a window in Clifton. *Faute de mieux*, might this be the real explanation of the phenomenon?

I often noticed in London a most miserable-looking man driving through the streets listlessly in a phaeton. He had the most 'hang-dog' expression, and certainly did not enjoy his drive. On inquiry I was told that a relative had left him a very large fortune on the condition that he drove every day (Sundays excepted), wet or fine, *sixty miles* a day. At first, and with so large a fortune in prospect, he was delighted at the idea, little realizing how onerous the condition was. I have heard that by degrees he was on the verge of insanity, for pleasure quickly passes into pain. Of course, the will of the odd, eccentric testator was set aside.

From time to time what amusing things are said! I was speaking to a friend at Halifax of a young widow who had been left £500 a year on the condition that she did not marry again. I said I thought it rather hard, to which he replied in broad Yorkshire: '*Well, Vicar, I doan't see that. If I die and my wife married again, I doan't see why I am to keep t'other chap!*'

I wish I could recall some of the extraordinary requests for prayers which I have received before service made by odd people. I could not have read them out. But nothing in my experience comes up to my dear friend, Dean Hole. As he has put one of my stories about the plover's eggs into his *Reminiscences*, I shall take French leave to put in one of his. A curate was appointed to a curacy in a district, like Lambourn, where race-horses were trained. The report

had preceded him that he not only knew nothing about horses, but cordially disapproved of racing. On the first Sunday of his officiating an old verger came into the vestry and said: 'There'll be some sick folk you'll have to pray for this morning, and we wants you to pray for "Nellie Gray"—she's very bad.' The curate had no opportunity of visiting the sick, and with the other names he added that of Nellie Gray. The following Sunday the verger came and said: 'Yer needn't pray any more for Nellie Gray. The mare got better next day, and we are all so pleased that you take such an interest in race-horses. We all hope you won't leave us, but you'll stay.'

A S.P.G. meeting, at which I was present, in a country parish was the occasion of no little merriment on the part of the audience, and of 'confusion worse confounded' on the part of the chairman. The chairman held a very prominent position in the parish, as principal landowner and a baronet. He very kindly accepted the invitation to preside at the S.P.G. meeting in the village schoolroom. He had heard that a well-known professor had come down for a short stay, whom he held 'in mortal fear' as satirist and cynic.

He called on me and said: 'I hear Professor —— has come down for a day or two's hunting. Of course he will not come to the meeting.' 'There is no knowing,' I replied, 'what he may do.' This was not comforting. 'I wish, Pigou, you would help me. Give me a hint or two, in case he comes.' I suggested the 'Mutiny of the *Bounty*.'

'Where are you going this evening?' said the Professor to me. 'I am going to the S.P.G. meeting

to-night. Sir —— is to preside.' 'Oh! then I shall certainly go also.'

Never shall I forget the scared look of the chairman when he saw the Professor seated in a front seat. He lost all command over himself, and proceeded to say :

'Fancy, my good friends, the distress which prevailed on board the ship! They were actually reduced to one *red* cow.' (As if the fact of this doomed cow being *red* aggravated their misery!) 'At last, after frantic and, alas! vain efforts to save the ship, she broke up, and *the sailors, coats without trousers, trousers without coats, swam ashore.*'

He had a dim recollection of Acts xxvii. 44: 'And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship.' Next day the chairman said to me with fixed resolve: 'No, never again; nothing shall ever induce me to take the chair at a missionary meeting.'

What stories Bishops could tell of answers given by candidates for Ordination! I have this on good authority. A candidate was asked what there was in the Bible to encourage celibacy. His reply was, "'Their priests were slain with the sword, and there were no widows to make lamentation.'" But, my lord, it is right to add that there is another rendering: "The priests were slain with the sword, and their widows made no lamentation."'

Amongst 'oddities,' 'odd things,' which cannot but have come of 'odd people,' I might mention epitaphs and advertisements, of which I have a considerable collection. There are people who have odd ways, peculiar, eccentric habits, in some cases strikingly inherited, as I know from experience, in some cases unintentionally acquired. Call them 'tricks,' 'fads,' or

what you please, they are as amusing as they are ineradicable. They do no one any harm, and to notice them may not always be well-bred. There is something fascinating about them. You steadily resolve you will not look, and yet somehow you do look. They certainly should not be mimicked or ridiculed. They are of the 'infirmities of this body of humiliation.' But some advertisements would never have appeared as they stand if the advertiser had had any sense of humour. The most laconic I know out of many is : '*Two sisters want washing. Apply,*' etc.

Here is one out of the *Sussex Daily* : 'A lady having charge of two little boys with ringworm offers a home and other advantages to little boys!' There is no limit to prospects and advantages such as these. It might run : 'A lady having charge of two boys with small-pox,' etc.

'A young man advertises for board and lodging in a family where his Christian example would be considered sufficient remuneration.' I should very much like to know this young man's appetite.

Another : 'A young man would be grateful to meet with some Christian lady who would pay his debts, contracted during his state of unbelief.' This appeared years ago in one of our Church papers : 'Wanted a tall, good-looking, Christian footman to carry a lady upstairs.' What a chance for Jeames Plush !

'A spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own nor any other employment.'

'Three young ladies about to travel are in want of a legal adviser, a chaplain, and a doctor. N.B.—*No one over thirty-five need apply.*'

‘For sale, a piano, full description given—by a widow with walnut legs.’

‘Anyone who has a cottage piano which they do not use would confer a very great benefit upon the Young Men’s Institute by lending it for the winter months. Any instrument of this kind may apply to the Secretary.’

A father writes to his son : ‘I cannot leave you much, my boy. Your mother has always been so extravagant. If I had never married her, you would have inherited at least £20,000.’ Poor boy!

‘A lady keeping a first-class school, requiring a good piano, is desirous of receiving a daughter of the above in exchange for the same.’

This was the verdict at a coroner’s inquest in India : ‘Pango died of the tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death’ (as if that were not enough!). ‘Nothing was left of Pango except some fingers, which probably belonged to the right or left hand.’

This forcibly reminds me of the well-known lines :

‘There was a young lady of Riga  
Who went for a ride on a tiger ;  
They finished the ride with the lady inside,  
And a smile on the face of the tiger.’

‘Wanted, a respectable person, of neat habits, and that has passed from death unto life otherwise than by outward baptism, as housekeeper.’

For a curacy : ‘Locum tenancy. Seaside, Cornwall, June. Good Churchman ; *extempore* preacher. Lover of souls. Three bed, two sitting, one dressing room, two servants, children doubtful.’

This is from *The Times* : ‘Gentleman wishes to join



another, knocking about town and abroad address, serious'!

'For sale, a fine bull-terrier dog. Well-known breed, gained prizes at shows. Two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply,' etc.

This is a choice example of the amalgam of religion and business: 'Gentlemen, in the all-wise providence of God have we been led to join in partnership for the manufacture of every kind of green and flint glass bottles, plain and stoppered. We hereby respectfully beg to inform you that, having bought the above works, we have every confidence that, by wise management and the blessing of God, we shall be able to place before you all classes of bottles, as good and as strong as any other house in the trade.'

But I must not quote more than this, a letter from a lady, patroness of a living, to her friend: 'If you learn of anyone with energy, tearful interest in the conversion of souls, attractive in preaching, great-hearted, unselfish, merry—in fact, holy—let me know. Paul was much of the kind of man we want in this parish. We want a man who knows all about the enemy; has some capacity for working miracles; is ready to be stoned! can teach the women, interest the children, make princes tremble, confound the Jews, convert kings, pick up sticks, earn his own living, go through fire and water for the good of others, with no expectation that they will interest themselves in him, and in general lead a forlorn life of dependent follower.'

Now, for all these I can vouch, in so far as they are found in the advertising columns of different newspapers. For many years I have collected these as a boy collects eggs, insects, or shells. I could fill pages

with them. They are authentic, not 'made up.' It is, perhaps, necessary to say this, because people so often say : 'Now, is that really true ? Are you not inventing ?' and proceed to say : '*Now I will tell you something really true.* I heard it from So-and-so, and I know he could not invent,' etc. You are expected to believe unhesitatingly what *they* tell, while they are sceptical as to what *you* tell !

Well, and what is to be said about 'odd people' and 'odd things' ? As regards the inmates of asylums, I never visit an asylum without lifting up my heart to God in humble thankfulness that, so far, He has been pleased to allow me the use of my mental faculties, and not deprived me of what in so many cases admits of no alternative but a *maison de santé*. For my part, I fail to see how to be a lunatic should any more be of reproach or be regarded as a blot on the family escutcheon than to have small-pox or consumption. Both are afflictive dispensations from God. Unless brought on by intemperance, where is the occasion for reproach, and, where inherited, for ridicule ? We may indeed thank God that the padded room or arms in bolsters take the place of strait-waistcoat or violent restraint ; that music, aviaries, dances, *tableaux vivants*, and plays are enlisted into the ministry of healing the 'sick in mind' !

I never visit and leave a prison without saying, 'There, but for the grace of God, would Francis Pigou be !' And as regards the less serious aspects of oddity, which need no restraint, which are in some cases the 'broken china' of human life, harmless and amusing, they are amongst the things which, not at the expense of the odd person, but as incidental to life,

excite humour and, without being made matter of ridicule, amuse. There are those who are so constituted that they are absolutely wanting in the sense of humour ; they are as dry as any of the dry bones in the valley of Ezekiel's vision. At a dinner-table where there is a fusillade of anecdote and story you can see that they are prepossessed with the *menu* ; when all the rest are laughing, a sort of sickly smile lights up their unappreciative countenance. One wonders what would 'fetch them.'

I was staying in a country house, and a very dry old family lawyer was one of the guests. Story after story was told. His head was buried in his plate. Fly after fly was thrown over his head—March brown, coch-y-bondy, partridge wing—he rose to none. Worm or gudgeon you could not try. It did occur to me if a silver spoon, with which I have caught many a pike, would attract his notice. All others failing, I told the story of the elderly lady and the sausage. An elderly lady suffered from insomnia and sent for her medical man. 'I have very little sleep,' she said, 'and when I do fall asleep, even for a few minutes, I always see my grandmother.' 'Well,' said the family physician, 'I had the pleasure of knowing your grandmother, a most charming person, and, pardon my saying, you might have seen something worse.'

This, by the way, was not very complimentary to the old lady. It reminds me of the lady who bought a parrot. She was horrified at the bad language the parrot used, and complained of this to the man of whom she bought the parrot. '*Ah, madam,*' he replied, '*you ought to be very careful what you say before your parrot.*'

The medical man proceeded to inquire into his patient's habits of life. 'I have,' she said, 'a light breakfast.' 'Yes, and how about mid-day?' 'I have a very light meal.' 'Yes. At what hour do you go to rest?' 'Always about ten.' 'Do you have anything before you go to bed?' 'Oh yes—a light supper.' 'Very good—very good. Now, on the night that you constantly saw your grandmother, what, may I ask, did you have for supper?' 'Jane'—calling her maid—'do you remember what I had for supper on the night I told you I kept seeing my grandmother?' 'Yes, ma'am; you had half a sausage.' 'Then, madam, if you had eaten the other half you would have seen your grandfather also.'

To *that* fly our friend rose. Years afterwards I met him, and he said: 'I never hear of you, Sir, nor see your name in print, without recalling that old lady and the sausage.'

So there is still hope for the apparently pachydermatous. Again, there are those who see a joke long after it has been told, like the medical man Dickens writes of, who half an hour after sees the joke. The conversation is directed to other topics. In his case it was a sudden death or funeral, and he would suddenly call out: 'The best thing I ever heard!' or as one Canon Ainger told me of the Scotchman who had heard his friend tell a story at a dinner-party. *Three days afterwards* he was walking with him; he suddenly stopped, and in reference to this story he said: 'I hae you knōo—I hae you knōo, my mon!' This was after three days' and nights' 'incubation.'

We will not banish kindly jest and unsarcastic humour from table or walk; we will not frown it

down with Puritanical look, nor regard a sense of humour as inconsistent or incompatible with all due gravity in its due season ; we will not the less listen to one who seeks our spiritual good because out of pulpit and in social intercourse he enlivens us with some amusing tale. We will remember, too, that there are many sad hearts in our stricken world, sadder than God would have them be. There are many suffering and bedridden who find alleviation from weariness and pain, not only in the highest source of comfort and consolation, but in forms and ways which God would not disown or disallow. I know from abundant grateful testimony that my 'Phases of My Life' has found its way into many a sick-room, and has lightened many and many a weary hour. If this second venture does the same, free as I have tried to keep it from aught that could grieve or pain ; written from wide experience of life ; seeking to discern the good rather than the evil in mankind ; presenting to my readers 'grave and gay,' inseparable from the world in which our lot is cast, and with which we have for an allotted time to do, I shall feel rewarded for time and toil spent upon 'Odds and Ends.'

THE END



BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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# PHASES OF MY LIFE

BY THE  
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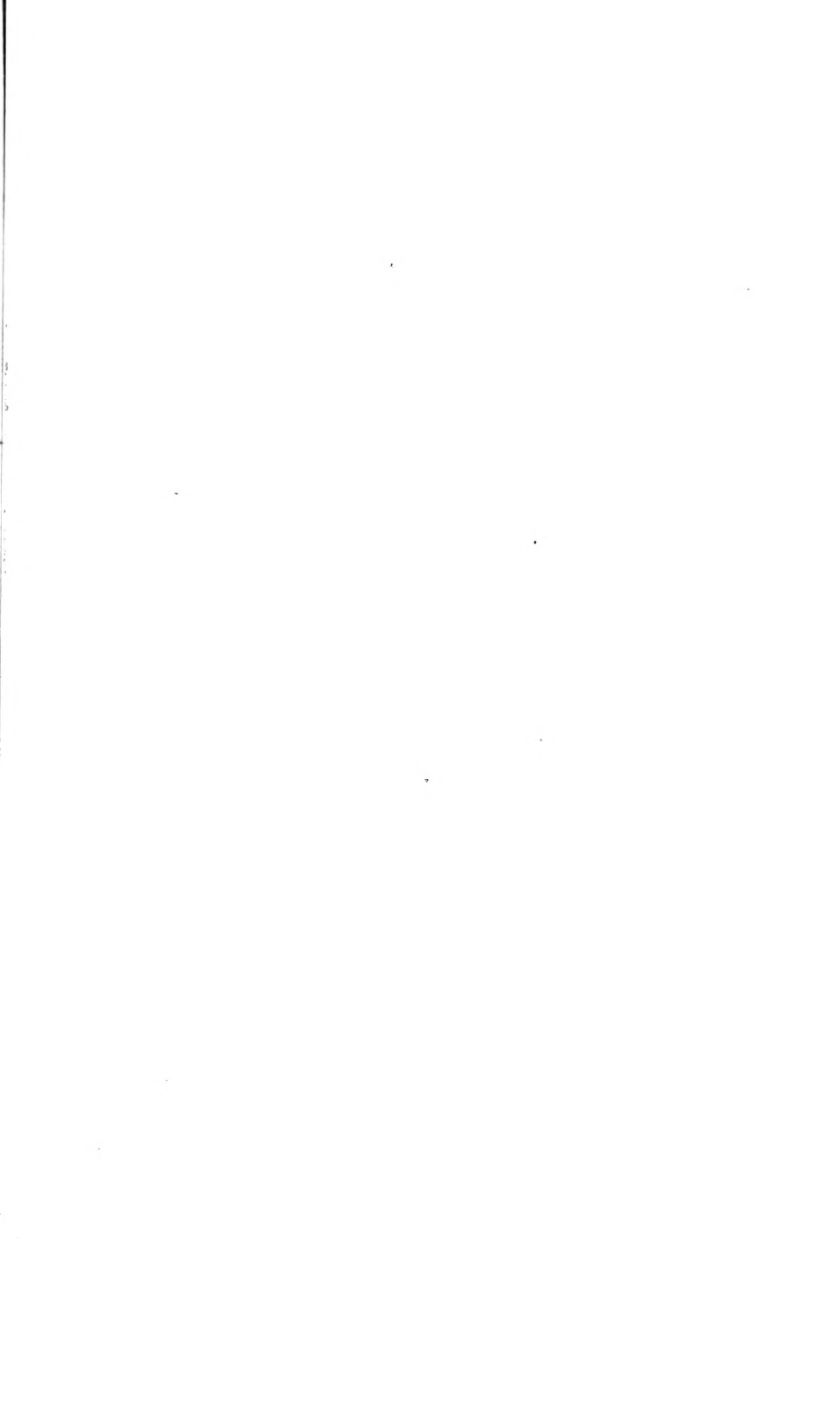
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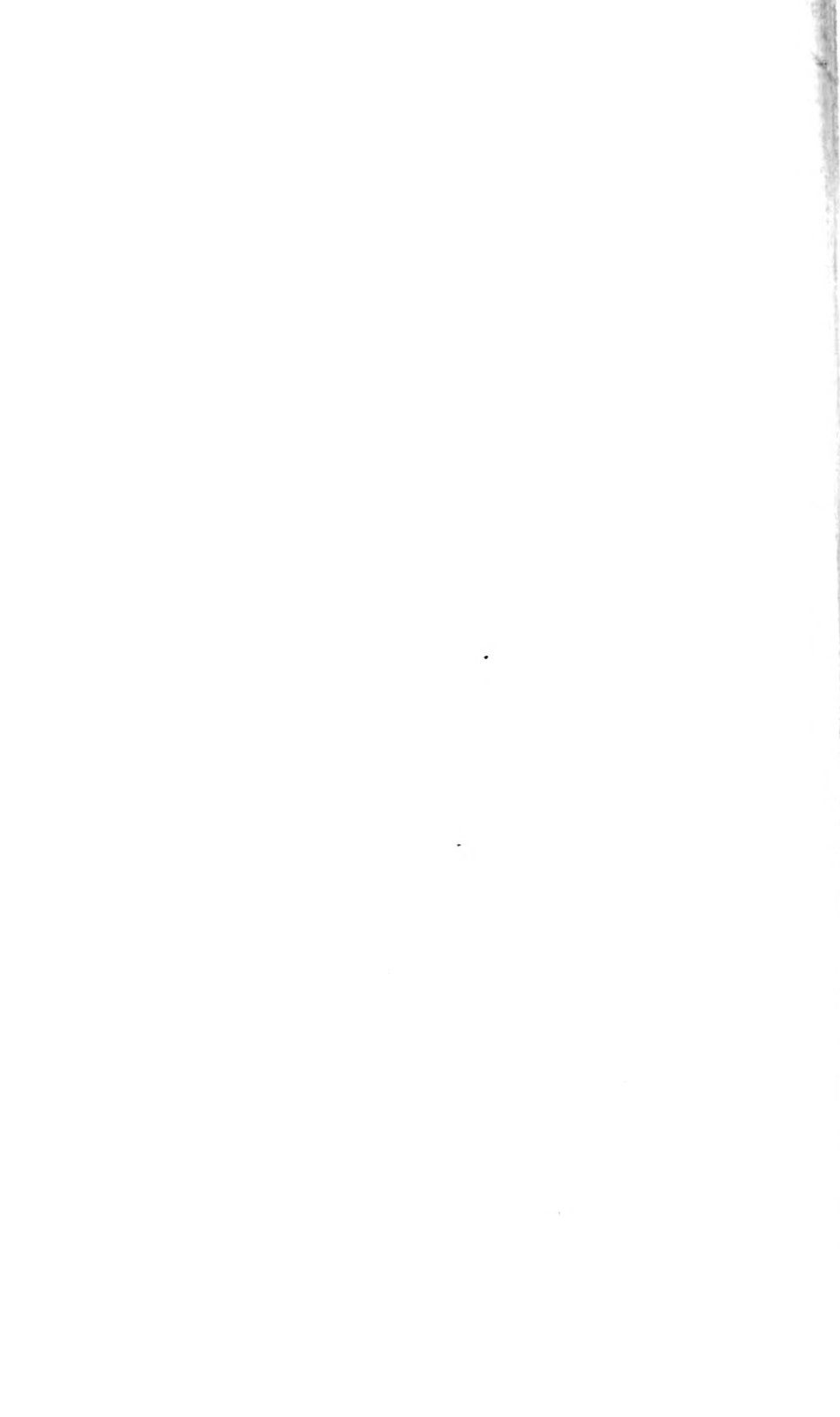
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